



Property of  
Emmanuel College  
Alumnae Archives

Emmanuel College Library  
Boston, Massachusetts

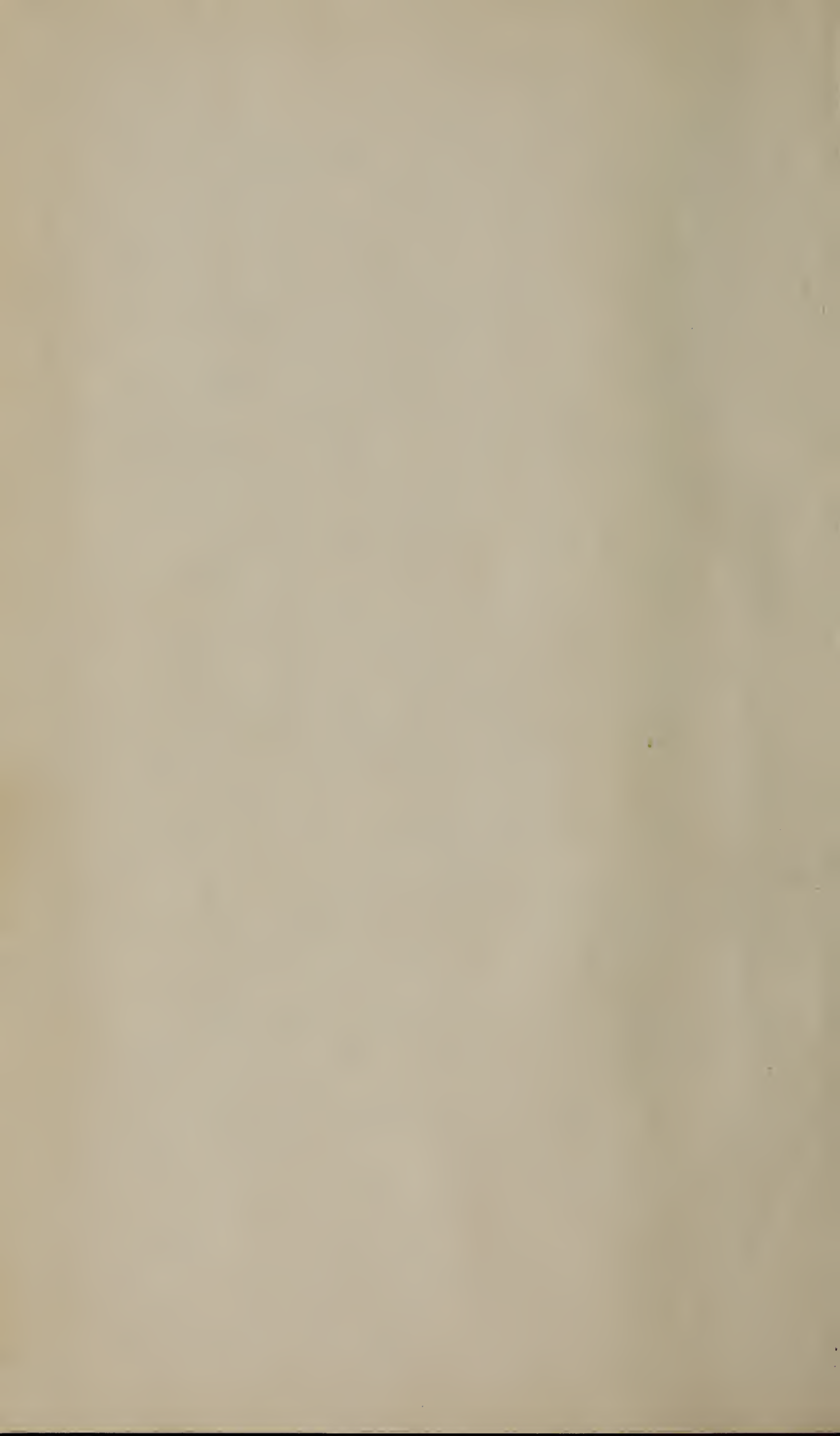












5968-26

VOLUME SEVENTEEN

NUMBER ONE

# THE ETHOS



FEBRUARY, 1944

Heads You Win - - - Marie A. Thomas

Glass Houses - - - Marion C. Drew

Poor Stepchild - - - Barbara A. Gilbert

Down the Moon Path - - Barbara K. Foote

Editorials

The Pack of Autolycus

Current Books

---

EMMANUEL COLLEGE • BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

SILVER JUBILEE YEAR





## CONTENTS

HEADS YOU WIN—Marie A. Thomas, '44 . . . . .	3
DOWN THE MOON PATH, <i>Verse</i> —Barbara K. Foote, '44. . . . .	13
BURDEN, <i>Verse</i> —Marie A. Thomas, '44 . . . . .	14
GLASS HOUSES—Marion C. Drew, '44 . . . . .	15
ANALOGIES, <i>Verse</i> —Margaret Hopkins, '45 . . . . .	21
POOR STEPCHILD—Barbara A. Gilbert, '44 . . . . .	22
THE BEST LAID PLANS—Mary Reardon, '45 . . . . .	29
REALITY, <i>Verse</i> —Joan Clarke, '45 . . . . .	33
FATAL PANIC—Corinne Comerford, '45 . . . . .	34
LONELINESS, <i>Verse</i> —Mary Ziegler, '45 . . . . .	38
MESSAGE, <i>Verse</i> —Rita Kremp, '45 . . . . .	39
SYMPHONIE SYMPATHIQUE—Barbara Xarhos, '45 . . . . .	40
CONQUEST, <i>Verse</i> —Marie Myott, '45 . . . . .	46
FANTASY, <i>Verse</i> —Corinne Comerford, '45 . . . . .	47
EDITORIALS . . . . .	48
THE PACK OF AUTOLYCUS . . . . .	51
CURRENT BOOKS:	
<i>The Book of War Letters</i> —M. Thomas . . . . .	55
<i>Our Good Neighbor Hurdle</i> —M. Pekarski . . . . .	56
<i>White Fire</i> —P. Twohig . . . . .	57
<i>Winter's Tales</i> —B. Gilbert . . . . .	58

1935  
THE ETHOS STAFF

EDITORIAL

*Editor-in-Chief*

Marie A. Thomas, '44

*Associate Editor*

Barbara Gilbert, '44

*Assistants*

Marion C. Drew, '44

Patricia McIntire, '44

Louise Mercier, '44

Joan Trainor, '44

Mary Farrell, '44

M. Virginia McMahon, '44

Mary Sharry, '44

Patricia Twohig, '44

BUSINESS

*Business Manager*

Rose Cafasso, '44

*Circulating Manager*

Mary Pekarski, '44



# HEADS YOU WIN

Marie A. Thomas, '44

## Characters

JOE: Owner and operator of *Joe's Place*, a small diner.

BILL: State policeman.

ANGELA GOODWIN: Elder sister and guardian of

CHRISTINE GOODWIN.

DR. ROGER MALLORY.

PLACE: The inside of Joe's diner.

TIME: An autumn night in the present.

SCENE: *Joe's Place is one of those diners found here and there along state highways, frequented more by transport truck drivers and the state police than by travellers who favor the more imposing drive-ins. The inside is plain. Along the back of the stage runs a broad counter painted white with revolving stools in front of it. In back, reflected in the long mirror are the usual, inevitable impedimenta: tall, shining boilers for coffee and hot water, shelves filled with thick white dishes, doughnuts under large, glass semi-circles, etc. Scattered along the clean counter are oversize salt and pepper shakers, and heavy metal holders for paper napkins. In the foreground are three small tables, one at R., two at L. Two hanging, unshaded electric bulbs give off a strong, glaring light. The door to the outside is at L.; there is a door to the kitchen at R. with a round hole cut in it to facilitate shouting orders to the cook.*

*As the curtain rises, JOE is wiping down the counter with a large damp cloth. Seated on one of the stools rather near the door is BILL, a state policeman. He is drinking coffee, and in between gulps is eating one of JOE's heavy sugar doughnuts.*

BILL: Gosh, I hate to think of going out into that cold again. You'd think it was winter or something the way it

feels. One of the coldest nights we've had yet, betcher five dollars.

JOE: Yeah. I read in the paper where it might go down below thirty tonight.

BILL: See that! I knew it. (*Takes a drink of coffee and shakes his head.*) You got it nice and warm in here though.

JOE: (*Puts cloth under the counter and starts washing glasses.*) I don't know what things is comin' to anyway. Ain't like when I was a kid. Them days it was cold in the winter, hot in the summer and no foolin' around in between.

BILL: Aw, everything's screwy now-a-days anyhow. (*Swings himself off the stool and starts buttoning up his heavy leather jacket. Yawns and stretches.*) Well, back to the grind, I guess.

JOE: Be seein' you in a couple of hours, huh.

BILL: Yeah, I'll be back this way around twelve. (*Puts some change on the counter.*) I'll see you then, Joe.

JOE: Yeah.

(BILL leaves, and JOE rings up the money on the cash register. In a short time, the sound of the policeman's motorcycle can be heard very loud and sputtery then racing more smoothly as it gets underway. The noise dies away slowly. JOE finishes washing the glasses, starts to wipe them, then the door opens and a couple enter. The man is tall and well-dressed. He is nervously jingling the keys to his car. He holds the door open for the girl with him. She has on a rich fur coat, but is shivering, nevertheless. She has a nervous habit of pushing her long blonde hair away from her face with every other sentence that she speaks. They stand still for a moment after entering, perhaps dazzled by the strong lights in contrast to the blackness outside. Then the man leads the way over to one of the tables at L. and they sit



*down without removing their coats. JOE watches them impassively, unimpressed by their conservative elegance and when they are seated leans over the counter.)*

JOE: What'll it be, folks?

THE GIRL: Just coffee, I think, Roger. I—I'm not hungry, just cold.

ROGER: I think you ought to have something to eat, Angela. Wouldn't you like something hot?

JOE: Yeah, how about some nice griddle cakes. I can make you a batch of waffles in a jiffy. Waffles is our specialty.

ANGELA: (*Wearily*) Anything, then.

ROGER: Some griddle cakes for both of us then, and coffee.

JOE: O.K. I'll have to get it ready for you myself. Tonight's the cook's night off, so I'm on my own here, sorta. Not much doing here Sunday night, anyhow. It won't take long, though.

*(He comes out from behind the counter and goes into the kitchen. While he is in there, faint sounds of activity can be heard, dishes clattering and metal ringing on metal. After he goes there is a short silence. Then ANGELA leans her forehead on her hand and speaks.)*

ANGELA: We shouldn't have done it, Roger.

ROGER: (*Sounds as if he were repeating an argument familiar with constant repetition.*) But Angela, darling, how could things have gone on as they were? A sudden break like this was the only possible solution. How could I marry your sister after I discovered that it had been you I loved all along? Would that have been fair to any one of us?

ANGELA: Why did I tell you? I've been able to conceal the way I felt up to now. Why couldn't I have hidden it a little longer?

ROGER: (*Digs absently for a cigarette, finds one and lights*



it.) Things could never have come out right, then, Angela. You were always the one, but you were so aloof, so cold. I suppose it was your absurd sense of loyalty to Christine that kept you throwing her at me and placed you more and more in the background.

ANGELA: Because I knew that Christine—Oh, can't you see Roger? I have been her mother and her father for so many years now. I'm not seven years older than she, but fifty—or a hundred. I've always had to watch over her. When I saw that she wanted to marry you, how could I do anything else but stand back? You would have calmed her down and taught her more common sense and given her security.

ROGER: Christine doesn't know what she wants, Angela. She isn't grown-up enough yet. Naturally when I first came home from Europe I was—well, I guess the word is charmed with her. She is lighthearted and gay and I imagine I was quite susceptible after those years of study and work. You know yourself, though, that she has the same effect on every man she meets. She makes them all feel like knights errant who have at last met up with the beautiful princess. It was only when I realized the difference between the sort of protective affection I felt for Kit and what I feel for you that I knew that I couldn't go on.

ANGELA: (*Rubbing her forehead*) But why did we have to do it this way? Couldn't we have told her the way normal people would? We could have talked it over sensibly with her. . . .

ROGER: Angela, after all these years you still do not understand your sister as I do. She would have had one of her typical hysterical outbursts, the kind she has every time anyone wants to cross her and you would have given in the

way you always do. In the past times it was all right. The only result of your weakness toward her was that she was getting more and more spoiled. But this time the decision was too important to be changed by a mere fit of tears.

(JOE enters through the swinging doors carrying two plates. He sets them in front of the now silent couple, then goes behind the counter where he pours two cups of coffee and picks up some silverware and napkins. He comes back and places all this on the table.)

JOE: Pretty cold out, huh?

ROGER: Yes. I've got my car parked out in the road. Do you think it's safe there?

JOE: Oh sure. Not many people travellin' tonight. Car crooks don't pick on such lonely places anyway. No business.

(He goes back of the counter again and takes up the wiping of the glasses where he left off.)

ANGELA: (Goes on speaking as if there had been no interruption.) I hate to hurt her though, Roger. She is so dear. All those funny little things she does, even to those amusing card tricks. Remember? 'Take a number from one to ten,' or 'Pick any card in the deck, any card at all.' (Her voice breaks.)

ROGER: (Bitterly) That's a good commentary on her character. Always wanting the centre of the stage even if she has to use tricks to get it. And you, always in the background, applauding and encouraging her to go on showing off. (Leans toward her.) Angie, weren't you ever anything else but Christine's foil? Didn't you ever think that you should rate some attention too?

ANGELA: When I see Kit settled securely for life, there will be time enough for me to start playing upstage. Until then, I am quite content with matters as they are. (Sighs) Or was, at least.



JOE: (*Noticing that she is not eating.*) Lady, them'll be stone cold and just as heavy if you don't eat 'em now. Try 'em.

ANGELA: (*Does not seem to hear him.*) Remember the night she cut her hand and the way she clung to me while you bandaged it?

ROGER: (*Grimly*) Yes, that was the night that I really noticed you for the first time. Before that you had been just Kit's sister, lovely but aloof, charming, but a little too quiet. Kit saw through me right away. She's sharp, Angie, far more shrewd than you. It was rather strange, wasn't it, that Kit the graceful, the dainty, could be so clumsy as to knock that vase off the piano while you were singing, and then be so awkward as to cut herself on the pieces.

(ANGELA *does not answer him. She pushes food around her plate with her fork and sips some coffee.*)

JOE: Which way you headin' folks?

ROGER: South. We hope to make Connecticut in a few hours.

JOE: Oh, that ain't far. Just keep on this highway for about an hour's ridin' and you'll be across the state line.

ROGER: (*Trying to ease the situation with conversation.*) I imagine it's rather lonely for you here.

JOE: (*Starting to polish the coffee boiler.*) Nights like this it is, but not too often. Gives me a chance to clean the place up all around. Before gas rationin' business used to boom though.

ROGER: (*Absently*) Yes. (*Stands up*) It's quite warm in here, Angela. Why don't you take off your coat? We can rest here for about fifteen minutes more. (*He is removing his own as he is speaking. ANGELA stands up and ROGER starts to help her with her coat. Their backs are to the door*



*and they do not see it open, nor the young woman who enters. She closes the door and stands against it. Her cheeks are a brilliant red from the sharp weather. She is hatless, and her short, dark curls are wind-tossed. She speaks softly.)*

Hello Angela.

*(ANGELA and ROGER turn quickly. They are both silent for a moment. Then ROGER speaks, his voice too, controlled.)*

ROGER: Hello Christine.

ANGELA: *(Her voice rough with shock.)* Christine!

*(CHRISTINE swaggers toward them, swinging her elaborate evening purse by the strap.)* Well, my sister and my fiancé. This is quite a situation. Really something out of Noel Coward, don't you agree with me? Except for the setting of course. I do think you could have something more witty to say than just "Hello," Roger. Really, you disappoint me.

ANGELA: What are you doing here?

CHRISTINE: You took the words right out of my mouth, if I may coin a phrase, darling. I was about to ask that very question. In fact, I have a number of questions to ask. When I found that note on my pillow (how romantic and like you, Angie) I couldn't bear to sit around waiting for the denouement, so I came along to find you. You parked your car in a most strategic spot, Roger. I couldn't help but see it. The cross over your number plate was a help too. I might have gone on if I hadn't seen it. Imagine, if you were a lawyer instead of a doctor. . . . *(Laughs)*

JOE: Can I get you something, lady?

CHRISTINE: *(Without looking at him)* Whatever my sister here had.

JOE: O.K. *(Goes back into kitchen.)*

ANGELA: *(Pleadingly)* I'm sorry, Christine.

CHRISTINE: (*Bitingly*) Are you really? (*She walks over to the counter and sits down facing them.*) Well, my dears, start explaining. I'm really interested in what alibis you may have thought up.

ROGER: There are no alibis, Chris. Everything is just as it appears. Angela and I are going to get married tonight. I'm sorry that we had to do it this way, but I think in the long run it is the best for all concerned.

CHRISTINE: For all concerned? For Roger and Angela, you mean. For strong, brave Roger, the soul of honor and for sweet, unselfish Angela. It's best for them. Of course, Christine doesn't count . . . she never has.

(ANGELA *sits down and begins to twist her fingers together.* ROGER *steps forward.*)

ROGER: Christine, listen to me. Angela has denied herself all her life for you. If you would just stop for a moment and think of all the sacrifices she has made so that you would be happy, you would realize that. I don't mean in the material way—luckily you've had enough to keep you in luxuries or heaven knows what you would have demanded—but in thousands of other ways. Fixing things so that you would be always in the spotlight, keeping to the background. . . .

CHRISTINE: (*Sharply*) I never asked her to.

ROGER: Not verbally, no. But your little tyrannies, your hysterics, your selfish . . .

ANGELA: Roger, don't. Let's not quarrel . . . here.

CHRISTINE: No, by all means, let's be ladylike about this. It isn't done, you know, family fights in public and all that. The third estate may hear and be scandalized.

ROGER: Why can't you act decent for once?

CHRISTINE: How like you Roger. Always the apt cliché. (*Swings her feet.*) Angela. (*Angela looks at her.*) Come on home.

ANGELA: (*Gets up quickly.*) Christine, I can't. I—I want to marry Roger, and he wants to marry me. We're going to do it, tonight.

CHRISTINE: Very well. Leave me alone in that huge house. Go your own way. Naturally you don't care what happens to me. When it comes to a test, people always show their true colors. I knew you'd desert me when I needed you.

(ROGER goes over to her, takes her by the shoulders and gives her a shake.)

ROGER: Christine, listen to me. For once in her life your sister is going to have her way instead of yours. I don't care what you threaten to do, but we are going to continue on the way we first intended. This was your one chance to repay Angela for all she has done for you and you've muffed it the way you would anything that had a kind motive behind it. After your mother and father died she could have left you alone and gone after her own pleasure as you have been doing ever since you were old enough to know what you wanted. But for almost ten years now, Angela has been watching over you and pampering your slightest whims. Well, now she's going to have one of her own wishes fulfilled for a change. She's coming with me and you're not stopping her.

(*There is a short silence. ANGELA stands still in the middle of the lunch room, ROGER beside her. JOE enters, and puts some plates down in front of CHRISTINE, who remains, swinging her legs.*)

ANGELA: Roger, please go out to the car. I want to talk to Kit alone, for just one minute.

ROGER: I can't leave you, Angie. She'll talk you out of anything.

ANGELA: (*Firmly*) Please. (*Puts her hand on his sleeve*



*and urges him toward the door. He hesitates, then opens the door reluctantly. Gives her one look, then leaves.)*

ANGELA: *(As soon as he has gone.)* Kit, please say that you don't mind and that I can go with Roger with a free heart. I can't leave you like this.

*(CHRISTINE is silent, her eyes on JOE who is reading a newspaper, oblivious to what is going on. Then she speaks lightly.)*

CHRISTINE: All right, I'll be a sport about it, Angie. I'll toss you for it. Heads, Roger; tails, you come home. I've got to save my pride as a tyrant, anyway.

ANGELA: *(Close to tears)* Christine, this is too serious to joke about. I—I don't see how you can . . .

CHRISTINE: I'm not joking, my dear. *(Opens her bag and gropes inside of it. Brings out a large coin.)* I'll give in willingly if it's heads, but you ought to be just as big about this as I am. After all, life's a gamble, anyway, and . . . *(Interrupts herself and leans over to prod JOE.)* Hey, Oscar-of-the-Waldorf, witness this. *(To ANGELA)* If it's tails, I know plenty of ways to make you give in. *(Grins wickedly.)*

*(ANGELA approaches her, against her will. CHRISTINE tosses the coin up, catches it expertly and slaps it on the counter.)*

CHRISTINE: Well!

JOE: *(Squinting at it)* It's heads. Who loses?

CHRISTINE: I guess I pay. *(Lays a bill on the counter, swings herself off the stool and starts walking out. ANGELA follows her dumbly. As they near the door, BILL, the policeman enters. He stands back and watches them leave.)*

CHRISTINE: *(From outside)* My blessings, children.

JOE: Hey, shut the door, Bill. It's cold.



BILL: (*Shuts it dreamily*) Gosh, the blonde's all right, all right, but the brunette has it over her for my money.

JOE: Yeah. (*Rings up the money, then picks a coin up from the counter.*) Hey! (*Disgustedly*) Can you beat that for a tip. Them rich people are all alike. No wonder they got dough. They leave me a phony four-bits. Look.

BILL: (*Leaning over and peering*) Say, you're right. It's got heads on both sides. Well, that's a new one. Makes you feel like losing your faith in people, don't it though?

CURTAIN

## DOWN THE MOON PATH

*Barbara Foote, '44*

The moon is high and pierces night  
With a shaft of beauty crystal bright  
A shimmering path of silver light.

This sleek, insidious, evil thing  
That slips in silence, serpent-like,  
And steals a shelter on the sea  
To make this beauty hideous light—  
'Twould curse the moon.

Such beauty has no place in war.  
What shadow there—  
Or dip of wave?  
What glint of steel—  
Or sea-tossed light?

Oh, lovely Lady of the moon,  
Oh, lovely Lady, soon, ah soon,  
Send down thy Light to our dark night.

# BURDEN

*Marie A. Thomas, '44*

The snowflakes one by one fall light  
In fluttering flight. They weave  
Fine airy, magic patterns slight,  
They fill the quiet eve.  
Toward midnight down drifts the last frail flake.  
Now in the aloof moon's light  
I see the pine bent to the lake  
Beneath the snowflake's might.

How like the hurt since you have gone  
From little things so great:  
Millions of memories, one by one  
Weigh on my heart like heavy stone,  
Heavier with each day I wait.

The memory of the way you'd talk  
Slow, and earnest, and deep.  
How we'd laugh at nothing; how we loved to walk—  
All memories, treasured and sweet.  
Like snowflakes each is a fragile thing,  
Alone, delicate, airy, light—  
But massed, how pressing the weight they bring,  
How measureless is their might!

# GLASS HOUSES

*Marion C. Drew, '44*

JUVENILE delinquency is a cancerous moral disease. It must be cured from within before it can be healed from without. The city will do its part; but remember the first responsibility lies with us parents. It is our duty to help stamp out this evil; our duty to God and to our country."

Bringing his speech to a forceful close, Dr. Conway walked from the stage amidst thundering applause. No "New York Parents-Teachers Association" had ever had such a fine speaker.

"Congratulations, Doctor. May I drive you home?" A voice greeted the speaker as he tried to slip out unnoticed.

"No, thanks. I think I'll walk."

Walking home in the crisp Autumn air, Maurice Conway reviewed his recent speech. He had never before been so stirred by his own rhetoric. He felt a sudden twinge of conscience. He quickened his pace. Lately, he had been neglecting his own responsibility as a parent. The thought dawned on him back there in that auditorium. True, he had done everything he possibly could materially for Jack and Peter. They had never been denied anything. But there was something more than that. What was it he had said in the speech:

"Sympathy, kindness, love, understanding, these are the qualities that cement family life."

These qualities were so lacking in his own home. Maurice sighed heavily. He had been too busy, too interested in his own work these last few years to pay much attention to his wife and boys. The family spirit had suffered as a result. Poor Paula. There wasn't much feeling between them lately



—only surface affection. As for the boys; active, mischievous Jack, and quiet, scholarly Peter, he seemed to have lost touch with them. All that must be changed now. Starting tonight, he would make it up to Paula and the boys.

“Good evening, Sara. Anyone home?”

“They’re all home, for a change. Even you. Dinner will be ready as soon as I set a full table, for a change.”

Dr. Conway smiled as the pampered, sarcastic housekeeper hurried off to the kitchen. He would have laughed had it not been for the irony of her words. What was it the boys used to call her? “Drole Cole—Mrs. Sara Drole Cole.” No one had called her that for a long time. But things would soon change for the better.

“Good evening, dear,” he greeted his wife, kissing her cheek lightly. Maurice took his place at the head of the table. He glanced at his sons.

“Hello, Jack . . . Peter.”

“Hello, Sir.”

Maurice started. How long had they been calling him Sir? When had they stopped saying Dad? He really hadn’t noticed it before.

“Maurice, darling,” Paula purred, “I heard that your speech was a tremendous success. Phyllis phoned to say you brought the house down—simply tore it down. We’re so proud of you. Aren’t we, boys?”

“Yes, Mother.” There was the formality again.

“Of course, it’s too bad I wasn’t there to hear it—but then my Nurses’ Aid Meeting, don’t you know.”

“I quite understand, Paula. How are my boys?”

Smiling, Maurice turned to his sons.

“Fine, Sir,” they chorused.

Maurice tried again.



"Having any difficulties with your studies, Peter?"

"Nothing a good text book won't cure, Sir. That reminds me, I have to go to the library immediately after dinner."

"Didn't you go to the library last night?" Jack queried of his elder brother.

"He did," Paula chirped in consternation. "Last night, and the night before, and the night before. Poor, dear college boy, my heart aches for him."

"Can't you work at home, Peter?" Maurice asked.

"No, Sir. I'm doing a research paper. I'm sorry, of course."

"I was planning on a quiet evening at home, for all of us," Maurice ventured tentatively. "We see so little of each other of late. How about you, Jack?" His father looked at his younger son expectantly.

"Sorry, Sir. There's a basketball game at the High School. My ticket's bought."

Jack turned his gaze from his father. His look rested on Peter's face. For an instant their glances held. Maurice noticed the look which seemed like one of distrust. It seemed as if a challenge had been exchanged between the two boys. Strange! He hadn't noticed any coolness between them before. Nevertheless, he determined to look into the matter.

"Darling, you aren't listening," complained Paula.

"Er . . . what?" Maurice snapped to attention.

"I merely said that you would have to spend your quiet evening without me, dear. Clara is running a baby shower for Nora Parkes, and it simply wouldn't look right if I didn't go. Some other time, Pet."

Maurice turned the living room lamp low, and sank into an armchair. His first attempt at reunion had failed. They had all gone out; Paula to her baby shower, Peter to his li-

brary, Jack to his basketball game. Sara Cole had likewise gone home. He glanced through the evening paper which he soon threw down in disgust. Nothing printed but crime! He was weary of reading about juvenile delinquency. Thank God, his sons were fine, upright, and honest. Instinctively, Maurice raised his eyes to the painting over the fireplace. He remembered so clearly the year the picture was done. Peter was ten; Jack, eight. There they were—blond, slight Peter and curly-haired mischievous Jack. Maurice smiled. He had been so proud of his boys then. He still was, he hastened to reassure himself. How had they grown so far apart? Each had his own interest now—there were no pooled interests. Even Paula—where was that spirit of love and confidence that used to be between them? What had happened to them all, anyway? Had he been so busy trying to mould other families that he hadn't noticed his own disintegrating? Again the thought of the glance that had passed between the brothers at dinner came into his mind. He knew now that it was one of suspicion, distrust. Suddenly, Maurice laughed. The whole idea was preposterous. He was taking his work too seriously. Of course, the boys loved each other. True, they did not seem to be so close as they used to be . . . but, then, Peter was nineteen, a junior in college; Jack wouldn't graduate from High School until June. It was only natural that they should have different interests. Maurice laughed in sheer relief. Not many fathers had sons like this. Peter was a scholar, ambitious. He'd amount to something some day. Only, he must break down that wall between them. Jack—Maurice frowned a little as he thought of Jack. He was a good boy, inclined to be a little over-exuberant at times. He was the type who given an inch would take a yard. However, the proper companion-

ship would . . . Maurice hesitated. Come to think of it, what did he know of his sons' companions? Covertly looking at the fallen newspaper, Dr. Conway condemned himself. A proper father would have gone with his son to that basketball game tonight. It still wasn't too late. Dr. Conway arose from his chair. He was going to that basketball game—and to Jack.

A sudden phone ring pierced the stillness of the living room.

"Hello. Doctor Conway?"

"Yes. Speaking."

"This is Captain Sullivan of the Police Department."

"Hank! This is a surprise."

"One of my men has just taken a young kid into custody. The trickiest little criminal you'd want to meet. I heard your speech this afternoon, and thought you might like to look him over. I'm going down to the Station now. Would you like to come along?"

"What's the charge?"

"Stealing. Clever job, too. We've been after the kid for a couple of weeks, but he always managed to give us the slip. One of our patrolmen caught him red-handed tonight, breaking into Harry's Hardware Store. He was bruised and bleeding when they caught him."

"Any idea who he is?"

"Not yet. Won't know until I get down to the Station. No doubt, it is one of that Bailey Street gang. We've had our eyes on those kids for quite a while."

"Is that so?"

"Yeah. By the way, I've seen your son down on Bailey Street a couple of times. Tell him to stay away from there—bad influence. Well, are you coming, or not?"



Maurice started—Jack and Bailey Street were linking up in his mind.

“Some other time, Hank. There’s a basketball game at the High School Gym. I . . .”

Hank’s boisterous laugh sounded through the phone.

“If that’s all that’s keeping you, come along. Someone has been taking you for a ride. Everyone knows there’s no game at the High School tonight. Tonight’s the night of the Firemen’s Ball!”

Maurice put the phone down. He sank weakly into a chair. Jack had lied to him! Maurice put his hand to his head. He felt dizzy. His son had lied to him! The words of Captain Sullivan were reeling in his mind. “Bailey Street . . . Tell him to stay away from there . . . Bad influence.” Maurice thought of the boy recently arrested. He sickened. Sudden fear caught at his heart. It wasn’t possible. And yet, no basketball game. Jack had lied. Why? Slowly and resolutely Maurice rose from his chair. If Paula were only here . . .

A sudden ring of the doorbell broke the silence. Peter home from the library—Peter to help him . . . Thank God! They would go down to the Police Station together.

“Jack!”

Dazed, Maurice stared unbelievably at the tousled and bruised figure in the doorway.

“It wasn’t my fault.” Jack was sobbing as he stumbled into the room. “I followed him. He knew that I knew. We fought. Oh, Dad! Dad!” hysterically cried Jack, “Peter’s been arrested!”

## ANALOGIES

*Margaret Hopkins, '45*

Love is a moon-bathed stone  
With lighted quartz a'glowing;  
Love is a tree full-grown  
Its beauty filled in growing.

Firm as a spider's plan  
Who weaves his home unheeding;  
Patient as a plodding man  
Who dresses fields with seeding.

Love is an old waltz-beat  
That throbs through honeyed measures;  
Love is a moment fleet  
Caught in a poet's treasures.

# POOR STEPCCHILD !

*Barbara Gilbert, '44*

ENGLISH Literature plays the rigid role of step-mother to light verse. It never wins a Pulitzer prize. It rarely gets "rave" notices from the reviews. Its authors are seldom, if ever, cited for their epoch-making utterances. It, nevertheless, works a stimulating effect on the risibilities of the only animal who laughs—man.

Who will gainsay the quality of its technical skill? In this capacity, the verse of W. S. Gilbert, of the Gilbert and Sullivan stormy partnership is unsurpassed:

I am the very pattern of a modern Major-General,  
I've information vegetable, animal, and mineral;  
I know the kings of England and I quote the fights historical,  
From Marathon to Waterloo, in order categorical;  
I'm very well acquainted, too, with matters mathematical,  
I understand equations, both the simple and quadratical.

And so on for long stanzas.

Few utterly serious poets can concentrate into four lines the grim irony of Sarah Claghorn's *The Golf Links*:

The golf links lie so near the mill  
That almost every day  
The labouring children can look out  
And see the men at play.

At the present time, critics seem to adopt an air of jocular condescension in reviewing humorous verse anthologies. In fact, the rock-bound sternness (actual or pretended) of the upholders of aesthetic morale have frowned upon or simply ignored "funny" verse. Consequently, few readers of the light and fanciful ditties are acquainted with the amusing



work of many of the master poets. Dryden, for instance, writes this sardonic-tipped epitaph for his wife:

Here lies my wife: here let her lie!  
Now she's at rest—and so am I.

If you take a dip into the works of Pope, Coleridge, and Hood, you will be rewarded by finding many a gem of lively fun and pun. In fact, Hood holds a place, and not a tenuous one, in the Poet's gallery by reason of his droll, witty, essentially "funny" verse. Were I to quote, I should have to transcribe here almost all his work. So go to it, researcher, find it for yourself.

Even the delicate and lady-like Miss Phoebe Carey has a surprising poem in imitation of Wordsworth's *Lucy*. She called it *Jacob*:

He dwells among "Apartments let,"  
About five stories high;  
A man, I thought, that none would get  
And very few would try.

A boulder by a larger stone  
Half-hidden in the mud,  
Fair as a man when only one  
Is in the neighborhood.

He lived unknown, and few could tell  
When Jacob was not free;  
But he has got a wife—and O!  
The difference to me!

Everything under the cope of heaven can be made the subject of humorous verse. It talks about "sealing wax, cabbages, and kings"; about Presidents, Prime Ministers, taxi drivers, upper tenth, lower zero; about love, the movies, chemistry, relativity, food, drink *et al.* It satirizes life. It

even dares to parody great poetry. It praises the very little things, like Oliver Herford's lines on *Stairs*:

Here's to the man who invented stairs  
And taught our feet to soar!  
He was the first who ever burst  
Into a second floor.

The world would be down stairs today  
Had he not found the key;  
So let his name go down to fame,  
Whatever it may be.

For a sample of a fine, small, but complete, and reasonable enough eulogy take these lines of Hemminger's on *Tobacco*:

Tobacco is a dirty weed:  
I like it.  
It satisfies no normal need:  
I like it.  
It makes you thin, it makes you lean,  
It takes the hair right off your bean,  
It's the worst darn stuff I've ever seen:  
I like it.

Almost all facile writers have an urge to parody the earnest, serious work of others. Burlesque can, now-a-days, claim a wide field for its own. In fact, for every famous poem can be readily found, at least, one parody. Take Browning, as an example. Because of his monologistic manner and somewhat obscure meaning and downright style he is popular with parodists. The following stanzas by James Kenneth Stephen will furnish an example:

Birthdays: yes, in a general way;  
For the most if not for the best of men.  
You were born (I suppose) on a certain day;  
So was I: or perhaps in the night: what then?

And if it were not so: still you doubt:  
Ah! yours is a birthday indeed, if so.  
That were something to write a poem about,  
If one thought a little. I only know.

The Rossetti's, too, suffer much from the indignity of this parodying (if it is indignity). Christina Rossetti's lyric on remembering her after death, and her brother Dante's, *The Blessed Damsel*, attract parodies as the law of gravitation attracts matter. This facility is due to their definite style and quotable passages. Carolyn Wells, utilizing the theme of Dante's poem attacks the *Poster Girl*:

The blessed Poster Girl leaned out  
From a pinky-purple heaven.  
One eye was red and one was green;  
Her bang was cut uneven.

She had three fingers on her hand,  
And the hairs on her head were seven.

\* \* \*

She sobbed a blue-and-green-checked sob  
And wept some purple tears.

Another easily parodied poem is *Lochinvar*. An unknown author (more's the pity!) has given us what he calls the true story of that dashing young man from the land of the West. What harm if the hero's character is not that of the knight without fear and without reproach.

. . . and save his good broadsword  
He weapon had none, except a seven-shooter  
Or two, a pair of brass knuckles, and an Arkansaw  
Toothpick in his boot . . .  
. . . he swam the Eske river where ford  
There was none, and saved fifteen cents



In ferriage, but lost his pocketbook containing  
Seventeen dollars and fifty cents, by the operation.

\* \* \*

There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far  
Who would gladly be bride to yours very truly.

The denouement of the drama occurs when Lochinvar leaps into the saddle with the fair damsel before him. He tries to gallop away, but, in his excitement, he has forgotten to untie his horse. So, he is caught and horsewhipped by the bride's father. What a terrible humiliation for our dashing young Lochinvar!

My choice of the funniest parody is *The Modern Hiawatha* by George A. Strong. It has the rhythmic swing, repetitions, manner, and method of Longfellow's poem; but G. A. S. has bolstered it up with a few rhythmic stilts of his own:

He killed the noble Mudjokivis,  
With the skin he made him mittens,  
Made them with the fur side inside,  
Made them with the skin side outside.  
He, to get the warm side inside,  
Put the inside skin side outside.  
He, to get the cold side outside,  
Put the warm side fur side inside.  
That's why he put the fur side inside,  
When he put the skin side outside,  
Why he turned them inside outside.

Many poets have sung in praise of life and its doings; some poets prefer to level shafts of sarcasm at its illogical phases. A clever satirist can condense into a small unit the force and meaning that lines of sententious verse and prose can hardly accomplish. I think Don Marquis has this ability. His *archy and mehitabel* makes obvious this statement. For a pertinent observation at this time, I append the following:

the servant problem  
wouldn't hurt the u s a  
if it could settle  
its public  
servant problem

And still another observation of his:

procrastination is the  
art of keeping  
up with yesterday

His comment on the Puritans is priceless:

that stern and  
rockbound coast felt  
like an amateur  
when it saw how grim  
the puritans that  
landed on it were

Nothing is sacrosanct at the hands of a humorous-minded satirist. Anyone, from the august George Washington to the socially-correct Emily Post may be hailed in a jaunty quatrain. Benjamin Franklin on this side of the water, is contrasted with the potentialities of Benjamin Franklin on the other side of the water:

In good old Benjamin Franklin's time,  
To stay out late was considered a crime,  
In that quaint old Quaker town of Phil,  
There simply was no such word as "thrill",  
Each girl went home when curfew rang;  
On Sundays nobody ever sang;  
The waltz was deemed a Daring Dance;  
So Benjamin Franklin went to France.

The parodists and satirists of the hour: the Nash's, the Perelman's, the Fishback's, and the Parker's (with reservations)—they would require the compass of THE ETHOS issue to show what they are doing. This manifest impossibility is our apology for their absence from the group we have cited.

As I have said, humorous verse dips into every type of poetry. All things are grist for its mill. Yet, it fashions a product substantially and uniquely its own. Since it requires very little critical skill to distinguish a good humorous poem from a bad one, it is incumbent upon these humorous poets to execute with care and finesse. As a matter of fact, some of the finest craftsmen of our day are busy lifting humorous verse out of its comparative obscurity to place it in its rightful niche in the temple marked, *Our Poetic Heritage*. Many princes of the art are eager to fit the glass slipper upon this Cinderella.



# THE BEST LAID PLANS

*Mary Reardon, '45*

FROM the broad windows commanding an excellent view high above the throbbing streets, Henry Chase watched with increasing annoyance the approach of the man whose influence in the firm was suggested only by the simple "and Co." that followed the great name of Chase. Trying to curb his impatience, he sat down at his desk and nervously fingered his penholder. A few minutes later the door of the handsome inner offices opened to admit a tall, younger man whose very bearing gave the impression of calm assurance.

Henry Chase was on his feet instantly.

"Well?" he inquired, with an obvious attempt to conceal the excitement in his tone.

George Willard selected a comfortable chair, lighted a cigarette, and relaxing, gazed quizzically, half smiling, at the questioner.

"My dear Chase," he soothed, "you are nervous. A few months in the South, perhaps. . . ."

Chase started.

"You haven't—"

"It's quite all right. We have the money. And quite legitimately, too, I might add." He smiled again, patronizingly.

Their eyes met, and Henry Chase's were the first to break away. He crushed out the cigarette he had just lighted. His back was toward Willard, as he ventured:

"The Fuller transaction?"

"—Will come off tomorrow, according to plans, and your account, perhaps, will begin to show a semblance of balance."

"It's my name you're using. If anything should happen—think of the risk!"

"After tomorrow, my dear Henry, you will be free. It will be finished. You will actually enjoy that rest in the South."

"Is a man ever free from a blackmailer like—"

George Willard looked pained.

"Frightfully indelicate of you, Harry. But, in point of fact, we're in this together aren't we? Doesn't this rather cancel the sheet?"

"I want to tell you something, Willard."

"Well, make it quick. What is it?"

It was quite useless. Chase crumpled inside. There was only one possible answer, he told himself.

"Don't bother," he said wearily. "This can wait."

George Willard closed the door quietly as he left.

Now Chase was striving to quiet the growing tumult in his mind. "In it together." Yes, perhaps, but by what right? It was he who had established and carried through the idea that placed him in his undisputed position in the higher business circle of the day. It was his own power and ingenuity alone that had guided him higher and higher up the ladder of success until he had almost fulfilled his ambitious dreams. Then a trifling mistake, an indiscretion, and now fortune and honor depended upon the whim of another man. From that unhappy time forward, uncertainty and doubt oppressed him at every turn. A new and terrible experience of fear drove him to mistrust everyone, dimming his reason until he could conceive of only one escape. That was clearer to him now than it had ever been. A single act was all that was necessary for complete freedom. Dull hope that lingered burst into a sudden flame of resolution. He knew at once

what he must do. The only question was the method.

The door opened and Willard appeared, casually inquiring of some routine affair.

"You've settled the Chicago business?"

"No, not quite. I'm afraid it means a trip out there. I mean to go myself in the morning."

A second of hesitation, then:

"You'll be coming back tonight, George, for the Seattle call?"

"At seven o'clock sharp."

"Right."

He was gone then, and a slight metallic click in his door evidenced his desire for privacy.

Swiftly the idea in Chase's mind crystallized. The act must take place in the privacy of the adjoining office, where there would be danger to no other, suspicion of none.

The day ended at four, and the deserted office suite made an ideal setting for the inauguration of the plan. With the aid of a few small tools, Chase's gloved hands laid wires ready for Willard's touch which would complete a short circuit when he lifted the receiver of the phone. It was all done coolly, precisely, in the utmost speed.

The outer door once closed behind him, Henry Chase breathed deeply, and his step grew firm. An exultant spirit seized him, and he longed for someone with whom to share his new freedom. He realized, however, the need for prudence. In quick decision, he hailed a taxi and directed the driver to the railway terminal.

The twisted queues of people before the ticket windows stretched out interminably and he chafed under the strain of the delay. The station was hot, suffocating. His earlier sense of triumph was waning with an approaching sense of uneasiness.



He had determined not to wait until morning for the Chicago trip. The thought of release from inaction steadied him momentarily. He reached the Pullman window at last.

"But isn't there a faster train than that? Or an earlier one?"

No, that was wrong. Steady, there, careful of what you say. Not so anxious. The luggage! Another mistake. Was it a bad one? Was it natural to travel such a distance without luggage? It would be necessary to take the risk. Postponement and further delay were unthinkable. Hesitation would lead only to greater confusion.

Nervously he found his Pullman, and settled himself in his chair for a half-hour of waiting. The minutes dragged, weighted down by his growing disquietude and impatience.

"I beg your pardon, have you the time?" A fellow-passenger paused inquiringly.

The time! Henry Chase felt his pulses racing as he fumbled for his watch.

"Just—just a few minutes to seven."

"Thanks. We must be pulling out on schedule then," the man returned pleasantly.

Last minute arrivals crowded the door. Warning announcements were shouted by the guards on the platform. The train began moving at last. The words on Henry Chase's newspaper became clear to him again. It was after seven now, and the train was gathering speed. Chase sat back and relaxed.

The newspaper became dull reading. The people on the train were very quiet. He might find a little sociability in the club car. Slowly he made his way through the swaying trains. Reaching the door of the last one, he found it well occupied. He hesitated for an instant wondering whether to enter. A suave, unmistakable voice at his elbow drawled:

"Decided on that southern trip, Henry?"

# REALITY

*Joan Clarke, '45*

Red-cheeked, restless as quicksilver,  
The schoolboy laughs at his fellow;  
In the rough-brown arms of the apple tree  
He nestles; then climbs for fruit more mellow.

Down rains the carmine fruit  
As he shakes the apple tree.

Blood-streaked, smoke-stained he lies  
This schoolboy, son of Mars;  
Waiting, waiting in the quivering silence  
Thinking of the apple tree under stars.

Fixed his bayonet  
To shake the tree of life.

# FATAL PANIC

Corinne Comerford, '45

*Douglas Monroe, the manic-depressive, who escaped from the Surrey County Asylum is still at large. Every effort is being made for his capture. A man answering to his description—tall, dark, scar above his right eyebrow, dressed in dark suit, overcoat, soft hat—was seen in the vicinity of Main Street at four o'clock today.*

This notice was printed in the evening edition of the *New York Times*, Friday, January 7.

\* \* \*

Carol Dane awoke with a start. Where was she? She lay staring into the darkness. Then she remembered. Her fatigue had been so great from hours of shopping that she had rested on the sofa in the rest room of Martin's Department Store. She made an unsuccessful effort to grope for a switch.

"Where is the thing?" Carol grumbled. "Why do I bother to locate it since I've got my flashlight in my bag."

Carol felt her way back to the sofa, found her bag, and turned on the light. She looked at her watch. It was seven o'clock.

"Oh, misery," she said, "this place closed over an hour ago. How shall I get out? It's a fine mess."

Still not too disturbed to powder and lipstick, she snapped off her light and left the rest room.

"Where do I go from here? What am I going to do?" Carol questioned herself, chiefly to hear the comforting sound of her own voice. "Maybe the cleaning women will be here—but no, that happens only in movies."

She walked on aimlessly. Again from the light of her flash, she found herself in the middle of the women's dress



department. On the extreme right, she saw an exit sign. Usually, there were telephones stationed near stairways. If she could phone—Whom? It would seem pretty silly to call the police; yet she did not relish the thought of staying here all night. She started toward the exit. Suddenly, her flash went out.

“Oh-h-h,” she groaned, “it would.”

She tried pushing the button back and forth a few times. It would not work. She then screwed the glass top tighter. Yet, no light! The battery was dead.

“Just the one time I need it,” she blurted to the surrounding air. “Nothing is more useless than a flashlight that doesn’t work.” In a pet, she threw it to the floor.

Her eyes were accustomed to the darkness by now. Here and there she saw what she thought were chairs. Then, all at once, she could see nothing at all, for a blinding light flooded the room. After recovering from this physical and mental shock, she recognized that the lights were the neon lights of a theatre across the street. There remained with her, however, an uneasy sensation—an intangible, subtle fear of the unknown.

Steady now, she thought, buck up. If you are going to let fear grip you, you will never get out. Come on, now. Think. If you can only get to those stairs, at least, there will be the telephone.

While she was thus thinking, she had unconsciously taken a few steps backward, thereby bumping into some object. She turned around just as the neon lights flashed on again. Terror seized her. Someone was standing directly in front of her. Then she laughed, almost hysterical with relief. That hypothetical person was but her own reflection in a mirror.

Really, now, you are starting at shadows, Carol. You will

not be frightened; you are not frightened. This pep talk to her reasonable self was unsuccessful. She was *frightened*.

Where is your sense of adventure? You who so love to read exciting tales, here you are afraid of your own image. Tsk! Tsk! What is there to be nervous about? You're not a child, Carol. Be sensible. Forget your silly fear and get over to the stairs. Look straight ahead. Give your imagination a rest.

She walked briskly, stopping now and again for the light of the theatre marquee to guide her. For the most part, she managed to avoid bumping against the counters on either side of the aisles. It was with blessed thankfulness that she pulled open the doors under the four red letters. She stepped into the telephone booth; opened her change purse. There were no coins in it. She uttered a low moan. Maybe a nickel or dime had fallen into the main part of her bag. In desperation, she ransacked her purse—to no avail. All her change had been spent in making small purchases, she remembered too late. A sickening feeling engulfed her. In desperation, she threw her purse on the floor. The sound in the otherwise dead stillness alarmed her more than ever. For a few moments she stood outside the booth, literally not knowing which way to turn. Then she remembered the windows on the other side of the store. The light had flashed through them. If she could open one, or even break it, she would, perhaps, attract the attention of someone below. She returned to the dress department and walked in the direction of the windows.

Suddenly, she stopped. Odd, that she had not remembered seeing before the covered mannequins standing so ghost-like. Nor had she noticed before the rows of counters covered with bulging white sheets. The counters looked like . . . like

slabs in a morgue! Then she ran wildly. She collided with an uncovered mannequin. The sudden impact had slightly loosened the arms of the latter, so as Carol fell to the floor she was clasped in a corpse-like embrace. Panting hoarsely, she finally extricated herself from the figure. She then continued to run madly in the direction of the neon lights. The windows! The windows! The windows! The words beat rhythmically upon her brain. She reached the windows . . .

Passers-by were startled by a piercing scream. As they looked up in its direction, they were horrified to see a body hurtling through space . . . .

A man, tall, dark, scar above his right eyebrow, dressed in a dark suit, overcoat, soft hat, stopped under a street lamp. Thoughtfully, he put a cigarette to his lips; meditatively, he lit it; calmly he flicked the match into the gutter; then, vanished into the night.



## LONELINESS

*Mary Ziegler, '45*

Velvet petals, white cascade—  
I dream within the fragrant shade  
Of hawthorne hedge. On darting wings  
An oriole flashes in the sun;  
Now from afar, faint trilling, one  
Lone meadow-lark his matins sings.

Wistful I gaze—far hills lift high  
Larch-crested fingers to the sky.  
Oh, I would give the blue above,  
The mead, the songs, the blossomings  
Of countless morns, of countless springs  
Once more to touch your hand, my Love!

## MESSAGE

*Rita Kremp, '45*

Then, in that long past night,  
The flaming cross, the pledge of life and love  
The symbol bright  
Glowed steady midst the strife in sky above.

Bright-eyed Hope  
Gazed at the message written there:  
*In this sign thou shalt conquer.*

Nôw, the flaming plane  
Bird of prey, harbinger of swooping Death  
This sign mundane  
Casts its cross-like shadow on the earth.

Dark-eyed Despair  
Flees the dreadful edict borne on outstretched arms:  
*In this sign thou shalt conquer.*

# SYMPHONIE SYMPATHIQUE

*Barbara Xarhos, '45*

A SHARP slam of the front door suddenly broke the silence that usually reigned at Mrs. Nisley's boarding house just before dinner time. From the sounds of shuffling in the hallway with its familiar accompaniment of smothered coughing, I knew that Mr. Beaupré, or the Professor as we called him, had returned finally. I rushed out to meet him, my face ready to assume its perfunctory smile, while my mind whirled with a dozen anxious questions. Oh, let it be good news this time, I silently prayed, at least for her sake. The Professor's light-footed ascent of the stairs reassured me. The triumph in his sparkling eyes left me completely encouraged. He would have gone past me, in his eagerness, had I not intercepted him to ask breathlessly:

"Is it . . . ? Did he . . . ?"

He seized my hand and exclaimed joyfully, "Miss Langton, it has happened, at last. Stravoloff said he had never before allowed anything like it—an unknown writer's music, you know—but after he heard my symphony, he agreed to have it played at the first concert of the season."

He paused to relish the glorious fact of his last words. Then he continued: "How happy this will make her, Miss Langton. She has waited so long. Ever since we were married, I've dreamed of telling her this some day. Now that the time has come, I do not know how to put my happiness in words."

As he spoke of his wife, his voice trembled. He took a few steps towards the door of his room, then turning abruptly, he asked:



"Will you please come in with me and help me break the news?"

This was going to be too much for me, I knew, so I tried to make a joke of his seriousness.

"Come now, faint heart, etc. You'll scare her if you go in looking so upset. That's it now; let's see a big smile. This calls for a celebration!"

We both walked to the door. We opened it and stood inside the room. It was in silence except for the ticking of the clock; the only light was the reflection from a neon sign across the street. The still, small form of the Professor's invalid wife was lying on the sofa. We had awakened her. Her husband lighted the small lamp beside her. She looked up at us with her heartbreaking smile and was about to speak when I exclaimed with obviously exaggerated gaiety:

"Mrs. Beaupré, you should be the first to congratulate your husband. Stravoloff has agreed to have his symphony played at Wadsworth Hall. What do you think of that, eh? But we always knew he was a genius, didn't we?" Realizing what a powerful effect the good news was having on her emotions, I felt impelled to continue my boisterous recital to keep from bursting into tears of joy. Then I noticed the tenderness in the gaze of the Professor. This is where you leave, Sarah Langton, I told myself. With a whispered word of good wishes, I quietly left the room.

When I had closed the door of my own room behind me, I breathed a sigh of relief. At last, I thought, at long last, they can have a little happiness. Their poignant story which I had pieced together from observation plus a word or two from loquacious Mrs. Nisley, paraded across my thoughts. They were from out of town. She was the victim of an automobile accident. He devoted all his time trying to eke out

a living by means of his unsteady work as a violinist in a symphony orchestra. Night after night, he went out wearing his shabby black suit with the inevitable white shirt and black bow tie, his violin and music clutched under his arm. He returned about midnight, his shoulders a little more stooped, his gait slower. Then he would spend long hours working at his symphony. When his wife begged him to get more rest, laughing lightly he would parry, "Wait until the symphony is finished, then I'll have plenty of time for rest."

Festivity was the keynote at dinner that evening. Mrs. Nisley and the boarders proffered vociferous compliments and good wishes to the embarrassed Professor. When the meal was nearly over and the atmosphere had cleared to quiet, to our surprise, he began to speak at length to us for the first time since we had known him.

"You have all been so kind and generous to Mrs. Beaupré and to me that we would like you to share in our first material success. I am sure most of you are tired of listening to me tinkering away at my symphony, but anyway . . . I invite you all to the concert at Wadsworth Hall next week. Perhaps," he added with sly joviality, "you will enjoy the orchestra's rendition of it a little better." Then he left to take his wife's tray upstairs. This privilege he never allowed to anyone else.

The conversation that followed his departure was enthusiastic and sympathetic. To be sure, we had admired the gallant pair from the start, but tonight's development seemed to add another glory to the mutual achievement of his genius and her inspiration. During the next few days, the joyous atmosphere pervaded the house; but on the fourth day, misfortune struck. Mrs. Beaupré had suddenly suffered a relapse. "Serious," was the doctor's grim comment, "but not necessarily fatal."



As we watched the grief-stricken Professor, we mutely questioned the reason for it all. Why? Why couldn't it have come later, at least, after the concert? We tried to hope and keep up the courage of the harried Professor. He spoke little, he spent every moment at her bedside. Two days before the concert our prayers seemed to receive a favorable answer. The Professor's wife had taken a pronounced change for the better. She was fiercely determined to recover for his sake; she braced her will to endurance and even evinced a simulated strength in order that her husband might feel no misgivings leaving her to work on his symphony.

On the evening of the concert, he went up to see her before leaving for the Hall. "Doesn't he look happy!" she whispered proudly. We laughed, joked, and flattered him extravagantly—anything to hide the anguish that seized us when we glanced at his wife's pale, fragile face, flushed with excitement, masked with smiles. It was time for us to go. We left them together for a last good-bye. We waved to her as we drove away, for she was sitting close to the window, watching us depart. In an effort to distract the Professor from thoughts of his wife, we launched into a noisy discussion of the details of the concert.

"You'll probably be kept till late signing autograph books," I reminded him with a grin. "But we shall wait for you just the same."

With a last "good luck" we left him at the stage entrance, and took our seats in the hall. We heard flurries of gossip and conjecture about Stravoloff's new protégé. We sat self-conscious in our box seats, though we were feeling honored at being intimates of the man of the hour. We scarcely heard the orchestral offerings which preceded the symphony.

Suddenly, we were conscious of silence. Breathless expect-



tancy animated the faces of the audience. The great moment had come! A few seconds passed, stretching into a minute. The quiet that filled the vast auditorium emphasized the Professor's delay. Before the faint tinges of our worry had developed into real fear, we saw him walk out to the platform. An instantaneous burst of applause greeted him. He gracefully bowed acknowledgment.

I don't remember exactly what gave me my first impression that something had gone wrong. The fact was plainly written on his drawn face, over-bright eyes, and compressed lips. As he raised the baton to begin, his arm faltered slightly. Once the orchestra had started to pour forth its thunderous rhythms, he seemed to have recovered his poise. He acted as if he enjoyed the arduousness of his part in the presentation, and as if he were expending every particle of his energy to perform it perfectly. There was stern purpose in every sway of his slim shoulders, in every motion of his sensitive hands.

Despite his apparent concentration on the score, whenever he faced in our direction, I noticed a strange, far-off expression in his eyes. I doubt whether anyone else paid such close attention to him as I did, for the music held the audience spellbound. At the close, the hall was in an uproar of applause and shouts for the composer. Modestly, with courteous willingness, he took one curtain call after another. Still that enigmatic shadow lurked in his eyes. Something was trying the Professor's emotion to its limits. Rushing out ahead of the others to get backstage, I saw a tall figure pacing back and forth in the wings. It was Stravoloff. His obvious tenseness made me aware that he knew the mystery of Beaupré's attitude.

I approached him timidly, introducing myself as a friend

of the Professor's. He responded gruffly. He stared at me for a while, then mournfully remarked, "I suppose there's nothing we can do for him now. He was strong enough to go through with the symphony, but now that it's over. . . ." He shrugged and added gloomily, "Poor fellow, he has had a hard time in life."

"But what is it? What has happened?" I asked in bewilderment.

"Haven't you heard about Mrs. Beaupré's death?" he questioned. "Of course, you people were out there when the news came. You see, she died suddenly soon after he left for the Hall. We received the message a few moments after the concert had begun. Really, I don't see how he ever had the courage to go on. But he kept repeating something about a promise he had made to her."

At that moment, the whole picture lay clearly before my mind. Her insistence that he spend his time on the symphony while she was ill; those last few moments they had together before the concert. She made him promise to go on with the symphony no matter what happened. She most likely had a premonition that death was imminent to her. Those two grand souls understood each other; even Death could not break their partnership in courage!

# CONQUEST

*Marie Myott, '45*

Bold wind makes war on proud fall trees,  
Sweeping o'er straining wood to seize  
Dry leaves and scatter them, their rout  
Reckless and wild. Young maples bend  
Like weeping maidens 'neath the clout  
Bowed down by blows they cannot fend.

Tall oaks, attacked by greedy might  
Marshal their forces for the fight.  
At every buffet drum their leaves  
With rapid and irregular beat.  
With scorn the raging wind bereaves  
Them. Naked and gaunt they bear defeat.



## FANTASY

*Corinne Comerford, '45*

I know a very lovely site—  
There I have lingered day and night  
Where a silent lake reflects the sky.  
In that calm lake my jewels lie  
Waiting my touch . . . a gleaming spray of opals falls—  
Day has begun.

At noon, I let blue diamonds slip  
Across my hands. Bright rubies drip  
From finger tips—the sun has set.  
As evening falls, deep amethysts  
Play hide-and-seek across my wrists . . .  
Water stars elude my grasp.

## EDITORIALS

### *Liberal Education and Virtue:*

It is amazing that some of the best minds of our day cannot discern the difference between the sophistry of smooth aphorisms and the truth which is always the same in its objective inclusiveness. In the ecstatic praise of Mark Van Doren's recent book on liberal education, many critics betray themselves in this vague, uncertain state. Mr. Van Doren bases the entire thesis of his work on the famous assumption of Socrates that wisdom and virtue are the same. Steeped in the current pragmatic, utilitarian philosophy, he advances his theory with confidence. He is being everywhere acclaimed for it.

We have a dangerous enemy in the subtle flattery of our contemporary philosophers. Man, they tell us, is evolving into a closer and closer approach to perfection. This state of perfection will be acquired by liberal education. Inevitably, by having a country of highly educated men, we shall have a highly virtuous citizenry. Modern educators extend the proposition of Arnold's social ideal in which all men will be cultured and then by necessity mutually tolerant and understanding. They propose that culture will bring us spiritually very near to the ideal state.

Their ridiculous premise that virtue and wisdom are identical can be easily disproved by considering some of the great minds of the ages and their relative morality. However, the situation is not so easily passed over when we realize the number of people who are deceived by these so-wise prophets. It is too bad that more people do not apply their wisdom to thinking things out for themselves, instead of following their leaders blindly in hope of attaining the prom-

ised Utopian state. Only when they see that virtue comes from a special knowledge—the knowledge of God and the subsequent obedience to His decrees—will men link wisdom and virtue.

M. A. T., '44

### *Capitalizing on Anti-Semitism:*

Naziism and Fascism excite so much horror that it is easy to label any un-American activities as Nazi or Fascist. These two ideologies are associated with everything opposed to American democracy; but they are not the only such forces in America. Communism is more virulent than either because it is not so openly recognized and shunned as evil. To praise Hitler's ideas on religion is sufficient provocation for a summons to a Senate committee; but supporting Stalin's political ideas is lauded or at least accepted, depending on the group in which it is done.

At present there is anti-Semitic activity. Locally it centers in Codman's Square, Dorchester; but the whole cause is not Fascism or Naziism. No one really knows where the root lies, but Naziism and Fascism are obviously defenseless, therefore they are labelled as the cause. Communism has never indicated ardent Semitic sympathies, in fact it has sympathy for no established religion; but suddenly the Jews are overwhelmed with sympathy and championship. This is a canny move because Jewish wealth and influence can do much to advance the Communistic cause in America. The Jews are portrayed as victims of aggression and Communism is the upholder of religious freedom. The general impression received is one of extreme patriotism and idealism.

The campaign began with forcing Americans to recognize the totalitarian danger in anti-Semitic outrages. Then



when the Americans were engrossed in being indignant at the Nazis and the Fascists, the next step eloquently urged the acceptance of Communism as leader of the Jewish resistance. The Cambridge branch of the Communistic party has distributed a pamphlet, "Fifth Column in Cambridge," which attempts to unite the American Jews in Communism, common ground being aggression by the Axis. However, the Cambridge Jews were not duped. In an open letter to the Cambridge *Chronicle-Sun*, Mosier Goldberg, President of the B'nai B'rith Association denied that his compatriots had been the victims of un-American activity, and he repudiated the self-imposed championship of Communism.

We know that to persecute any race or religion is wrong, and on that ground we avoid doing it. Our danger does not lie there. We must avoid a myopic attitude toward Communism. The heroism of Russian soldiers and the sudden interest in the fate of the Jews must not blind us to the fact that Communism is working for itself, for its propagation all over the world, and not for the defense of any other country or people. Communistic philosophy discards individual patriotism replacing it by subservience to the State. It has no place for freedom of religion such as it offers temptingly to the Jews.

B. G., '44

---

# THE PACK OF AUTOLYCUS

---

"My father named me Autolycus . . . a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."

"Jog on, jog on the footpath way,  
And merrily hent the stile-a.  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad heart tires in a mile-a."

*The Winter's Tale, IV, iii*

---

## *The Then Overtakes the Now:*

As Winter approaches, have you noticed that something is missing around Tremont Street and King's Chapel? The cold weather has cut down, temporarily, sight-seeing tours around town. The familiar clip-clop of the hooves of the fat, mild-looking horses is most conspicuous by its absence. All through the Summer business boomed. Out-of-towners crowded the description-defying vehicles. Their exclamations in sundry tonal accents floated on the air as they viewed the sights.

\* \* \*

"Of course, business isn't what it used to be," complains Ben Cashin, ticket agent at the Parker House. "Before gas rationing, we had tours all over the state: Lexington, Concord, Plymouth . . ." He pauses for a moment in silent tribute to those lush times, then continues: "and now, it's only greater Boston and Cambridge." The horses, incidentally, couldn't go any farther.

We agree. We wonder if there was any difficulty in making the switch from buses to wagons. Not much, we are told, although the horses were a little jittery at first. They refused to stop when the signal was given. Calmly, once or twice, they walked away with the protesting tourists. Walked away is an arbitrary statement, for the horses are too dignified to run anywhere. Now, however, things are running smoothly to everybody's content.

\* \* \*

Army men make up a large quota of the passengers. Sailors seem more interested in the Swan Boats. Every tour is crammed with people who roll out their "r's" and marvel at every date earlier than 1812. A few astute business men never fail to look amazed at the sight of a cemetery set in the middle of the city where property is so valuable. "Typical Boston sentimentality," they mutter to one another as they eye disapprovingly the headstones in King's Chapel. The drivers, they say, are so used to hearing this opinion that they do not even bother to defend our attitude. Up Tremont Street, down School, over to the Old South Church and the trip is under way.

\* \* \*

"On your right," shouts the guide, "is the famed Parker House where Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. . . ." Heads swivel over to the right with really amusing eagerness. Women exclaim and clutch their guide leaflets; men try to look unimpressed; every one has a jolly time of it all. "Just wait till the end of the war, though," prophesies Ben Cashin pointing his pen at you earnestly. "We'll have all our special tours back again. Plymouth, Concord, Lexington. . . ." He gazes dreamily off into space. Those horses had better not act so independent. There will be a day of reckoning sometime, judging from the look in Ben Cashin's eyes.



*Trivia:*

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday in procession swift unnerve me; regimented to obey you, Calendar, so please I pray you, can't you drag your feet a little? Matters it one jot or tittle? Inspiration comes but slowly—my poetic gifts are lowly. Professor pleads for *Poetry* and concrete words and imagery and when she reads this unsententious bit of verse so unpretentious, I've no doubt apart she'll tear it. With my class, I'll humbly share it. Anonymity enfold me, down the river Poetry's sold me.

\* \* \*

Near an air base called Pyote deep in Texas sultry lair  
Nightly howled a lone coyote, city-bred G.I.'s to scare.

Hallowe'en, the boys' thoughts strain homesick for familiar hosts  
(Blood of Irish in their veins) of little folk, good people, ghosts.

Coyote howls! Their faces pale—Oh for a banshee's healthy wail!

\* \* \*

*Eureka! A Bobby Pin!!*

At the present time, a Gallup poll would put tops as women's dearest, prized possession—a bobby pin! Yes, these poor, abused little nothings of days of plenty are now No. 1 on the female hit parade. The precious bobby pin is no longer disregarded as it falls by the wayside. We now stoop to pick it up and fondly pocket it. Way back in the good, old pre-war days, these pins found themselves in the ash-can amongst the sweepings. Today, finds Susan crawling along the floor searching with intensity behind bed and chair for these rare treasures. In the present reorganization of world values, the bobby pin has at last come into its own.

### *Compulsory Commuting Courses for College Students:*

Two giddy freshmen gush about Sinatra from Scollay to Copley Square. A staid Psychology Major listens in dumbfounded amazement. Inspired, she goes to class and writes a thesis on "Emotional Undevelopment." Then, there is the Sociology Major who notes the mad passenger mob packing itself in like sardines at Park Street. Arrived at school, she discourses on her morning observation and starts a classroom discussion on "The Betterment of Subway Conditions." The English Major, above all, is in her glory. For her, there is a sonnet in the twinkling eyes of the old man across the aisle; a poem in the rose on the hat sitting lightly on a self-conscious Miss. Those two women on their way to a basement bargain sale would make potential protagonists for a One-Act Play. The young girl with a diamond on the right finger of her left hand is a motivating stimulus for a Short Story. Yes; correction of human behavior, world adjustment, throbbing drama, and vibrant poetry can be moulded on the sights that are seen and the persons that are viewed in the rush hour on the Subway!

\* \* \*

### *Shopping Night:*

Judging by the crowds that fill down-town Boston every Monday night, one would think that a New Year Rose Bowl Game or an Army-Notre Dame feat was about to take place. Not so, gentle reader; 'tis but Defense Workers' Shopping Night! It is the night when Rosie the Riveter and Winnie the Welder exchange slacks for skirts and go to town. It is the night for super-profits for the department stores.

Pay day has become financial hey day for Women Defense Workers. Any part-time sales woman will affidavit that statement. An interesting observation comes to light as the big buys go on. Those who buy the best in clothes and flourish the largest bills are workers from the Charlestown Navy Yard. Because of this, we are inclined to agree with the composer of the song, *Either Too Young Or Too Old*. . . . The "gravy's in the Navy," beyond doubt.

## CURRENT BOOKS

*The Book of War Letters.* Edited by Harry E. Maule. New York: Random House, 1943. 328 pages.

It has been said that the reason this war has given birth to no stirring, inspiring song is because men are going off to fight in a spirit of cold realism. They see the fighting as a deeply unpleasant task to be accomplished as quickly as possible. Judging from this book of letters from our fighting men, the theory is, in the main, true. There is no strain here of the "war-to-end-all-wars" note. Most of the men are frankly homesick; a few "grouse" heartily and openly; none seems to feel that through his efforts the world is going to be made a better place in which to live. All, however, are set to do their best to maintain the freedom enjoyed up to the time of Pearl Harbor.

*The Book of War Letters* shows the intimate thoughts of our men as no accounts or diaries by eye-witnesses could possibly have recorded them. These letters they have written lay bare their hearts. They state without pretense or equivocation how the war is affecting them. Their emotions are universal ones; longing for home, love for the absent ones, and (in some cases) admittedly hitherto unexpressed thoughts on God and religion. They also show how tolerance is concretely practised in the foxholes. The Jewish boys parrying with the Christians on Christmas Eve ("In keeping with the principles of Americanism," as one of them expressed it) tell more forcefully than any rhetorical verbiage that the Four Freedoms are real and alive. They are not vague, nebulous terms signifying nothing.

Mr. Maule has done an excellent piece of editing. His comments are unobtrusive, brief, pointed, keenly interesting. He has compiled a representative cross-section of our men's letters which range from the inarticulate brevity of the servicemen who fight and talk later, to a few delightfully cultured letters which bear kinship to the grace and ease of the informal essay. Often the dreadful finality of war is brought home with a shock when we read a letter once breezy with humor and full of the joy of living, headed by the ominous words—"Killed in action!"

This book will be a welcome account of what is really going on "over there" for those who get letters from overseas detailing descriptions of



the menus and publishing long complaints about the rigors of censorship. For the more fortunate who get letters as interesting as the best in *War Letters* the volume will serve as an excellent supplementary.

Marie A. Thomas, '44

*Our Good Neighbor Hurdle.* By John W. White. Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Company, 1943. 209 pages.

The relationship of the United States and South America must be true, firm, based on mutual confidence, trust, and sympathy if we would secure the Western Hemisphere against aggressors. All America is concerned with this most vital problem.

John White's book, *Our Good Neighbor Hurdle*, asks the question—"Why does South America distrust us?" His book reveals the answer. The author, a non-Catholic, is well qualified by study and observation to handle the intricate solution. He has had twenty-five years of experience to observe things South American, both as a vice-consul and as a newspaper man. He writes with an open mind in the interests of good citizenship and patriotism.

The popular conception of South American religion and culture is an erroneous one. We have taken it for granted that South America is un-Christian; therefore, we send down to her numerous Protestant ministers. Some of these spend their efforts at proselytizing rather than converting. The legitimate Indian field is neglected by these ministers. There are approximately one hundred and twenty million "instinctive" Catholics in South America as against about twenty million in the United States. We are regarded by the natives as anti-religious on account of the great number of divergent sects that we seek to introduce among them. A house divided against itself must fall. Internal dissension destroys any noble aim that these ministers might have to carry on Christianizing work. Catholicity to the South Americans is a way of life, not merely a doctrine. When the Catholic fold is successfully invaded by these missionaries, they have nothing substantial to offer in return. So the proselytized are left with a sense of loss and confusion.

Brief accounts of the relations of the Church and State in Mexico, Brazil, Argentine, and Uruguay illustrate and emphasize the point under

discussion. He shows the strength of the Church in Argentina which survived the persecutions by the cruel Rosas. He gives a compact résumé of the history of Brazil. He sets forth clearly the origin, aims, and accomplishments of the Sinarquist movement. He boldly asserts that some of the Protestant missionaries falsify reports by including a great number of Catholics in their pagan census. In fact, some regard these missionaries as "Fifth Columnists" sent by the United States government. Their interference is, therefore, bitterly resented.

Exaggerated motion pictures and books have given us a grotesque idea of South American culture. Only a nodding acquaintance with antiquity would unveil for us the vigor of their culture before discoverers and navigators reached our shores. We find, in these pages, proof that the average South American is more cultured than many of these missionaries. This obvious, though perhaps unconscious, insult causes friction. Always, Mr. White is careful not to generalize and sweepingly denounce. He has acknowledgment and praise for the sincere missionaries who labor for the welfare of the heathen. Here he cites the work of the majority of them to be that of Catholic missionaries. Perhaps one of the most interesting chapters is that which recounts the work of Father Pedro Corvera, an Indian Franciscan, Superior of the Order in Bolivia. To him he dedicates his book.

The author's purpose is ostensibly to help to overcome the vincible ignorance of all sects of Americans, and to reveal those things which are preventing better relations with our Southern neighbors in order that corrective measures may be taken. The successful accomplishments of these aims is found in the timely *Our Good Neighbor Hurdle*.

Mary Pekarski, '44

*White Fire*. By E. J. Edwards, S.V.D. Milwaukee, Wisconsin: The Bruce Publishing Company, 1943. 219 pages.

The locale of this stirring story is the Philippines. In the midst of the tropical palm trees and flaming hibiscus, dwells a colony of people isolated from the rest of the world—lepers! A few people enter there voluntarily to devote their lives to the care of these pitiful creatures. The book tells the story of these brave men and women who came to give these poor sufferers material and spiritual aid. There are Padre Doro,



Brother Jeremiah, Doctor Rodriguez, and four Sisters, the youngest of whom is an American nun, Sister Agnes Marie. Her first patient is Leon Guerrers, a high school principal. He finds no consolation in his state. He feels only burning resentment against the world which segregates him, and the God Who permitted this calamity to befall him. How Sister Agnes Marie exerts her influence on him as well as upon many others forms the story.

Father Edwards describes with clarity Sister Agnes Marie, the central figure. He shows her dark moments of almost despair when she feels she is doing so little and wishes to do so much. Her wish to aid these people, he states, cannot prevent her feeling of revulsion, nor control the sickness which sweeps over her in great waves as she caught the first glimpse of the ward wherein lie those in the last decaying stages of leprosy. Finally, she contracts leprosy and experiences a feeling of absolute horror at this knowledge.

The theme of self-sacrifice and love of God is strongly exhibited in the character of Sister Agnes Marie. Her fortitude and faith shine forth convincingly, as also the indication of her very close union with God. The character of Doctor Hewitt is splendidly drawn also. He comes to the lepers with no spiritual intention, merely to test out his serum. He has no religion. He dislikes women in general. Sister Agnes Marie's devotion to her work, her spirituality, her courage in facing the disease when she is afflicted by it, her great faith in God crowned by her miraculous cure, all bring him to the realization that there must be a God who listens to and answers petitions asked of Him.

This book is wrought of well-drawn characters, an elevated theme, couched in simplicity of manner. Its matter in the hands of an artist of lesser skill than Father Edwards might prove repulsive. But there is no repulsion here. The subject is treated with great sympathy, fine understanding, and rare delicacy. Even a sprinkling of humor freshens its necessary seriousness. The book grips one with intensity and finality.

*Patricia M. Twobig, '44*

*Winter's Tales.* By Isak Dinesen. Random House, Inc., 1942. 313 pages.

Among readers of books, there is a tiny minority who can distinguish the permanent work from the transient and who sustain unappreciated literature until its age of general popularity arrives. This critical group



saved *Wuthering Heights* from early oblivion for almost sixty years until its revival came. Now Emily Brontë is as famous and known to be more competent than her sister Charlotte. This same minority will preserve the beauty of Isak Dinesen's prose. She is a writer who does not appeal to the majority; her importance and talent are recognized only by this vigorous discriminating group.

Smuggled out of Nazi Denmark in manuscript form, *Winter's Tales* is the third book by Isak Dinesen. She writes fables whose meaning is usually hard to grasp. Their range is wide, covering reality and the supernatural, writers, children, a king, an actress, rich people, and poor people. In each fable one feels that the mood is more important than the actual happenings. Mood is associated with the atmosphere and both overpower the story and its characters. That is why some of the *Winter's Tales* will linger in the mind. A feeling is remembered more vividly than the goings and comings of an incident. The power of suggestion is another element of *Winter's Tales*. "An ecstatic clarity filled the world," from *Sorrow-Acre* is the concise description of sunrise.

The people of *Winter's Tales* are deep thinkers and strong lovers. A strange relationship is that of the two sisters who were too close to be separated by a man's love (*The Invincible Slave-Owners*). Dinesen's adolescents are morbid, ardent, and philosophic. *Alkmene* is the study of an adolescent misfit whose problems were solved by witnessing a decapitation. The orphan of *The Dreaming Child* suggests a reincarnation. This tale contains a pathetic scene which remains with the reader long after the story has been forgotten. The orphan has never had any affection until he meets his foster mother. "And how you kiss me, Mamma," he said, and grew very pale. Emilie did not know that his excitement rose from the fact that he had never been kissed.

The average reader who enjoys best-sellers will have no patience with the untimely half-said things of Isak Dinesen. She will seem old-fashioned and pointless to him. Well, in evoking a mood, a point is unessential. Ruskin maintains that unless the reader has to dig in order to grasp the author's thought, the thought is not worth holding. Beneath the mood and atmosphere and incidental plotting, Isak Dinesen hides an idea in each fable. If the reader is interested in knowing the author, he must dig. The tales are not the less excellent for their occult meaning, because what they lose in directness they gain in mysterious charm.

Barbara Gilbert, '44

# Visit Your Friends across the River . . .

*—For the Furniture You Need*

*—For the Wearables You Want*

Makes no difference whether you want a small size rocker or a comfortable upholstered chair—a colorful rug or curtains—a suite of furniture or a studio couch—a package of pencils or a quire of paper—a few pairs of stockings—a pair of shoes—a smart coat or a hat, you can depend upon Sears to give you the best at a price that fits your budget.



**SEARS, ROEBUCK AND CO.**

**BOSTON**

**Brookline Avenue and Park Drive**



*Open Thursday and Saturday Evenings Until 9:30*

Emmanuel's Friends: Please patronize

*One Year Secretarial,  
Individual Advancement.*

**HICKOX  
SECRETARIAL  
SCHOOL**

Special Short Courses  
for college graduates

**12 Huntington Ave.  
BOSTON**

*Corcoran's*

**Incorporated**

**615 Mass. Avenue  
Cambridge, Mass.**

**Central Square  
CAMBRIDGE**

*A Department Store  
Established in 1881*

**Telephone  
TRObridge 4300**

**C. EUGENE HAMES, *Managing Director***

*p r e s e n t s*

*A Distinctive Hotel for the Discriminating*

**THE CONTINENTAL**

**CAMBRIDGE, MASS.**

Where every facility for Luncheons,  
Dinners, Banquets, Meetings, Bridge  
Parties, Etc., is conveniently available.

**GARDEN STREET AT CHAUNCY - KIRKLAND 6100**

Emmanuel's Friends: Please patronize





*Visit the  
Perfumery Department  
at our  
133 BROOKLINE  
AVENUE STORE*

*A Few Minutes' Walk from Emmanuel*

**General  
Ice Cream  
Corporation**

*Mansion House  
Division*

**183 Cambridge Street  
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.**

COMPLIMENTS OF

**THE HERLIHY BROS.  
Incorporated  
MILK - CREAM**

**Thomas P. Mee Co.**

WHOLESALE and RETAIL

*Fruit and Produce*

Stalls 47-49 Faneuil Hall Market  
and Cellar No. 9

**BOSTON, MASS.**

Tel. CAPitol 0284-0285

**SMARTNESS IN SPORTSWEAR**

**WEEKS**

**DRESS SHOP**

**Dresses - Suits - Skirts  
Sweaters - Blouses - Hosiery**

**269 Brookline Avenue, Boston, Mass.  
Aspinwall 6319**

**Emile**

*Hairdressers*

**26 West Street — Room 203-4**

**Devonshire 8068**

**Boston**

**Henry Anzalone**

**Louis Ruocco**

**Emmanuel's Friends: Please patronize**

*Compliments*  
*of the*  
**Alumnae Association**  
*of*  
**Emmanuel College**

*Compliments of*  
**Emmanuel League**

**The**  
**Angel Guardian Press**  
*Printers*  
*Publishers Bookbinders*  
**JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.**

**ACADEMY OF  
NOTRE DAME**  
**ROXBURY, MASSACHUSETTS**  
*Boarding and Day School*  
High School and Elementary Depart-  
ments Affiliated With Catholic  
University, Washington, D. C.

**ACADEMY OF  
NOTRE DAME**

\*\*\*\*\*  
**Corner of Granby Street and  
Bay State Road  
BOSTON  
MASSACHUSETTS**

\*\*\*\*\*  
*Primary, Intermediate and  
High School Classes*

**ACADEMY OF  
NOTRE DAME**  
**TYNGSBORO, MASSACHUSETTS**  
*Boarding and Day School*  
High School and Elementary Depart-  
ments Affiliated With Catholic  
University, Washington, D. C.

Emmanuel's Friends: Please patronize

**Silver Jubilee Year**

*Compliments of*  
*The Junior Class*

Emmanuel's Friends: Please patronize



## CONTENTS

FUNERAL FOR A HERO—Marie A. Thomas, '44 . . . .	67
SNOW IN APRIL, <i>Verse</i> —Marion Riley, '44 . . . .	71
CONTACT, <i>Verse</i> —Marie A. Thomas, '44 . . . .	72
PURPOSE, <i>Verse</i> —Barbara Foote, '44 . . . .	73
DANTE SUGGESTS—Barbara Gilbert, '44 . . . .	74
VANQUISHED, <i>Verse</i> —Mary Reardon, '45 . . . .	95
SOLACE, <i>Verse</i> —Mary J. O'Keefe, '45 . . . .	96
TOO LATE!—Marion Drew, '44 . . . .	97
SEVEN GREAT O'S, <i>Verse</i> —Mary H. Ziegler, '45 . . . .	103
GIFTS, <i>Verse</i> —Joan Clarke, '45 . . . .	104
PUT IT ON VENUS—Corinne Comerford, '45 . . . .	105
REVELATION, <i>Verse</i> —Margaret Hopkins, '45 . . . .	111
WAR HUNTING, <i>Verse</i> —Rita Kremp, '45 . . . .	112
EDITORIALS . . . . .	113
THE PACK OF AUTOLYCUS . . . . .	115
CURRENT BOOKS:	
<i>The Ministry of Fear</i> —M. Thomas . . . . .	118
<i>The Screwtape Letters</i> —M. Thomas . . . . .	119
<i>Persons and Places</i> —B. Gilbert . . . . .	120
<i>The Fight for Freedom</i> —B. Gilbert . . . . .	121
<i>The Dove Flies South</i> —B. Foote . . . . .	122

# THE ETHOS STAFF

## EDITORIAL

### *Editor-in-Chief*

Marie A. Thomas, '44

### *Associate Editor*

Barbara Gilbert, '44

### *Assistants*

Marion C. Drew, '44

Patricia McIntire, '44

Louise Mercier, '44

Joan Trainor, '44

Mary Farrell, '44

M. Virginia McMahon, '44

Mary Sharry, '44

Patricia Twohig, '44

## BUSINESS

### *Business Manager*

Rose Cafasso, '44

### *Circulating Manager*

Mary Pekarski, '44

# FUNERAL FOR A HERO

Marie A. Thomas, '44

I SAT on the top of the desk idly kicking my heels on its battered front, watching the rain sluice down the plate glass windows of the office. An atmosphere of thick greyness hovered over everything. Outside, the rain cooling the hot summer air had raised a fine mist and shined the black-tarred streets until each passing car was mirrored as in glass. The rain poured in broad streams over the raised gold lettering on the windows. I read it backward for the hundredth time that afternoon—*The Hilton Clarion*.

Gregory was sitting at the desk on which was the only decent typewriter. He always took it before anyone else had a chance. Now that all our copy for the day had been passed over to the hot, smeared linotypists in the back room, he had nothing to stay around for. Habit kept him still at his desk. Only Bill's lead story was needed. He would soon be in with it. The rain was so heavy, the atmosphere so humid, that we had no desire nor energy to move from the office. So we sat there, too languid to talk; I kicking my heels, Greg blowing irregular smoke rings up to the peeling plaster of the ceiling.

This lead story that Bill was out after was outside the ordinary routine material that a small town daily newspaper usually gets. One of Hilton's favorite sons had been killed in a plane crash while he was training in the Air Corps down South. Because he belonged to one of the most influential families, the whole town had turned out for the funeral today. Phil Kennedy had not yet been across, but to hear the local people talk he deserved the silver star if not the Congressional



Medal for some obscure reason. Death is like that. It almost always makes people exaggerate one's virtues.

Well, if they were not going to give Kennedy any decoration, at least, he was given a fine funeral. They had sent some men down from a near-by army camp to give it a military air. The Boy Scouts were going to walk before the hearse; the Board of Selectmen were to be honorary pall-bearers. They were doing it up right, I can tell you.

"Those Boy Scouts're goin' to get soaked, poor kids," I said to Greg.

"Mmmmmm," he answered conversationally, engrossed in his smoke rings.

I moved uncomfortably. "Gosh, it's hot," I persisted. "I wonder when the funeral will be over."

As I spoke, the dull boom of muffled gunfire sounded.

"They're at the cemetery now," was Greg's brilliant deduction. He leaned farther back in his chair and half closed his eyes. For a few minutes, all was silent, save for the sound of the rain and the trilling noise of the machines back in the shop.

Then the door banged open and Bill strode in. He is a big man, Bill, and he writes copy which made anything Greg or I turned out look like washed-out drivel. He shook himself, and water splattered all over the room. I grimaced.

"Honestly, you're worse than a dog, Bill," I complained. "How was the funeral?"

He pushed Greg out of the chair and sat down before the typewriter. "Like any other one only more fancy," he answered, slipping a piece of paper into the machine. "Dr. Smythe gave the usual eulogy, the usual mourners dripped tears, and the same crowd of local yokels sat there with their eyes bugging out so they wouldn't miss anything."

"Boy Scouts there and Selectmen," Greg stated rather than asked.

Bill squinted through the smoke of the cigarette at what he had already written. "Yeah." He struck a few more keys, then leaned back.

"Funny thing," he said. "That Kennedy guy was the worst rotter I ever knew, and look at the turn-out for him! His mother fainting, father crying . . . say, they don't know what sorrow they've probably missed. He was a young kid, but he had more enemies than twenty other guys. Anyone who knew him couldn't stand him; biggest snob in the county, too. No, in the state, I'll bet," he added as an afterthought.

Greg opened his eyes. "You're kidding," he said.

"Listen. I've lived here all my life, and you kids are from out of town," Bill continued. "Furthermore," he added kindly, "you wouldn't know the real truth of a story if it came up and hit you in the eye. I'm telling you that Phil Kennedy had more rackets than Al Capone, and was a bigger chiseler than Shylock. Heaven help the kids that were quartered with him up till now.

"Oh, I grant," he went on waving his cigarette, "that not many of the folks here knew about it. He played cosy, Phil did, and only the ones he worked his tricks on and a few others knew. And now he's dead, and the whole town'll wear mourning, and they'll dedicate a bronze plaque to him and put it in the High School. *The Clarion* will run a big lead about HILTON'S PHIL KENNEDY KILLED IN FATAL CRASH."

I looked out the windows. The funeral cars were returning to the garages up the street. Two stout women, sheltered by

large black umbrellas, noticed them and stopped to watch, shaking their heads and wiping their eyes.

"There you have it," said Bill who had also seen them. He laughed briefly, and went back to his story. I slid off the desk, and crossed the floor to look over his shoulder.

*A saddened Hilton today bade its last farewell to one of its best-loved sons. Philip Kennedy, killed in a plane crash, was buried this afternoon from the Congregational Church with full military honors.*

The telephone rang. I lifted the receiver. "Clarion Office."

An ill-natured, raspy voice sounded in my ear. "This is Joe Pringle of the *Pringle Funeral Service*," it said. I held the receiver away from my ear.

"Yes."

"Listen. I got a bone to pick with you people. Four years I've been advertising in your paper and I expect a little publicity. On those obituaries I sent you in last week, not one credit line to me. How many times I got to tell you to put in who was in charge of the funerals?"

"I'm sorry, Joe," I started.

"Yeah, yeah, you're sorry. Listen. On the Kennedy thing. I had charge of that funeral, and if you leave out the credit line, no more ads. Who's writing the story?"

"Bill."

"Put him on, will you? I'm going to get this straight here and now. It was my funeral and no one else is going to get the publicity. . . ."

I held the receiver out to Bill, and the voice squeaked at him. He listened patiently.

"O.K., O.K., Joe," he answered, "I won't forget."

He hung up the receiver and made a note on a piece of paper near him. Credit Pr. Fun. Ser.



Again he started to write.

*His gallant smile now gone, his cheering words no longer  
sounding to encourage his fellow men, Phil Kennedy . . .*

The typewriter clicked rapidly now as he got into the swing of his story.

When I think back on it now, I do not remember when we ever had such a gloomy day.

## SNOW IN APRIL

*Marion Riley, '44*

Tiny snowflakes flutter down  
Graceful ballerinas,  
Pirouetting through the town,  
Tiptoeing along the ground,  
Fragile little schemers.

Blithely trailing winter's show  
Gay, yet somehow, sad,  
Just an interlude they know,  
Too late arrived, must quickly go,  
Sensing Spring's welcome glad.

## CONTACT

*Marie A. Thomas, '44*

Gay and bright Proserpine  
(Slipped from sullen Pluto's state)  
Trips in joyous ecstasy  
To earth, her loved Palatinate.  
Underneath her lissome step  
Softly wakes the land once more,  
Violets starring lea and dell  
With purple sheen her pathway score.

Dancing crowds of daffodils  
Freed by her smile from earthly gyve  
Gayly greet her. With bubbling start  
Bounds the babbling brook, alive.  
Gay and bright Proserpine  
(Slipped from sullen Pluto's state)  
Wakes with her tender, magic touch  
Earth, her loved Palatinate.

## PURPOSE

*Barbara Foote, '44*

Afar green hills in ceaseless beauty rolling  
As Mother Earth uplifts her breasts to God,  
Above strong Sun in brilliant hues warm pouring—  
White Clouds blush deep by such great beauty awed.  
Pied flowers, lithe birds, soft breeze, wide rolling ocean,  
And all that lives and breathes God's love attest,  
Their chorused chant yet rings to swelling grandeur,  
And ever shall in glory of His Name, the Blest.  
If Nature in its harmony unending  
God's Truth in beauty thus adorns our earth,  
Oh why does man not join in free act homage  
Oh why in puny deeds does he resist from birth?



# DANTE SUGGESTS

## RADIO SCRIPT

*Barbara Gilbert, '44*

ANNOUNCER: Have you ever thought of writing poetry? Listen and hear what happened to Louis, a garage mechanic, who liked to write poetry. Maybe you'll change your mind about being a poet. Don't forget, there was only one Dante.

BIZ: SOMEONE WHISTLING, GOING UPSTAIRS QUICKLY. RAP ON DOOR. DOOR IS OPENED.

MARY: Hi, Louis. I wasn't expecting you so early. Come in.

LOUIS: Hiya, honey.

BIZ: DOOR IS CLOSED. STEPS ACROSS THE ROOM.

MARY: I've just finished supper.

LOUIS: Do the dishes later. We're not going out tonight. Too cold.

MARY: O.K. You spend too much money anyway. Believe me, when we're married . . .

LOUIS: We won't get married if you start talking like that.

MARY: Like what?

LOUIS: Like Blondie.

MARY: Well, if I was married to Dagwood, I'd nag worse than that.

LOUIS: Dagwood's all right. He just ain't got an imagination.

MARY: That's what makes you different from other men, I suppose.

LOUIS: Sure. That's why you fell in love with me.

MARY: Thanks for telling me. I've been wondering.

LOUIS: (*seriously*) I made another payment on our furniture today.

MARY: You did? Oh, Louis, that's swell. How much do we owe now?

LOUIS: Ah . . . let's see . . . it's \$57.

MARY: (*sighs*) It seems like an awful lot.

LOUIS: It ain't so much. I make almost that much in a week.

MARY: Maybe, if we saved and saved and didn't go to shows for the next few months, we could pay it all up and get married in June. Do you think we could?

LOUIS: Would you like that, Honey?

MARY: I'd love it. (*sighs*) But that's just maybe. Did you bring the newspaper?

LOUIS: Yeah. Oh, there's something in it I want to show you.

BIZ: RATTLE OF NEWSPAPER.

LOUIS: Here it is. Look, a poetry contest.

MARY: You aren't going to write one of your corny poems for it, are you?

LOUIS: Say, when I was in High School my poems were considered high class.

MARY: Yes, high class fuel.

LOUIS: Is that so? Look at the prizes just for a poem. \$1000 War Bond, first prize. And just for a little poem. Why I could knock off half a dozen right now.

MARY: Oh, you could. Well, the rules say it has to be on RINSO.

LOUIS: So what?

MARY: So what do you know about RINSO?

LOUIS: I wash, don't I? Lemme think. Duds, suds.

When I gaze at my oily old duds  
And my face it is covered with muds—

MARY: No such word.

LOUIS: How about dirt? Dirt. What rimes with dirt? Dirt. Squirt. What's some other words that mean dirt?

MARY: Grime?

LOUIS: Grime. All that rimes with grime is slime. And that ain't poetical.

MARY: On you it looks good.

LOUIS: Let me think . . . I ought to make it personal. About my own experience.

MARY: Like this? "My husband likes me better now because I wash his shirts cleaner. Rinso takes the tattle-tale-gray out of clothes."

LOUIS: (*pays no attention*) Grime . . . Time . . . Overtime. Da-dee, da-dee, da-da-dee. I got it! Listen!

At the yard when I work overtime  
And my hands they are fistfuls of grime  
I quick take off the grease  
With much laughter and ease  
I Rinso, then wash off, and dry'em.

How's that?

MARY: It's the best you'll ever do.

LOUIS: With Rinso to write on, even Shakespeare couldn't have done any better.

BIZ: GIDDY MUSIC. FADE IN AND FADE OUT.

BIZ: EXCITED BOUNDING UPSTAIRS. POUNDING ON DOOR. DOOR IS OPENED.

LOUIS: Hey, Mary, I won it! I won it!

MARY: Not the . . . not the . . .

LOUIS: I won the \$1000!



MARY: Really? Truly?

LOUIS: Sure. Oh baby, are we gonna have fun.

MARY: Oh Louis, that's wonderful! \$1000!

LOUIS: We can finish the furniture now.

MARY: And we can get married in June! Oh, Louis!

LOUIS: And my poem's in the paper, too.

BIZ: RATTLE OF NEWSPAPER.

LOUIS: Look! Here it is. Right beside the Beauty Hints.

MARY: And your name is there, too.

LOUIS: Don't it look swell?

At the yard when I work overtime  
And my hands they are fistfuls . . .

BIZ: KNOCK AT DOOR.

LOUIS: I'll go.

BIZ: STEPS ACROSS THE ROOM TO DOOR. SOUND  
OF OPENING DOOR.

LOUIS: Yes?

CATELLI: Mr. Louis DeSarto?

LOUIS: Yes.

CATELLI: I'm Tony Catelli. (*pause for effect*) Your land-  
lady told me I'd find you here. May I come in?

LOUIS: Sure. Mary, this is Mr. Catelli. This is my girl  
friend, Mary Breau.

MARY: How do you do.

CATELLI: It is a pleasure. Mr. DeSarto, I believe you won  
first prize in a poetry contest today.

LOUIS: Oh, you mean my poem. Yeah. We were just  
talking over the good news.

CATELLI: Congratulations. I'm not surprised that you  
won. You have poetic talent. I'm a person who knows a great  
deal about these things; and while I won't say you're a genius,  
still you have talent.

LOUIS: Thanks, Mr. Catelli. I didn't think I was that good. Those things come easy to me. I just knocked it out the other night. Didn't I, Mary?

MARY: That's right.

CATELLI: I suppose you've heard of me, Tony Catelli, the restaurant man?

LOUIS: Say, you aren't the Catelli who owns that big joint in town, are you? What's the name of it now?

MARY: *Catelli's Casa*.

LOUIS: That's it. Are you that Catelli?

CATELLI: That's me. I used to come from around here, you know. Sixth Street.

LOUIS: Is that so? Boy, you've certainly traveled!

CATELLI: (*gives pleased laugh*) And I'd like to see you travel, too, Louis. With your talent you could go places.

LOUIS: How do you mean?

CATELLI: Well, I'm not screaming in everybody's ear, but business could stand a little boosting. Now, I've been kind of worried for the past couple of weeks. I didn't know what I was going to do. Then I saw your *limerick* in the paper. Smack, like a wet towel, it hit me! What the *Casa* needs is poetry. Poetry on the menus. Poetry on the checks. Poems to the customers. And DeSarto is the guy to do it!

LOUIS: Boy! I never thought my poem could hit anybody like that!

MARY: (*sotto voce*) Like a wet towel.

CATELLI: Right away I liked the *limerick*. But I didn't decide until I saw your name. Louis DeSarto! A real Italian name! And the address—East Cambridge. My own home town. What was I waiting for?

LOUIS: Gee, Mr. Catelli, that's swell.

CATELLI: I always like to help my own people. So that's why I'm here.

LOUIS: Are you offering me a job?

CATELLI: A job! I'm handing you a career! You're getting in on the second floor of this poetry game. You won't have to struggle for years to get your stuff in the papers like Shakespeare and Byron and Tennyson did. With me to back you, you'll be rich and famous.

LOUIS: But what do I do?

CATELLI: What do you do? Practically nothing. Just write poetry. I want poetry all over the *Casa*, inside and outside. Your poetry will be sent out to customers, and very influential people some of them are. Your stuff will be in the trade papers. You write it; I publish it. Success in no time. This time next year you'll be known as the Poet Laureate of East Cambridge!

LOUIS: Gee, Mary. Imagine that!

CATELLI: Will you take it?

LOUIS: Well; but this is so sudden.

CATELLI: You'll never get a chance like it again. What do you think of it, Miss Breau?

MARY: What's the salary?

CATELLI: \$80 a week.

LOUIS: I'll take it.

CATELLI: That's fine. I'll call for you at your place tomorrow morning at ten. I'll show you around the *Casa*, and you can start work day after tomorrow.

LOUIS: I'll be there. Thanks a lot for everything, Mr. Catelli.

CATELLI: Call me Tony. Goodnight, Louis. Goodnight, Mary.



BIZ: SOUNDS: STEPS ACROSS THE ROOM. OPENING DOOR. CLOSING DOOR.

LOUIS: Boy, oh boy! Am I dreaming or did this really happen?

MARY: What are you going to do about your job in the garage?

LOUIS: I'll go in early tomorrow and give notice. They're not crazy about me in there anyhow. Besides, with Catelli, I'm getting \$25 more a week.

MARY: I hope it turns out all right.

LOUIS: Why shouldn't it?

MARY: It just sounded too good to be true, that's all.

LOUIS: Hey! What did he call my poem?

MARY: A *limerick*.

LOUIS: Yeah, that's it. Gee, I'm classier than I thought.

MUSIC: FADE IN AND FADE OUT.

BIZ: FADE IN TRAFFIC SOUNDS. CAR SLOWS AND STOPS. FADE OUT.

CATELLI: Here we are, Louis. This is the *Casa*.

LOUIS: Some joint!

CATELLI: Come on inside. I want you to meet some of the boys.

BIZ: FOOTSTEPS.

CATELLI: Andre, this is our poet, Louis DeSarto. Louis, this is Andre, our head waiter.

ANDRE: It's a pleasure.

LOUIS: How are you.

CATELLI: Louis is having the office next to mine. I'm going to show him around the place. See you later, Andre.

ANDRE: Yes, sir.

CATELLI: Let's go into my office. The restaurant is too crowded now.

BIZ: FOOTSTEPS. DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

LOUIS: This is some layout. I was never in a restaurant as swell as this before.

CATELLI: No? Bring Mary over some night and celebrate. Your office leads off here.

BIZ: OPENING DOOR.

LOUIS: You mean this is mine!

CATELLI: Like it?

LOUIS: It's super. Boy, what chairs! Mary'll go nuts over this.

CATELLI: Bring her in some day and show her around.

LOUIS: Thanks. I shall. But maybe, I won't be keeping it long. If I don't write poetry, out I go.

CATELLI: You'll write it. Don't worry about that. And say, while I have a few minutes, I'll give you a rough sketch of what you're supposed to do. The menus are changed once a week; you'll have about three new rimes on each new menu. You'll have a record of what rimes sell best, and you'll repeat them once in a while. But you've got to be ahead with new ones all the time. You can work those out yourself. Clear?

LOUIS: Is that all I have to write?

CATELLI: No. There'll be a blackboard outside with a little verse on it that's changed every day. And that has to be good; to attract the customers, you know.

LOUIS: Like a suggestion what to eat?

CATELLI: That's it. "Dante Suggests."

LOUIS: Who's Dante?

CATELLI: You are. From now on you're Dante. Remember that.

LOUIS: Dante. Sounds pretty good. Classy.

CATELLI: That's about all you have to do. Oh yes, the letters. Oh, they're not important, but I better explain

them to you now anyway. We have to get new customers in here. So I got an idea. Every week we send a poem-letter to a few prospects.

LOUIS: How do I choose the prospects?

CATELLI: I pick out the names. You don't have to bother about that. As I say, they're not so important as some of the other work, but I like to have it done right.

LOUIS: I'll do the best I can.

CATELLI: They're not hard. I'll look them over before they go out. You can't be too careful, you know.

LOUIS: Sure.

CATELLI: I guess that's everything. Your pay starts as of today. \$80 a week. That O.K.?

LOUIS: (*whistles*) When you've been getting \$50, it's O.K.

MUSIC: QUICK, GAY.

BIZ: SOUNDS: CLATTER OF DISHES: MURMUR OF VOICES: MUSIC FADE IN.

LOUIS: Have you seen Catelli, Andre?

ANDRE: He was in the kitchen a few minutes ago, Dante.

LOUIS: I looked there. He's gone. Somebody said he was in the lobby.

ANDRE: There he is. He's coming over here.

LOUIS: (*loud voice*) Hey, Tony, I got some letter stuff waiting for your O.K.

CATELLI: (*from distance*) Be with you in a minute. Andre, the customer at the third window wants to see you. Complaint about the soup.

ANDRE: Funny. Same complaint. Too bad. (FADE OUT.)

CATELLI: (*up close*) Want to see me, Dante? Oh yes, the letters. Come in my office.



BIZ: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES. NOISE SHUT OUT.

LOUIS: I've got one letter all ready. I'll read it:

Since when have you had a good steak?  
It is rarer than Nazi clam bake;  
So boy if you hanker  
For a fine two-inch planker  
See us now for a steak that is jake.

CATELLI: That's great! Where's the other one?

LOUIS: This ain't quite finished—

You may think it is cheap to eat home  
And to gnaw on a skinny wishbone,  
But you save stamps and points  
If you'll dine at our joints  
Da-da-dee, da-da-dee, da-da-dee.

CATELLI: Can you get the last line?

LOUIS: Oh, sure. It'll come. It's O.K.?

CATELLI: Fine. Great. Keep it up. You're doing tops.  
You surprise me more every day.

LOUIS: You know, I surprise myself sometimes, too.

CATELLI: I don't doubt it a bit. As soon as these things are ready, you can send them in to me. I'll give 'em the final check.

LOUIS: When are they sent out?

CATELLI: I take care of them personally.

LOUIS: I hope they bring results.

CATELLI: (*chuckles*) They will, Dante, they will.

BIZ: CLOSING DOOR: FOOTSTEPS: OPENING DOOR: FADE IN.

LOUIS: (*murmurs*) Cow, dow, eow, fow, gow.

BIZ: KNOCK AT DOOR: DOOR OPENED.

MARY: Are you busy?

LOUIS: Mary! No; come on in, Honey.

BIZ: DOOR CLOSES.

LOUIS: There's nothing to do. I'm just getting ahead of myself.

MARY: Got any new poems?

LOUIS: Yeah. I just jotted this down before you came in.

Now once on a farm was a cow  
The farmer won't know her by now;  
Mr. Squire went and bought her  
And then led her to slaughter  
Steaks, instead of fine milk she gives now.

MARY: I've heard worse. Are you and Catelli getting along all right?

LOUIS: Oh, sure. He's swell to me.

MARY: Where is he?

LOUIS: Out for the day. Like to see his office?

MARY: I'd love to.

LOUIS: It's over here. See, it connects with mine.

BIZ: DOOR OPENS.

MARY: Is this elegant? (*gasps*)

LOUIS: Ain't this something! He's a sybarite, all right.

MARY: Who taught you that word?

LOUIS: I just picked it up.

MARY: Do you know the meaning of it?

LOUIS: Didn't pick that up yet.

MARY: Silly!

LOUIS: Ain't this a nifty room?

MARY: It's beautiful. Is that his suit lying over the chair?

LOUIS: Yeah. It has to be cleaned. A kid is going to call for it.

MARY: How much do you think that suit cost, Louis?

LOUIS: I don't know. Maybe, hundred . . . hundred and fifty.

MARY: I bet you'd look handsome in it.

LOUIS: Naw. Brown ain't my color.

MARY: Why don't you bleach your hair?

LOUIS: Too expensive.

BIZ: KNOCK AT DOOR.

LOUIS: Come in.

BIZ: DOOR OPENS.

LOUIS: Oh, hello kid. You come for the suit?

BOY: Yes, sir.

LOUIS: Here it is.

MARY: Have you looked through the pockets?

LOUIS: No.

MARY: Well, you'd better. The man upstairs sent a suit out to be cleaned last week. There was \$25 in the pocket but he didn't remember till later, and then it was too late. And he never got it back.

LOUIS: O.K. Wait a minute, bud, till I look through the pockets . . . Nope . . . Nothing in them . . . Wait a sec . . . here's something . . . It's a rubber stamp.

MARY: Oh, you've got your hand all inky. Put the stamp on the desk and go wash your hands. That purple ink stains. Here's the suit, sonny.

BOY: O.K. Thanks.

BIZ: DOOR CLOSES. SOUND OF RUNNING WATER IN BACKGROUND.

MARY: (*low*) Funny how Catelli had a messy thing like that in his pocket.

LOUIS: (FADE IN) (*sings*) I Rinso, then wash off and dry'em . . .



MARY: Louis, how come Catelli carries a Government meat stamp in his pocket?

LOUIS: A what?

MARY: A Government meat stamp.

LOUIS: Is that what that stamp was?

MARY: Well, look at it.

LOUIS: My gosh, it is!

MARY: Is he a Government inspector?

LOUIS: Him? No.

MARY: Then what business has he got to carry it around?

LOUIS: I . . . Well, maybe he is one.

MARY: But you never knew about it.

LOUIS: Well . . . there's lots of things . . .

MARY: But you would have known that. What's he doing with Government property?

LOUIS: Maybe he found it . . . Maybe . . .

MARY: Maybe he's not supposed to have it.

LOUIS: But what would he want with it?

MARY: He could stamp meat with it.

LOUIS: But that would be Black Market! (*pause*)

MARY: Yes, it would. (*pause*)

LOUIS: I should never have brought you in here.

MARY: But you found it.

LOUIS: Yeah, but . . . what the heck . . . it ain't our business. Let's forget we saw it. I'll put it away.

MARY: But, Louis, you . . .

LOUIS: I what?

MARY: Black Market's against the law.

LOUIS: So what?

MARY: So if they get Catelli, they'll get you too.

LOUIS: What'll I do?

MARY: Keep the stamp. He'll think he lost it.

LOUIS: But . . . that ain't honest.

MARY: Is Black Market honest?

LOUIS: No . . . but . . . I know, let's give it to the F.B.I.

MARY: Oh, you get brainier every second. And what'll happen to you? You're working for him. And do you think they'll believe you rate \$80 a week just to write poetry? They'll arrest you, too. And what will become of us (*Near to tears*).

LOUIS: But . . . but . . . But if he's really in Black Market . . .

MARY: We'll have to make sure before we tell.

LOUIS: And we've got to make sure they won't pinch me.

MARY: And we'll get all the evidence we can.

LOUIS: Yeah. A rubber stamp isn't much to go on.

MARY: I think it is a whole lot. I've never liked Catelli's looks.

LOUIS: Now she tells me!

MUSIC: FADE IN AND OUT.

LOUIS: (FADE IN) But Mary, we've been playing detective for a week now and what do we know? There was a rubber stamp in Catelli's brown suit. That's a heap.

MARY: But Louis, I still think Catelli is crooked.

LOUIS: You're biased.

MARY: No, I'm not. He's too slippery.

LOUIS: (*slowly, patiently*) Mary dear, just because a guy is slippery . . .

MARY: Oh, so you think he's slippery, too?

LOUIS: I didn't say that.

MARY: Louis, sometimes you make me so mad. You haven't even tried to get anything on Catelli. You're the one that's biased.

LOUIS: Catelli's too busy to be running a Black Market..

He's in the *Casa* most of the day. Believe me, if he had a Black Market, I'd know about it.

MARY: (*furiously*) The whole thing is probably right under your nose but you're too blind to see it. All you think about is that corny poetry.

LOUIS: I'll have you know my corny poetry rates me \$80 a week.

MARY: (*crescendo in gasping shriek*) Oh! Oh!! Oh!!!

LOUIS: What's the matter?

MARY: Oh, Louis, I've got an idea.

LOUIS: Be quiet and it'll go away.

MARY: Louis, your poetry . . . that's the clue!

LOUIS: To my personality?

MARY: Don't be funny. Didn't you say that Catelli spends a whole morning checking those poem-letters to new customers?

LOUIS: Sure . . . but . . .

MARY: And he always mails them himself or has Andre do it?

LOUIS: Sure . . . but . . .

MARY: Have you ever heard one of those customers' names? Or seen one of the envelopes?

LOUIS: Let's see . . . I must have sometime . . . No, I can't remember them . . . No, I guess I haven't.

MARY: Don't you see? Those letters are the bulletins on the Black Market. Look, every week Catelli tells you something to write on; like last week it was beef. All right. You write the poem-letter, and if he thinks it's O.K., you make a few more copies and give them to him. Now he spends almost a whole morning every week going over them; and then, when he's ready, he mails them. He's the only one who



sees them after he spends a morning working on them. What do you think of that?

LOUIS: I never thought of it . . . I . . . guess . . .

MARY: You've been writing the tips on the meat, etc. all along, and what do you say the F.B.I. would think?

LOUIS: They'd think I was in it with Catelli.

MARY: Oh, Louis, what will we do?

LOUIS: And to think that that Catelli has been laughing at me all this time. Boy, oh boy, what a sap I am!

MARY: But Louis, what will we do?

LOUIS: Do? Well, we got to get more evidence. I know. I'll watch Catelli, and I'll copy the letters. Maybe I can even find out where the meat is kept.

MARY: Maybe?

LOUIS: Sure. With me on to him, Catelli won't last a week.

MARY: Louis, you're wonderful!

MUSIC: FADE IN AND OUT.

BIZ: SOUNDS: NOISE OF UNLOADING TRUCKS: HEAVING AND DROPPING OF HEAVY BUNDLES: SHOUTING OF TRUCK DRIVERS.

FIRST VOICE: Where's the lamb?

SECOND VOICE: Ain't out yet.

FIRST VOICE: It's on the requisition, ain't it?

SECOND VOICE: Wouldn't know. I don't read.

THIRD VOICE: Keep quiet! Hurry up. The boss is coming.

VOICE OF CATELLI FADES IN.

CATELLI: Hello boys. What's holding you up?

FIRST VOICE: Nothing.

SECOND VOICE: That guy over there gives us the creeps.

THIRD VOICE: Quiet! He works here.

CATELLI: What guy?

SECOND VOICE: The one near the door.

CATELLI: Oh, that's Dante. He writes poems for me. He's O.K. (FADES OUT: THEN IN) Hello, Dante. What are you doing out of your cage?

LOUIS: Hi, boss. Just seeing the other half.

CATELLI: Well, kid, you're too gorgeous for them. You give them the jitters. Run along.

LOUIS: But I won't bother them. I just want . . .

CATELLI: I understand. (*Menacingly*) Now run along.

LOUIS: (*discouraged*) O.K.

MUSIC: FADE IN AND OUT.

LOUIS: It's no good, Mary. I tried to get hold of something today, but no go.

MARY: What happened?

LOUIS: Aw, I hung around the kitchen while the meat was being unloaded, but the driver squawked that I made him nervous, so Catelli told me to run along.

MARY: Didn't you find out anything?

LOUIS: How could I? I hardly got there when Catelli arrived, and if I stuck around he'd get suspicious.

MARY: That's too bad. But it's O.K.

LOUIS: Oh sure, it's O.K. Fine. Great. I go to jail on a Black Market rap that I didn't have nothing to do with, and you act like somebody's mother. "It's O.K."

MARY: (*laughs*) You sound like Humphrey Bogart. But don't get sore. I found out where the meat is!

LOUIS: Oh sure, and Catelli's cutting you in for 50%.

MARY: But, Louis, I did. I watched the restaurant around back, and when the truck started away I followed it.

LOUIS: Did they see you?

MARY: I don't think so. They went to a warehouse down on Atlantic Avenue. I didn't stop. I just watched where it was and drove right past.

LOUIS: Well, what do you know? Here I am, trying to look inside the truck and you've already found out where they keep the stuff!

MARY: I hope you don't mind, Louis?

LOUIS: Me mind! Heck no; but that was awful dangerous. Suppose they had seen you?

MARY: But they didn't.

LOUIS: No. Now all I have to do is to get in there and get some evidence to give to the F.B.I.

MARY: I'll go with you.

LOUIS: Oh no, you won't.

MARY: Oh yes, I will.

LOUIS: (*firmly*) We'll see about that.

MUSIC: UP AND FADE OUT.

CATELLI: Say, Louis, is that menu ready yet?

LOUIS: Not quite. I'm trying to work in the oysters.

CATELLI: That shouldn't be hard. What made you so slow at it?

LOUIS: I don't know. Haven't been feeling right lately.

CATELLI: You better see a doctor and find out what's wrong. You know we can't afford to have our poet sick.

LOUIS: Yeah, I know. I'll be all right. I guess I haven't been getting enough sleep.

CATELLI: Too much night life?

LOUIS: Sort of.

CATELLI: O.K., Dante, take it easy, and take care of yourself. I'd hate to see anything happen to you.

BIZ: STEPS ON PAVEMENT. DOUBLE.

MARY: This is it, right here.

LOUIS: Golly, it's a big place. Do you suppose anyone's around?

MARY: Like a watchman?



LOUIS: Yeah, or some of the truck drivers. Let's make sure there's no truck around.

MARY: Look, there's a truck in the alley. Listen!

BIZ: FADE IN SOUND OF MEN'S VOICES.

LOUIS: They're coming out.

BIZ: SOUND OF TRUCK STARTING AND DRIVING OFF. FADE OUT.

MARY: They're gone.

LOUIS: I'll go in now, and if I'm . . .

MARY: (*firmly*) I'm going with you.

LOUIS: Look, Honey, we straightened that out before. You stay out!

MARY: And let you get killed alone?

LOUIS: What good will it do me to have you with me?

MARY: I can watch.

LOUIS: No. It's too dangerous for you. Suppose . . .

MARY: If you don't take me with you, I'll scream.

LOUIS: Listen, Honey. I only . . .

MARY: Here I go. (*Draws in breath.*)

LOUIS: O.K., O.K. Come on, and keep quiet.

BIZ: STEPS. FUMBLING WITH PADLOCK. SNAPPING OF LOCK.

LOUIS: (*whispers*) Come on.

BIZ: DOOR OPENS SOFTLY. STEALTHY STEPS.

MARY: It's awfully dark. Where's your flashlight?

LOUIS: Do you think I should use it?

MARY: You'll have to if you intend to find anything.

BIZ: SOUND OF FLASHLIGHT SNAPPED ON.

LOUIS: (*low whistle*) Will you look at all that meat!

MARY: I'm afraid.

LOUIS: I told you to stay outside.

MARY: Hurry up and look around, Louis. That truck may come back.

LOUIS: This must be the meat that they just brought in. I wonder why they didn't put it into the refrigerators.

MARY: Too lazy, I guess. Listen . . .

LOUIS: What's the matter?

MARY: I thought I heard a step.

LOUIS: I'm going to look over here. Maybe there's an office with some kind of records in them.

CATELLI: The office is on the second floor, Dante. Don't move. I got a gun. Drop that flash.

MARY: (*gasps*) Oh!

LOUIS: (*nervously*) Hello, Tony.

CATELLI: Is this the night life you were telling me about, Dante? I should think that you would take in places that your girl friend could enjoy. But then, maybe she likes warehouses.

LOUIS: We were just exploring . . . taking a little walk . . .

CATELLI: Put it in rime. What do you want down here?

LOUIS: A steak, medium rare. How'd you know we were here?

CATELLI: I followed you, you sleuthhounds.

LOUIS: Where's your bodyguard?

CATELLI: Do you think I need a squad for one jerk and his dame?

LOUIS: I only asked.

MARY: What are you going to do with us?

CATELLI: I haven't quite decided, but it'll be painless. Any suggestions?

LOUIS: No. Just don't drop me in the ocean. I'm allergic . . . Look out!

BIZ: SIMULTANEOUS SOUNDS: SCUFFLE: CONFUSED NOISES.

CATELLI: What the . . .

BIZ: GUN GOES OFF.

MARY: (*screams*)

BIZ: SOUNDS OF FURTHER TUSSLE. GUN CLATTERS TO FLOOR. BLOWS.

MARY: Hold him still. I'll hit him!

BIZ: SOUND OF DULL BLOW. GROAN. SILENCE.

LOUIS: (*awed*) He's out cold. (*breathing hard*) What did you hit him with?

MARY: A leg of lamb. I didn't kill him, did I?

LOUIS: No, he'll come out of it. Let's find something to tie him up with.

MARY: Here's some stout rope in this corner. Oh, Louis, you're so brave!

LOUIS: Think nothing of it, my little lamb-handler.

MARY: Do you really think he was alone?

LOUIS: Sure. That's why I asked him about the bodyguard. He had a gun, and he knew I wouldn't have one. He didn't need to bring nobody down here, just to get rid of us. There . . . he's all tied up. Now we got to find a phone, and call the F.B.I.

MARY: What'll we do with him?

LOUIS: Try the frigidaire.

MARY: But he'd die!

LOUIS: Yeah, and he's one cheap cut the OPA wouldn't want to freeze.



# VANQUISHED

*Mary Reardon, '45*

Night falls.

Like out-spread soft protecting wings

That shelter nestlings, she flings

A soothing veil of darkness

Over limitless dominions

As a gentle sweet persuasion

To share the calm she brings.

Shadows bulk with hidden power.

She achieves a full expression

Of mystery in her last hour.

Suddenly a conscious stirring shakes

Her governance.

A throbbing quick pulsation

Usurps her shrouded throne—

Day breaks!

## SOLACE

*Mary J. O'Keefe, '45*

When sinking stars the seeds of morning sow  
And early sunsprouts out of darkness grow,  
Then peace crops up within my heart again  
To choke the weeds of night's unsolaced woe.

The thoughts of one whose loss I mournèd so  
Are comfort now; while yet day's lamp is low  
I hear that voice, like gentle April rain,  
I see that face pure as high mountain snow.

Tonight, another vigil must I know,  
My fevered brain more anguish undergo,  
For darkness breeds a never-ending pain—  
But in the Light, faith, hope, and love all glow.

# TOO LATE!

*Marion Drew, '44*

TO MY grandson, Frederick, I bequeath the sum of \$20,000 to be granted to him upon his graduation from Harvard Law School. To my favorite granddaughter, Nancy, I leave my dearest possessions, my silver candlesticks.

"That is all." The lawyer, removing his glasses, folded his documents and put them into his brief case.

"But . . . but there must be some mistake." Nancy stared at the lawyer unbelievably. "Surely she left me something else. I was her favorite."

"Sorry, Miss Taylor. That is all. I shall be at my office if anyone wishes to consult me."

With a crisp, business-like air, the lawyer left.

The relatives of the late Harriet Colbridge couldn't believe their ears. Nancy had been the old lady's constant companion. Everyone, even distant relatives, had been provided for, except her. A general undertone of excitement flowed through the living room.

"The old lady wasn't so dumb, after all . . . She knew what the score was!"

"Sure. She knew she was after her money!"

Dumbfounded Nancy sat up stiffly. Snatches of conversation fell on her ears. She wanted to scream.

"Serves her right, the scheming thing. Just like her mother. Ha, she won't go on the stage now."

"Stop it, stop it, all of you! You . . . you hypocrites!" "You're right!" shouted Nancy, jumping from her chair. "I was after her money, just like the rest of you. Only it was my luck to draw the short straw."



Lowering her voice as the situation appealed subconsciously to her sense of the dramatic, Nancy continued: "Three years ago, my mother died penniless in New York. She had been ostracized by her family because, in her youth, she had chosen the stage. Yes! Smile your smug little smiles—she never succeeded. Well, I, too, have chosen the stage—and I intend to succeed. You can't get anywhere on Broadway without money backing. I was determined to get that money. So when my mother died, I came to Boston and sought out my wealthy grandmother—the grandmother my mother's pride had kept me from knowing."

Stares of wide-eyed horror and amazement met this bold narration of facts. Looking her relatives defiantly in the face, Nancy concluded—

"Well the card game is over. You hold the ace; I drew a spade. Two miserable candlesticks. Thought she could keep me off the stage, did she? We'll see. Nancy Taylor is going to New York, candlesticks and all!"

The little room in Mrs. Harris's rooming house was chilly. Shivering, Nancy inspected the small radiator. Not many of the coils radiated heat, however. Even if it had responded to full measure, the drafts from the windows and doors would neutralize the effect. Nancy looked around the plain little room. It wasn't much, but it would have to do until she could find a job. She should be hearing from the theatrical agency any day now. All the money she had was twenty-five dollars. That wouldn't carry her very far. Nancy shuddered. She was cold and tired. Instinctively, she glanced at the two candlesticks which she had put on the mantlepice. They were the cause of her whole miserable situation. Again, she shivered from the cold. Then, in a sudden fit of rage, she

caught up one of the candlesticks and flung it on the floor. Throwing herself on the bed, she sobbed aloud in baffled rage.

How could this have happened to her, she thought. She had played her cards well. She had won her grandmother over completely—she knew she had. Hadn't the old lady hinted she would be well taken care of? With what? Nancy choked convulsively. The estate had gone to Uncle Herbert; the fortune to the rest of them, who were rich enough without it.

When exhaustion had at last quieted her, Nancy began to reason. What had made Harriet Colbridge change her mind? Had she, herself, made a mistake by talking too much about the stage? Had the old lady been afraid she'd run off like her mother? Had one of those jealous, conniving relatives influenced the old woman against her? Nancy frowned.

There was a knock at the door. Jumping up from the bed, she brushed some powder on her nose, and ran a quick comb through her long, red hair. That would be the man from the theatrical agency. Smoothing her dress, she opened the door.

"Oh, it's you!"

Nancy's face fell as she saw the short, stocky landlady.

"And who did you think it was? Eleanor Roosevelt?"

Eyeing the room curiously, Mrs. Harris stepped inside.

"Mind if I come in?"

"You are in, aren't you?"

"So I am."

"Mrs. Harris, if you don't mind, I'd like to be alone. If you have any business with me, will you please be brief?"

"What's the matter, dearie? Got a chip on your shoulder?"

The landlady sat down. She refused to be offended.

Scrutinizing the room, her eyes spied the silver candlestick on the floor.

"H-m-m. What have we here?"

As she stooped to pick it up she noticed that it had made a gash on the rug. She must remember to add a charge for "damage" on next month's bill. After all, rugs didn't grow on trees.

"Is that what fell?"

"Is that what brought you up?" countered Nancy.

"Well, a landlady has to know what's going on in her own house, after all. And it did make a loud noise. What happened? Did it fall?"

Nancy ignored the question.

Mrs. Harris looked at its mate on the mantelpiece. It was set too far in to have fallen. The girl was hot-tempered. All red-heads were. She had thrown it. Her eyes were red from crying. No doubt, she would throw one again. For the protection of the room, they must be gotten rid of.

"They're odd-looking candlesticks. Heavy, too." Mrs. Harris looked meaningfully at the gash in the rug.

"Where did you get them, anyway?"

"They were my grandmother's."

"Oh! A sentimental detachment, huh?"

"Practically." Nancy smiled in ironic contempt at the landlady's misnomer.

"They look sort of out of place in here, you know. Old fashioned. Why don't you sell them, and get a pair that are more indestruc . . . I mean, more up to date?"

Nancy started. Get rid of them! Why hadn't she thought of that? If she was ever to have peace of mind . . .

"I asked, dearie, are they antiquities?"

"Er—what? Oh, you mean antiques? I don't know."



"They could very well be; they have been in the family for years."

Nancy was growing impatient. She wished Mrs. Harris would leave.

"Well, if they are antiquities—I mean antiques—" Leaving her thought suspended in air, Mrs. Harris turned to go. As she neared the door, she stopped—

"I know where you can get a lot of money for them. There's an old-fashioned furniture store over on Shawmut Street, where they pay as much as twenty-five and fifty dollars for these here antiques. If I were you, I'd look into it. After all, fifty dollars is fifty dollars!"

Chuckling to herself, Mrs. Harris left the room. If she knew that one, she thought, she'd cash them in pretty quick. Her room was safe. Those heavy things would be gotten rid of. Fifty dollars! On second thought, she suspected that there was a gash in the floor as well as in the rug. She mustn't forget to add likewise on next month's bill "charge for repairs."

Nancy, shaking the snow from her, took off her galoshes and entered the house. It had been difficult plodding over to Shawmut Street and back, but it was worth it. Nancy smiled triumphantly. She had got rid of them. They had given her seventy-five dollars! It had been beyond her wildest expectations. Who would have thought the old things were worth that? She would buy herself a new dress. She would move to a better rooming house. Mrs. Harris was too much of a snooper.

"Been gone a long while, ain't you, dearie?" Mrs. Harris stood in the hall.

"Really, Mrs. Harris!" Nancy was indignant.

"There is a man in the parlor, waiting to see you. He's been waiting a long time, too."

Nancy quickly entered the parlor. It would be the man from the theatrical agency, no doubt.

"Miss Taylor?" It wasn't the man from the agency. This man was taller and older.

"Miss Taylor, I think you have in your possession a pair of old silver candlesticks . . . "

Immediately, Nancy's ire was aroused.

"What is the meaning of this? Have they sent you here to torment me?"

"Torment you?" The man was puzzled.

"If they have . . . " threatened Nancy.

"Miss Taylor, obviously there is some misunderstanding. I represent David R. Stickney, multi-millionaire art collector. For years, my employer has been waiting to add to his collection a certain pair of Louis XVI candlesticks—candlesticks that were once the possession of Marie Antoinette. Upon the death of Harriet Colbridge, the newspapers reported that numbered among the deceased's possessions was a pair of silver candlesticks willed to a granddaughter, one Nancy Taylor. Miss Taylor, I have traced you from Boston to New York. I am prepared to make you an offer for the candlesticks. Your late grandmother knew their value and refused to sell, years ago. However, there was an understanding with Mr. Stickney that they would leave the family collection after her death. These candlesticks are worth Mrs. Colbridge's fortune twice over. Miss Taylor . . . "

A pause followed which seemed to stretch to aeons in the tormented thoughts of Nancy.

"Miss Taylor," resumed the representative, "will you accept ninety thousand dollars for your Marie Antoinette candlesticks?"

No answer. Nancy had fainted.

Out in the hall another figure lay prone. Mrs. Harris had fainted likewise.

# SEVEN GREAT O'S

Mary H. Ziegler, '45

Grope men, blinded, for the day  
Of order's sweet and mighty sway.  
*O Wisdom, come to teach Thy way!*

A world self-maddened by its dream  
Of freedom, with Thy Law supreme  
*O Adonai, come, redeem!*

Thy people fight, nor know for what  
They strive. O Ensign so long sought  
*O Root of Jesse, tarry not!*

The captive languishes to see  
His prison oped, his life through Thee  
*O Key of David, fetter-free!*

On men whom shades of death affright  
And dark injustice steeped in night—  
*O Dawn of East, let shine Thy Light!*

Faint hearts old yearnings reinspire,  
The world awaits Thee, soul afire,  
*Come, King of Gentiles, man's desire!*

The nations in expectant swell  
Of chorus, all their longing tell—  
*O come to save, Emmanuel!*



## GIFTS

*Joan Clarke, '45*

Outspilled the gold at last uncoffered  
Bright torrent tumbling to the dark earth floor.  
The Ethiop sovereign his tribute offered  
To this King of Kings, so tiny and poor.  
Gold for Him Who is royal and great;  
Gold for Jesus, God Incarnate.

The aromatic cloud uprose, a wave  
From the jeweled can of frankincense.  
It hung like a veil in the misty cave  
As the Chaldean knelt in reverence  
Divinity! Divinity!  
Encased in the Babe's humanity.

Arabia's king brought myrrh, berry-brown;  
Fragrant but bitter is this spice so fine.  
Soon men on this laughing Babe will frown,  
And myrrh his linen shroud will line.  
But Magdalen on Easter morn  
Will find the buried Master, gone!

# PUT IT ON VENUS

*Corinne Comerford, '45*

ELAINE LONGLY quickly slipped her engagement ring from her finger, slowly put it upon the bureau, and went to bed.

"And that," said Elaine, "is that."

But she did not sleep at all well that night. In the morning the bed clothes were twisted, with two blankets dragging on the floor. Elaine's eyes were slightly bloodshot.

"Better get the eye lotion," she mumbled. "Your eyes, my dear, are red. He won't like that. 'Twill never do!"

After performing the final touches, Elaine surveyed herself in the mirror. The deep sapphire costume matched perfectly her deep blue eyes. Her felt tam pulled to one side of her head set off her perfect features. As he so often said, "True beauty should have a simple background, for it needs nothing else." Yes, she thought, he has taught me how to dress, the best way to wear my hair, what colors become me most. How much I've learned, oh, how very much!

Elaine slammed the front door. That morning she walked to the studio.

"Darling, how lovely you look this morning," said the tall, dark man upon opening the door. He took her in his arms and kissed her.

"Which one today, the 'Lover, Good-bye'?" interrupted Elaine.

"Why, Eleaine, dear, what's the matter?"

"Not a thing. Which pose will it be, Peter?"

Peter frowned as he watched her take off her hat and coat.

Well, he thought, probably just one of those moods women have. She'll get over it.

"Elaine . . . "

"Supposing you get to work on the picture. You have some way to go before you have it finished."

"Well . . . all right. Yes," he answered to her former question, 'Lover, Good-bye!'"

He put the picture onto the easel.

Elaine went to the dressing room to change her costume. She emerged wearing a simple, cheap black dress. Her hair was slightly disarranged. She assumed a piquant, wistful air.

"That's perfect," remarked Peter. "Even better than last week," he added.

After going through the motions which all artists must, he proceeded to paint on canvas the figure before him. Twice he stopped. The first time he said nothing; the second time, he spoke.

"Elaine, can you sit a little quieter? You seem rather nervous today."

"Sorry!"

Again Peter frowned. Then he called a recess.

"You may rest now."

Elaine walked to the window and stared down at the street below.

"I think you must be tired from last night, darling," he said as he put her left hand to his lips.

His eyes expressed astonishment.

"Well, what's this? Where's your ring?"

"My ring . . . ? Oh! . . . I must have left it home. Wearing it is such a novelty."

"I should hope so!" he laughingly exclaimed, drawing her close.



He put his hands on either side of her face. He looked into her eyes.

"I'm sure, Elaine, your beauty would have inspired Petrarch to even greater heights. His Laura was merely pretty compared with you."

"You forget. There was something other than her physical beauty which inspired him."

"Perhaps," he replied, "but ninety-nine and nine-tenths per cent beauty."

Elaine narrowed her eyes, then walked over to look at the painting.

"One of your best, Peter, if not your very best."

"I'm quite fond of it myself. I believe it's the closest I've yet come to the ideal . . . that is, I can see only hundreds of things wrong with it, not as with the others, thousands of errors."

Peter gazed at the portrait a long time.

"Well, guess we'd better get back to work, eh?" he queried.

"Yes!" She trembled.

"Why, my dear, what is wrong with you today? Perhaps you'd better lie down on the couch and rest . . . Have I been particularly hard on you today? You should have said something."

"No harder than usual," she smiled wryly.

Peter lifted an eyebrow.

"Peter, I, I . . . I purposely did not wear my ring today." Here she extended her hand, "Take it and . . . examine its perfection in Beauty . . . The diamond, flawless, the most beautiful of all jewels."

"And 'Elaine, the fair,' Elaine the most beautiful of all women . . . But she is in one bad mood this morning," he laughed.

"Yes, that's precisely the point," she continued, totally ignoring his last sentence, "you're in love with my beauty, in a purely impersonal way. You're not in love with me."

Peter raised both eyebrows in genuine surprise. He could not speak.

"Now, look here, Elaine, you're wrought up, excited. I . . . "

"On the contrary, I'm feeling perfectly well. I'm very calm . . . now! Here," again she extended her hand, "is your ring. Put it on the finger of Venus. She would be your perfect mate."

Mechanically he took the ring and put it in his pocket.

"Is this a whim, some dramatic urge in you that needs expression, or are you serious?" asked Peter.

Elaine smiled.

"I know; I often verge on the melodramatic side, but this is a slice of real drama I'm giving you . . . "

"Premeditated?"

"Exactly, but what proved the last straw was your staring at my portrait a short while ago . . . your portrait."

"Go on!"

"You think as much of that painting as you do of me . . . more. You fail to distinguish between the portrait and the subject. I've been noticing it for so long . . . Love is subjective. It's an emotion. Admiration is objective. It's appreciation. I want my husband to appreciate me; foremost, I want him to love me."

"I don't?"

"That's right," she replied adopting his cool tone.

"May I ask you a question?"

"Certainly!"

"Do you love me?"

Elaine looked at him a long time. She remembered how thrilled she had been to be introduced to him; to be asked to be his model. That was three years ago. Yet after being in almost constant association with him for such a long time, she admitted she still found him attractive and charming. He was so handsome. Odd, he looked as one always expects an artist should and yet rarely does. He was a perfect gentleman, considerate, usually kind. He always knew the right thing to do. And then, there was that intangible, unknown quality whereby a person either clicks, or does not. Despite his faults . . .

"I hate to disturb you, but would you mind answering my question?"

. . . One of which was a nasty, cold, sarcastic streak, sometimes out of control . . .

"Yes, I do!"

Peter was taken aback. For a few minutes he just looked at her.

"I'm in love with you. You're in love with me. So, you decide not to marry me!"

"I am in love with you, but you're not in love with me . . . No, you just think you are. As I said before, Peter, you love Beauty. You worship at her shrine. You once said you never expected to see the perfectly beautiful woman. And you never have. You made me into the 'perfect beauty'. You selected my clothes; told me how to arrange my hair; what colors I should and should not wear. You think you love me because I am your creature, as it were; because I am your idea of perfect Beauty. And you love Art. It is your whole life. No one or thing can ever hold more than an atom of your interest or affection."

"Supposing all this to be true, you still love me?"



"Yes! Isn't it odd? . . . And now if you'll excuse me, I shall change my clothes."

When she had finished, she came back into the room.

"And now you're leaving? Couldn't you stay . . . as my model?"

"Under the circumstances I think this is wiser . . . Good-bye, Peter." She opened the door and ran out.

She did not leave a moment too soon. Tears already were stinging her eyes.

Thank heaven for the courage, she thought. It had been so hard to appear casual and complacent at the end. Yes, she thought, she did love him so much and so illogically. Forgetting would take time. But it could be done . . .

Peter looked at the portrait. He could finish it without her being there, but it was rather inconsiderate of her. Didn't love her? Well, what would you call it then? He took the ring from his pocket—"put it on Venus"? . . .

# REVELATION

*Margaret Hopkins, '45*

Before the dawn awoke, I saw the lake,  
Moon-mirroring, it blended with the shade  
Of pine and poplar rising from the bank;  
High over all the roof of heaven inlaid  
With myriad stars in varied patterns spread.  
Now fair Aurora stirred and left her bed.

Then suddenly as brilliant burst of flame  
Hearth-leaping fills a mansion room with light  
Revealing beauties petrified by threads  
On ancient tapestries long hid from sight,  
So now Aurora ushers in the day  
Unrolling Nature's art in frank display.

## WAR HUNTING

*Rita Kremp, '45*

Encroaching on a moon-tinged midnight sky  
Hawk-like silhouettes hover, of death portend;  
Hungry for the human crop vultures descend,  
Devour, then screaming, rise and hurtle by.

From ambush upward squirts of fire chase  
In vain their fleeing prey. Man-made bird!  
Within that form he fiercely strives to gird  
To escape the vision of the God-Man's face.



# EDITORIALS

## *Swept and Garnished:*

Now, even before the end of the War is in sight, extensive peace plans are being formulated by the United States and her Allies. From fantastic schemes of vast extent to meticulous detailing of minutiae, tentative plans are offered, discussed, and weighed.

All this debating seems only to cloud the issues. Conditions here in the United States are not clearly outlined. Many do not know where the Country stands on some vitally important points. For example, our recognition of colonies of great empires. Shall we agree with them when they demand self autonomy? Shall we favor the empire builders whose strength and influence heavily weigh the scales in their own favor? We should state our positions clearly so that there will be no ambiguity or obscurity as to where we stand and in what direction we face. We should strive earnestly to make our Country better before we attempt to improve other nations. It were foolhardy to endeavor to shoulder international housecleaning and house-keeping and allow our own house to stand in neglect and disorder.

Obviously, since the home is the foundation of society, each individual should look to his own family wherein to start reform. If all the families in the Country strive to approach a more perfect state, then the Country will grow in perfection. Reform comes from within the being of each man not from conferences at far-flung outposts of the world. If we sweep with new brooms through our own little domains, the Country will become a model of purity, integrity, and stability.

M. A. T., '44

*Be Pen-Wielders:*

Sometimes we forget that the voters put Congressmen in Washington, and that their business is to enact what is for the common good. Sometimes they forget these things too; a lot of grumbling goes on back home, and the Congressman is not returned.

But muttering disapproval and refusing to return a man to office is locking the barn after the horse has been stolen. Write to your Congressman. Tell him what you expect of him and why you put him in office. Remind him of the public good.

Many times a Representative is a good, honest, shrewd man, anxious to do what his constituents want, but they never tell him what they want, so he uses his judgment. If he is mistaken, no one bothers to right him; but he is conspicuously absent from the next session of Congress. In his place is a new face, untried, untrue. Soon the loyal constituents are wishing they had kept the first man.

The silent attitude on the part of voters arises from their conceited assumption that they govern the country. They do not. The men who are sent to Congress make the laws which govern the country. In fairness to them and to the people at large, the voters should let the Representatives know what they want and what they approve. "You can't fool all of the people all of the time," neither can you bribe all of them all of the time.

Write to your Congressman. Read the papers and know how he stands on important issues like the Tax Veto, National Service, and the post war plans. Write to him not only to condemn but also to commend. He will appreciate a word of intelligent praise. Try to think in terms of your fellow-voters, not just the eternal ME. Be restrained, courteous, impartial, and who knows? Perhaps some day the mail man will hand you a big bag of seeds, postmarked Washington.

B. G., '44



---

# THE PACK OF AUTOLYCUS

---

"My father named me Autolycus . . . a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."

"Jog on, jog on the footpath way,  
And merrily hent the stile-a.  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad heart tires in a mile-a."

*The Winter's Tale, IV, iii*

---

## *The Old Order Changes:*

War revolutionizes many things. Among them is the present change in Boston's famous (and unflattering) reputation. No longer is the "Home of the Bean and the Cod" looked upon as the cold, austere bulwark of Culture. Rather, she is becoming well known far and wide for her warm hospitality and generous treatment of servicemen. Sans doubt, the brightest luster to Boston's new name is the Buddies' Club on Boston Common. According to newspaper correspondents, this charming lodge for servicemen is a common topic of conversation among the boys from the Aleutians, through the South Pacific area on to Italy. The Buddies' Club, "The House That Tax Built," has done much to prove that Bostonians are not made of brick and mortar.

\* \* \*

## *One Touch of Nature:*

Hungry soldiers will readily agree, by reason of experience, that civilian life is "pretty tough". Many of them have gone into restaurants and blithely ordered full-course dinners . . . But when they got there the cupboard was bare, and so-o-o they had tea and toast! The old saw has it: "The grass is always greener in someone else's yard." But there are exceptions. Things have reached a high point when Uncle Sam's G.I.'s and the Taxed start feeling sorry for one another.



### *Now You See Them—Now You Don't:*

The mystery found in a Sherlock Holmes's thriller is not more intriguing than that which surrounds our little duck friends who sail the Muddy River. Out on the waters one day; the next, they are nowhere to be seen. This disappearing act can hardly be due to the weather. Many times they have braved the icy waters of winter, and vanished on a clear, calm day. "Where, oh where are the little ducks gone?" That is the sixty-four dollar question. This might be a possible solution . . . Perhaps, sensing the acute shortage of food they took to frequent hibernating as a means of self-protection.

\* \* \*

### *The Busy Scene:*

People come, people go; trains pull in, trains pull out; but always, South Station is jammed to capacity. This was but its ordinary condition; but now, it is jammed to over capacity. Hundreds of servicemen on furlough pour in and out daily. Joyous parents welcome their soldier sons in on Track 4; tearful parents kiss them goodbye on Track 20. Business men, students, celebrities, clerics, all dash up and down the floor of South Station. Yes, rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief—the South Station makes passage for them all. To know your fellow man, know the South Station!

\* \* \*

### *Have You Heard?*

The Collegiates' definition of Spring—The time of year when Freshmen wish they were Seniors; and Seniors wish they were Freshmen.

Dame Fashion dressed in fine array, Walked arm in arm with O.P.A.

"Let's ride," said she with look forlorn, "My coupon's gone, my shoes are worn. I have no tires, gas, nor grease. My auto parts are with Lend-Lease." "Alas!" said he, "for our next date, You'll have to learn to roller skate."

\* \* \*

*To and from the Blood-bank:*

A group of young girls paused just inside the swinging doors with the significant "red cross"—looked at one another with resigned hopefulness—bravely stepped forth to the desk. The atmosphere of the waiting-room was one of jocular fear. The parting salute to each pseudo-hero was "So long. I'll see you in the morgue." Isn't it wonderful what a cheerful word will do at the opportune moment!

The process begins. Our number is called . . . we approach the desk . . . have the necessary data accepted . . . on to have the blood test. Horrors! if after such glorious sacrifice we should be refused! No, we're safe. Forward to the table where temperatures are taken . . . now we can but smile our approbation and confidence as we are tongue-bound. We walk into what we term in our medical ignorance, the operating-room . . . climb on to the table, and with a bravado we never believed we possessed, offer ourselves to the punctures and the draining . . . From the table, out to the terrace . . . light refreshments are served . . . our blood donor pin is bestowed . . . back to the coatroom . . . out through the waiting-room to the street. How light the doors are as we go out . . . can it be that we had thought them difficult to open as we came in?

## CURRENT BOOKS

*The Ministry of Fear.* By Graham Greene. New York: The Viking Press, 1943. 239 pages.

The old question of subjective *versus* objective right is one of the moving forces behind the judgments of the courts. Guided by its laws and code, any court can recognize when an act is wrong *per se*: in some cases, however, it realizes that subjectively a person has acted from a sincere belief that he is doing right, and it amends its findings in keeping with this observation. The question remains whether a person so materially absolved from guilt can convince his conscience that he had done no wrong. Mr. Greene, as he shows in *The Ministry of Fear*, holds that there is a retribution which will come for every act that man commits against the moral code, and that regardless of what the world may judge, that retribution, like a Nemesis, will pursue its victim with a special, implacable relentlessness.

The story begins innocently enough. People who are familiar with Mr. Greene's *This Gun for Hire* will find no Alan Ladd, looking romantic in a trench coat, skulking through the pages of the novel. The hero is a mild gentleman who is always overlooked in any group because of his colorless negativeness. He wins a cake at a church fair and as a result of this becomes involved in the intricate meshes of the Nazi Fifth Column in England. From such an innocuous beginning evolves the absorbing plot; from such a meek character develops a moral study drawn with keen perception, blindingly clear in the moral lesson it brings home.

Arthur Rowe was acquitted of murder by the court, yet the shadow of his act hung over his whole life. Temporary amnesia gave him only temporary release from the tortures of his conscience. In one sense the plot is brought to a successful close through him, when the murderers and Fifth Columnists are brought to justice by means of his work, yet in the real sense, the story goes on and on. There is but one appeasement of one's own Nemesis, confession and amendment.

This is a book written with a skill that can be defined best as contrapuntal in method. It plays two themes against each other with a subtlety which could make a reader overlook the strains of the more important in the excitement of following the obvious. There is no irrelevancy in



the plot, no superfluity of detail. All that seems strange and unnecessary, every situation which at first appears *de trop*, blend together to make a unified whole. Writers of our time will have to strive hard to equal the skill and artistry of Graham Greene's style. Without doubt, he is one of the most promising of our contemporary authors.

*The Screwtape Letters.* By C. S. Lewis. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1943. 160 pages.

From annotated tomes to paper-covered pamphlets, hundreds of mediums have been used to present doctrines clearly and simply. *The Screwtape Letters* may be classed among the most unusual and thought-compelling of these. Patterned in a combination of subtle wit and sound philosophy, this book is a series of letters from an old devil in hell, Screwtape, to his young, giddy nephew, Wormwood, who is busy tempting souls here on earth. In a smooth run-on, though sometimes edged style, C. S. Lewis presents some of the most profound teachings of the Church which occasion keen delight and thoughtful digestion in his readers.

Mr. Lewis states in his Preface: "I have no intention of explaining how the correspondence which I now offer to the public fell into my hands." Even this statement of hazy origin does not militate against the brilliant exposition. The struggles of young Wormwood to gain possession of the soul in his charge create an atmosphere of suspense which lifts to a skillful climax. Although subtly seasoned with irony these letters portray a remarkable depth and clarity of thought. Screwtape's grudging admission of the immensity of God's love for man involves him in a very ticklish situation. He lies his way out of it with slipping ease by attributing it to "mere carelessness". He has incidentally given a marvelous exposition of "the Enemy's" all-encompassing care for His creatures. Marriage, virtue, war are some of the important subjects which Screwtape discusses. The problem of pacifism and patriotism, the danger of spiritual aridity, and the effects of some things on man, such as music, silence, solitude also come within the scope of his lectures.

Mr. Lewis, a fellow of Magdalen College, where he teaches Medieval Literature, is, himself, an interesting man. He has reasoned his way from an atheistic attitude up through various beliefs to membership in the Church of England. By exercise of his powers of keen penetration, he

has approached nearer and nearer to the Truth. May he soon taste the fullness of its sweetness. Screwtape will, no doubt, contrive energetically and experimentally to prevent this (to all the devils) major calamity; like Wormwood, he, too, can fail. Mr. Lewis plus God's grace is a formidable adversary.

Marie A. Thomas, '44

*Persons and Places.* By George Santayana. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1944. 254 pages.

From philosophy George Santayana has turned to personal memoirs, but he retained the logic, rhetorical questions, and profundity of a philosophic style. Clarity is conspicuous by its absence in many instances, for example the account of his mother's forebears.

The ancestry, the relatives, and the environment of Santayana are treated painstakingly, with a remarkable wealth of detail, considering that the author is eighty years old. His gift of dispassionate characterization is best seen in his portraits of his father, his mother, and beloved sister Susanna. Another point which renders the book interesting is the local environment. The first husband of George's mother was a Boston man, George Sturgis. Santayana grew up in Boston and Roxbury. He attended Boston Latin and Harvard University where he learned comparatively little, owing to his mismanagement of the new elective system.

From the viewpoint of advanced age, Santayana is unusual. He lived in Boston when Emerson, Longfellow, and Lowell were prominent literary Americans. He lived in the next house to Dr. Holmes. He has seen the spread of modernism and its subordinate naturalism replacing romanticism. He is unique for having matured in two different literary atmospheres, and his writing reflects both.

Fundamentally Santayana is religious-minded but his religion is a mixture of Catholicism and Modernism, of mistaking observances for essentials. Throughout *Persons and Places* he probes his religious consciousness, recurring to it constantly. One is forced to the unhappy conclusion that George Santayana knows relatively what he does not believe, for example the pragmatism of William James, but he is not absolute on what he does believe.

*Persons and Places* is a compact volume but it is only a promise of more to come. It ends with Santayana's graduation from Harvard. (He received his degree while he was in Europe on a fellowship.) Perhaps the eighty-year-old man is retelling his life in quarters. If so, the first quarter is past and we wait patiently for the next quarter which apparently will show the mature poet and philosopher as the product of the *Persons and Places* of his early life. Santayana briskly writes the last line: "The curtain drops here, to rise presently on those other scenes."

*The Fight for Freedom.* Edited by Roger Sherman Loomis and M. Liegay. New York: Farrar & Rinehart, Inc., 1943. 332 pages.

Out of the war diverse books are written. There is the fighting man's diary, there is the satire on camp life, there is the intimate account of what really goes on in political circles, there is the novel. Now there is a Reader—a collection of letters, national documents, articles, and editorials tracing the history of the United States and the struggle for liberty from the Revolutionary War through the subsequent wars and crises up to the present World War. Many of the selections like the *Gettysburg Address* and the *Bill of Rights* are a familiar "part of our national heritage". Others, like Willkie's *One World* and Stephen Vincent Benet's *John Brown's Body* are the work of contemporaries. The editors have appended a terse note to each selection, explaining the place in American History of the work and its author. There is variety, continuity, and impartiality in the choice of readings.

The section on how to use words is unique. By means of expository articles rather than a set of rules, the editors have demonstrated what good writing is and how to achieve it. Included is Quiller-Couch's famous lecture *On Jargon* and a study of Woodrow Wilson's style at the age of twenty-two. Mr. Johnson O'Connor in *Vocabulary and Success* states that according to the results of word tests, the average business executive with little education makes only two errors to the college graduate's twenty-seven. If these figures are correct, the college person needs this reader desperately.

Either section of *The Fight for Freedom*, *The Story of Our American History* or the exposition on how to use words furnishes material for one



book. Combining the two features with a supplement of questions was a happy thought, resulting in a book which is educational yet entertaining too.

Barbara Gilbert, '44

*The Dove Flies South.* By James Hyland. Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Company, 1943. 274 pages.

All that James Hyland learned through his fifteen years' experience in the South he has given us in this novel of the life of an American negro. He has taken a tremendous theme and treated it with such simplicity and sincerity that it stands fashioned by the vital touch of humanity. Although he balances his story on an authentic scientific experiment, yet he elevates it by the tools of a fine understanding and a vivid imagination. He has avoided the sordidness of the stark realist; he has avoided the ephemeral escapism of the romanticist; he has factually presented the truth of man, a creature of God. Through the character of George Woodward, we grow away from the conventional aversion and prejudice toward a deeper appreciation and understanding of the negro.

The negro problem arises whence all problems arise; in the inability of some people to understand the positions of others. In our social reforms, we constantly fail to realize that the negro heart is exactly like that of the white man. He loves what we love—his home and his family; he hates what we hate—injustice and tyranny. George Woodward is typical of the modern Southerners who are acutely aware of the age-old cancer in their society, and who would like to remove its cause.

James Hyland writes in a dynamic, swinging style, and the action moves freely and swiftly. In tempo and atmosphere he creates the illusion that we are eye-witnesses of the scene. Because he is writing a thesis in novel form he is occasionally more obvious than a novelist need be, but he cannot brook any misinterpretation of his theme.

*The Dove Flies South* bears peace, the peace of truth born of a calm, logical mind and a compassionate heart. The book presents an unfolding of turbulent emotions and is enriched with sound psychology. It should offer a theme for wide discussion.

Barbara Foote, '44

# Visit Your Friends across the River . . .

*—For the Furniture You Need*

*—For the Wearables You Want*

Makes no difference whether you want a small size rocker or a comfortable upholstered chair—a colorful rug or curtains—a suite of furniture or a studio couch—a package of pencils or a quire of paper—a few pairs of stockings—a pair of shoes—a smart coat or a hat, you can depend upon Sears to give you the best at a price that fits your budget.



## SEARS, ROEBUCK AND CO.

BOSTON

Brookline Avenue and Park Drive



*Open Thursday and Saturday Evenings Until 9:30*

Emmanuel's Friends: Please patronize

*One Year Secretarial,  
Individual Advance-  
ment.*

**HICKOX  
SECRETARIAL  
SCHOOL**

Special Short Courses  
for college graduates

**12 Huntington Ave.  
BOSTON**

*Corcoran's*

**Incorporated**

**615 Mass. Avenue  
Cambridge, Mass.**

**Central Square  
CAMBRIDGE**

*A Department Store  
Established in 1881*

**Telephone  
TRObridge 4300**

**C. EUGENE HAMES, *Managing Director***

*p r e s e n t s*

*A Distinctive Hotel for the Discriminating*

**THE CONTINENTAL**

**CAMBRIDGE, MASS.**

Where every facility for Luncheons,  
Dinners, Banquets, Meetings, Bridge  
Parties, Etc., is conveniently available.

**GARDEN STREET AT CHAUNCY - KIRKLAND 6100**

Emmanuel's Friends: Please patronize





*Visit the*  
***Perfumery Department***  
*at our*  
**133 BROOKLINE  
AVENUE STORE**

A Few Minutes' Walk from Emmanuel

**General  
Ice Cream  
Corporation**

*Mansion House  
Division*

**183 Cambridge Street  
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.**

COMPLIMENTS OF

**THE HERLIHY BROS.**  
**Incorporated**  
**MILK - CREAM**

**Thomas P. Mee Co.**

WHOLESALE and RETAIL

***Fruit and Produce***

Stalls 47-49 Faneuil Hall Market  
and Cellar No. 9

**BOSTON, MASS.**

Tel. CAPitol 0284-0285

***FASHIONS FOR DISTINCTION***

**WEEKS**

**DRESS SHOP**

**Dresses - Suits - Skirts  
Sweaters - Blouses - Hosiery**

**269 Brookline Avenue, Boston, Mass.  
Aspinwall 6319**

**Emile**

***Hairdressers***

**26 West Street — Room 203-4**

**Devonshire 8068 Boston**

**Henry Anzalone**

**Louis Ruocco**

Emmanuel's Friends: Please patronize

J. GALVIN

S. SCHWALL

J. BRENNAN

## **GALVIN - BRENNAN Inc.**

*Formerly with Jordan Marsh Co.*

*Custom Furriers*

..Offering Boston's Best and Safe Fur Cold Storage Value..

BONDED BY STATE AND FULLY INSURED

Glazing and Minor Rips Repaired and Sewed All for 3%  
*Minimum Rates*

Why not find more pleasure in your present coat by having us remodel it. Repairing at low rates. Re-Styling Sleeves and Collar \$35.00. Additional Fur Extra.

*Our Motto: Satisfaction Guaranteed*

LIBERTY 6783-6784

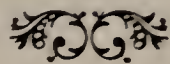
**59 TEMPLE PLACE, BLAKE BUILDING**

Third Floor

## **JULIE COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL**

**LEOMINSTER, MASSACHUSETTS**

*Conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur*



Opportunities for Pre-Primary,  
First, Second and Third Grades.

Courses in Music and Art



*For information call Leominster 1080*

Emmanuel's Friends: Please patronize

*Compliments*  
*of the*  
**Alumnae Association**  
*of*  
**Emmanuel College**

*Compliments of*  
**Emmanuel League**

**The**  
**Angel Guardian Press**  
*Printers*  
*Publishers Bookbinders*  
**JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.**

**ACADEMY OF  
NOTRE DAME**  
**ROXBURY, MASSACHUSETTS**  
*Boarding and Day School*  
High School and Elementary Depart-  
ments Affiliated With Catholic  
University, Washington, D. C.

**ACADEMY OF  
NOTRE DAME**

\*\*\*\*\*

Corner of Granby Street and  
Bay State Road  
**BOSTON**  
**MASSACHUSETTS**

\*\*\*\*\*

*Primary, Intermediate and*  
*High School Classes*

**ACADEMY OF  
NOTRE DAME**  
**TYNGSBORO, MASSACHUSETTS**  
*Boarding and Day School*  
High School and Elementary Depart-  
ments Affiliated With Catholic  
University, Washington, D. C.

Emmanuel's Friends: Please patronize



**Silver Jubilee Year**

*Compliments of*  
*The Sophomore Class*

Emmanuel's Friends: Please patronize

---



---

## CONTENTS

SALUTAMUS TE, <i>Verse</i> —Mary H. Ziegler, '45	131
THE QUALITY OF MERCY—Mary J. O'Keefe, '45	133
TORMENTED, <i>Verse</i> —Marion C. Drew, '44	140
NIGHT WALK, <i>Verse</i> —Marie Myott, '45	141
GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS—Marie A. Thomas, '44	142
UNFETTERED, <i>Verse</i> —Mary Reardon, '45	153
RICH POOR MAN, <i>Verse</i> —Nona Rohan, '45	154
PATIENT UNIDENTIFIED—Marie Myott, '45	155
PERMANENCE, <i>Verse</i> —Marie Gannon, '44	160
ILLUSION, <i>Verse</i> —Mary H. Ziegler, '45	161
REUNION, <i>Verse</i> —M. Virginia McMahan, '44	162
CHOICE—Mary H. Ziegler, '44	163
OMNIPOTENT, <i>Verse</i> —Mary Reardon, '45	169
COVENANT, <i>Verse</i> —Barbara Fahey, '45	170
PROMISE, <i>Verse</i> —Mary J. O'Keefe, '45	170
LITTLE DONKEY, <i>Verse</i> —Barbara O'Malley, '44	171
EDITORIALS	173
THE PACK OF AUTOLYCUS	175
CURRENT BOOKS:	
<i>Gilbert Keith Chesterton</i> —Mary H. Ziegler	178
<i>Philosophies at War</i> —Marie Myott	179
<i>Once in Cornwall</i> —Marie Thomas	180
<i>Eric Gill: Autobiography</i> —Mary J. O'Keefe	181
<i>So Little Time</i> —Marion C. Drew, '44	183
<i>Men of Maryknoll</i> —Mary Carroll, '45	183
<i>In the Name of the Bee</i> —Mary C. Kelleher	185

---



---

# THE ETHOS STAFF

## EDITORIAL

### *Editor-in-Chief*

Marie A. Thomas, '44

### *Associate Editor*

Barbara Gilbert, '44

### *Assistants*

Marion C. Drew, '44

Patricia McIntire, '44

Louise Mercier, '44

Joan Trainor, '44

Mary Farrell, '44

M. Virginia McMahon, '44

Mary Sharry, '44

Patricia Twohig, '44

## BUSINESS

### *Business Manager*

Rose Cafasso, '44

### *Circulating Manager*

Mary Pekarski, '44



**WILLIAM CARDINAL O'CONNELL**

*Archbishop of Boston*

**Born, December 8, 1859; Died, April 22, 1944**

**R. I. P.**

---

**In Memoriam**

Oh mourn, Columbia, for he is dead.  
Let Night enshroud your low-bent heavy brow  
Too sad to lift aloft your star-crowned head;  
For grief deep-set, as once Niobe's, now  
Is all Death's harbingers to you allow.  
Lo, he is gone, who proudly bore the name  
Of loyal son, unflinching, ne'er to bow  
High-minded hopes that would for nation gain  
Divine approval, blessing, and world-circled fame.

Oh mourn, loved Church, the militant on earth,  
For he is dead who led the vanguard strong,  
Who went before in armor, grace-begirth,  
And flaming sword of spirit, set upon  
The serried ranks of error thin and wan.  
They broke and fled afar. The only thing  
He sought was strength, while foeman sprung  
Upon the rock-built Church of Christ, the King,  
To batter the attacks with deeds, with words that  
ring.

Mourn, Priests. With consecrating oil he laved  
You, and you rose transformed by the power  
Engendered by Incarnate God Who saved  
His own in tortured Calvary's dark hour.  
With fulness of the priesthood as his dower  
He priested you. Your consecrated hands  
Enchaliced, now you higher raise till tower  
To very seat of Godhead. Lo there stands  
Propitiation pleading strong from many lands.

Mourn, people, young and old, and rich and poor.  
For you this Shepherd oped the door that led  
To pastures green, to grace-enticing lure,  
There willing sheep look up and all are fed,  
And joy and peace and love around are spread.  
Come, little ones, the lambkins, God-caressed,  
So he caressed with plans, who now lies dead,  
You dearer to his heart than life, he blest,  
You darlings of the flock, unfagged, not sin-dis-  
tressed.

Cease to mourn, Church, country, priests and people;  
For he is born anew to glorious day,  
He is not dead. Ring ye bells from steeple  
A paean of praise, of jubilation gay.  
Uplift ye gates, and down the eternal way  
His fleeting steps draw near to Mary, Queen  
Of Heaven's host. She Mother-like today  
Embraces him, leads him to Son serene,  
Our Cardinal, now entered into Life supreme!

# SALUTAMUS TE

1919 - 1944

*Mary H. Ziegler, '45*

From out the marrow of a cedar's might,  
A tender twig swift-plucked in eagle flight,  
And set for root and flourishing  
Upon a mountain eminent,  
Mid many waters nourishing,  
To rise in beauty excellent,  
Like Lebanon, the noblest, reared its height.  
Branches nest-laden knew the Spring,  
And swayed beneath the quivering weight  
Of new-fledged sparrows, poised to wing;  
To hart, its boughs night shelter lent;  
And spreading, ever-verdant, proud, elate,  
It proved the storm winds powerless to blight.

From out the cedar of Namur, God-sought,  
A slender branchlet, living, marrow-fraught,  
Planted by faith-refreshèd stream  
Within a city of His choice,  
Arose in dignity supreme,  
Unshakeable save at His voice  
To bear His name, Whose hand its beauty wrought.  
Its verdure fostering the dream  
Of first essay, in fledging youth,  
Its boughs strong-nurtured by esteem  
Of Wisdom, shelter to rejoice  
The ever thirsting soul that pants for truth  
Stands rooted in the truth that it has taught.



Emmanuel! How shall we bless  
Thy name endearing, how express  
The throbbing, filial tenderness  
That mingles with our filial pride in thee?  
Thy daughters of the past  
The fruits of thy sweet discipline have known,  
And with a deeper tone  
Enrich our hymnody. Hearts held fast  
By counsel's prudent sway, in truth-taught love,  
Our homage now we bring  
And, Fostering Mother, sing  
The exultant paeon of  
Thy Jubilee!  
Spirit of Wisdom, Thou, beneficent,  
Thou, Giver of rich gifts, Thou, Teacher bright,  
By Thy still-prospering light,  
By Thy Divine intent,  
Guide Thou our College on,  
Confirm Thy work begun,  
Shower yet Thy treasures on  
Her power, wisdom-won,  
Her towers, oblation raised to Thee  
Whom but to love is immortality!

# THE QUALITY OF MERCY

Mary J. O'Keefe, '45

MARGARET BARRY forced a tolerant smile for her husband. "Tom, drink your fruit juice first. And you know I insist, that is, I prefer, that you don't read the newspaper at the breakfast table."

"Yes, my dear," Tom drawled automatically, and kept on reading. "You have to remind me so often, it must become very tiresome." Obediently, he drank his orange juice.

"I feel rather sorry for that poor Eleanor Colby, Tom. Disgrace will fall hard on her, she's such a proud little thing. And to think my husband will wield her instrument of torture." Margaret's voice shook with righteous pity.

"Hmm? What's this? What did Ellie do?"

"Tom, don't be dense," she snapped impatiently. "It's Dan I mean. How could a man be so thoughtless of his family? I can't understand such complete selfishness."

Mr. Barry cleared his throat. "Well, my dear, it's not for us to judge him."

Margaret's angular chin vibrated as she formed harsh words. "Judge him? I guess you'll do *that* all right, Tom, since it's your place to fire him."

"Fire Dan? Who said I'm going to fire Dan?" Barry regarded his wife.

"Naturally you'll fire him. It's only proper," Margaret retorted. "There's nothing else for you to do under the circumstances."

"The circumstances, Margaret, as I see them, are that Dan

Colby made a mistake—a serious mistake—but that he confessed it to me himself in time to remedy the situation.”

Mrs. Barry could not conceal her annoyance.

“Confessed! What criminal wouldn’t confess knowing that within ten minutes he would be discovered?”

“My dear,” Tom was imperturbable. “There was no possible way for Dan to have known I was about to stumble upon his secret. And I don’t think there’s any reason for calling him a ‘criminal’.”

Margaret shrugged peevishly. “Don’t make excuses for him, Tom.”

“Excuses?” her husband smiled. “I’ve said nothing to excuse Dan.”

“You’ll have to admit he was completely in the wrong.”

“Oh yes, my dear, to be sure. He was wrong. He admits that himself.”

“Well,” her manner improved, “you’ll dismiss him today, then.”

Tom stirred his coffee in silence.

“Imagine,” his wife went on, “we were to have those awful people here for dinner tonight. Don’t you just writhe when you think of it?”

Barry smiled. “As you so often remind me, Margaret, I’m a man of dull sensitivity. Frankly, I don’t ‘writhe’.”

“Of course, you have made it clear to Mr. Colby that the invitation must be cancelled? Well, haven’t you?”

“Umm—no, my dear, not yet. As a matter of fact, I thought . . .”

“Thomas Barry!” Margaret interrupted, “are you trying to ostracize us socially?”

“Why no, my dear. I was just about to say I’m trying not to ostracize the Colby’s.”



His wife's cup, which for some seconds she had held static in mid-air, clinked sharply on the saucer.

"You care more for them than for us?" Her tone was incredulous.

Tom fixed his eyes on her. "I care for a man's good name," he said firmly.

Margaret tossed her head. "Since Mr. Colby is no longer in your employ, I think your responsibility for his social standing is quite at an end."

"That has nothing whatever to do with it, Margaret. And anyway, I have said nothing of any intention to let Dan go."

"Thomas, can you sit there and tell me you intend to retain such a—a character in a trustworthy position?"

"He confessed and was contrite. What more can I ask of him?"

"Dan Colby is essentially weak." Margaret spoke acidly. "There is no question about that."

Tom went on eating. "That may be, my dear, but having all the faults you seem to find in me, Margaret, I don't feel in a position to condemn a man for a mistake."

"There's no other explanation for his actions."

"No? I'm not so sure about that. He and Eleanor have been through a lot these past weeks," Tom mused.

"Through a lot!" Margaret's tone was contemptuous. "Those people are better off now than they've ever been in their lives. Why upstarts, like the Colbys, don't know what to do with so much money."

"Sure, Dan's making good money—and believe me, he's worth it to the company. But I don't call that very much compensation for the work and worries he's had."

"Nonsense," Mrs. Barry snapped. "Everyone works these

days. *I*, in spite of my delicate constitution, roll bandages for the Red Cross."

"Yes, so you tell me, my dear. Isn't that why you're thinking of hiring a maid?" Tom's eyes laughed, but his mouth was set. "Your generous patriotism gives me great pride."

Margaret fluttered into a heroic pose. Tom went on—"But the Colbys had their worries, too. Young Danny got a bad fall, Richard's been very ill, and the little girl . . ." He broke off. "Fine children they are too . . . just like I'd want for my own."

His wife's irritation was manifest. "Really, Thomas, I find your continual nagging on that subject extremely annoying. We have agreed that I am much too busy to raise children."

Tom sighed. "Yes, my dear."

"I fail to see why you must be so disagreeable whenever you don't get your own way."

Her husband was complacent. "If that's the case, my dear, you must find me very hard to get along with." The subtlety was lost on Margaret.

"Poor Eleanor," she crooned, getting back to the subject.

"Why pity Ellie?" Tom queried. "She's an understanding woman and has forgiven Dan. Everything's fine with her."

Margaret was irate. "You're deliberately avoiding the issue. I'll ask you again, Tom. Are you going to fire Dan Colby?"

"My coffee's cold, my dear. Would you mind refilling my cup?"

"Answer my question, Tom," Mrs. Barry demanded, pouring the coffee.

"Thank you, my dear." He directed his attention to sugar

and cream. Then in response to Margaret's sharp words, he looked up. "You were saying—Oh yes. Am I going to fire Dan? You know, Margaret, in war time good supervisors are hard to find."

"That position would not remain vacant for long. You've said so yourself," she persisted.

"Yes, I suppose so. I suppose there are a few good men who would like that job."

"Well?"

"We've never had any kick on Dan. Matter of fact, he's stepped up production."

"Isn't that beside the point?" Margaret's tone was becoming shrill.

"Perhaps, perhaps. But Dan has a family to support."

"Now really, Tom, you don't think he'll be unable to find other work?"

"If I fire him, I can't give him a recommendation, can I?" Barry reached for the salt.

Margaret thought for a moment. "He surely doesn't deserve one."

"Perhaps you're right, my dear. It all depends upon how you look at it."

"It's such a shame for those dear, sweet children. What a pity they have such weak parents."

Tom chuckled. "Those kids don't look abused to me, Margaret. I think Dan's a good enough father to do well by them in the long run. It's easy to see he's crazy about them."

His wife's eyes flashed. "I know nothing about that. All I'm concerned with, Tom, is justice—justice and our reputation."

"Our reputation?" echoed Tom.



"Of course, our reputation. You don't think I'm interested in anyone else?"

Tom wiped a smile off his face. "Oh no," he answered hastily. "No one's else. But I'm afraid I don't follow your argument."

"Surely you realize that if your business associates learn that you're overlooking this affair, you'll lose a great deal of their esteem." She watched him closely.

"You know, I hadn't thought of that."

Margaret's anger rose again. "To be sure! I don't suppose you have thought of *my* position, either."

"I . . ."

"I've never known you to think of me, Tom," she interrupted self-pityingly.

Tom was unmoved. "It's lucky I have you always to remind me, my dear," he answered.

She reverted to the argument. "Surely you wouldn't think of injuring our social standing?"

"Oh, I wouldn't want to do that for anything, Margaret," he reassured her. "But you seem to overlook the fact that no one knows of this incident."

"Why that's not true. Everyone knows it. It's all over town." Her words came out in sharp staccato.

"That's impossible, Margaret. Who could tell? No one knows about it." Tom looked at her inquiringly.

"Well, it's leaked out. Everyone at the club luncheon yesterday was talking about it."

"Yes? That's odd. Not a living soul knew about that but Dan and me—and you, my dear. You happened into the office inopportunistly just as Dan was talking to me. We're the only ones who know. You don't think Dan would tell

the women's club, do you?" His voice was filled with censure.

Margaret made a clatter with the silverware. She carefully avoided her husband's eyes.

"Someone knew, that's plain to be seen. But whoever it was, the fact remains that I'll be laughed at unless you fire that man. Tom dear," her voice became theatrical, "you wouldn't want that to happen, would you?"

"No, my dear."

"And you will admit that you'd be perfectly justified in letting Colby go?"

"Yes, I think that I might say I am under no obligation to keep him on."

Margaret beamed. "You know, Tom, I couldn't bear to think of your losing respect among your associates, just through some medieval idea of benevolence."

Tom folded his napkin, then looked at his watch. "Say, I'll have to run to catch the bus."

In a second he was in the hall, slipping into the coat which his wife held for him for the first time in many years. She kissed him as she handed him his hat.

"I'm glad you've decided to do the right thing, Tom."

"Good-bye, my dear," Tom said, his hand on the door-knob. He started off, but paused half-way down the steps, then ran back. Sticking his head in the door he shouted to his wife who had returned to the kitchen, "Oh, Margaret, if you'd like me to do any shopping on the way home, give me a ring. We're having company for dinner!"

# TORMENTED

*Marion C. Drew, '44*

When crickets shrilled the garden,  
And moonlight kissed the rose,  
We met beyond the rugged oak  
Where sweet the woodbine grows.  
Pledging once again the love  
That bloomed in early May,  
You kissed my finger, diamond-sealed,  
Then smiling, went away.

Tonight, the garden's cold and bare,  
Chill frost where bloomed the rose,  
I stand beyond the leafless oak,  
No more the woodbine grows.  
Why wait in vain your coming?  
Tormented mind, be free!  
A haunted heart cannot bring back  
The dead across the sea.



# NIGHT WALK

*Marie Myott, '45*

My steps disturb the quiet night,  
Their sound sinks into silence deep,  
The streets lie motionless in sleep  
As silent as the moon's pale light.  
Strange houses veil their eyes for fear  
Of alien spirits drawing near.

Against the street lamp's yellow ring  
The darkness presses hungrily,  
This light transfigures each near tree  
Into a weird, fantastic thing.  
The distant stars look coldly down  
Upon the silent sleeping town.

Alone amid these senseless forms  
I seem alive. Oh! then I feel  
Heart's reassuring beating steal  
To charge the pulsing blood that warms  
My flesh—the animating soul  
That fills with joy my vibrant whole.

# GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS

1844 - 1944

*Marie A. Thomas, '44*

ONE HUNDRED years ago this June, Gerard Manley Hopkins was born. Then also was born a new melody, a deep spirituality, a visioned insight, a patterned inscape that became the poems of Gerard Hopkins. Although he was unique in his own century, although he was misunderstood by almost all the critics in this century, yet he will be recognized by a surer power as one of the great poets. Many can see in his work nothing other than an erotic expression of a "peculiar kind of religious excitement." A steadily growing group of poets and poetry lovers fully apprehends and appreciates the emotional impact and intellectual content of his poems. Hopkins, the man, was precisely the quiet, sensitive type who would mould his thoughts to the expression of exquisite beauty. He was an artist, a self-taught musician. He was steeped in the powers, the enchantments, the tyranny of Beauty. He was early attracted to the sense-drenched beauty of Keats's poetry. This attraction, later formed to classic simplicity and restraint produced the resulting sheer loveliness of his best verse.

Hopkins became a Catholic in eighteen sixty-six. Two years later he entered the Society of Jesus. To an outsider, his life seemed quiet, unobtrusive, monotonous. For him, it was wracked with periods of pain, of loneliness, of the "fell of dark"—then sudden release, relief, and transitory comfort. The travail through which he was passing was known to few. Many of his gay, bright letters were written at the

same time as his "terrible" sonnets. These were wrenched from the depths of his soul.

The poetry which Hopkins wrote before he became a Jesuit falls into two distinct divisions: the poems of aesthetic drapery; the poems of ascetic restraint. At Highgate, he came under the spell of Keats. *A Vision of the Mermaids* written at this period shows the sensitive response of Hopkins to the beauty of nature, as well as the strong influence of Keats.

Careless of me they sported: some would splash  
The languent smooth with dimpling drops, and flash  
Their filmy tails adown whose length there show'd  
An azure ridge; or clouds of violet glow'd  
On pranked scale; or threads of carmine, shot  
Thro' silver, gloom'd to a blood-vivid clot.  
. . . and the scarce troubled sea  
Gurgled, where they had sunk, melodiously.

He might have been writing from a copy of *St. Agnes Eve*.

In direct opposition to this phase, is his transition to a stage of classic restraint. There is a dignity, a condensation in the poetry of this time which is characterized in the opening lines of *The Habit of Perfection*

Elected Silence, sing to me  
And beat upon my whorled ear,  
Pipe me to pastures still and be  
The music that I care to hear.

Surfeited with the rich sweetness, "a little sickness in the air from too much sweetness everywhere," Hopkins turned to the serene chasteness of classicism. Although the poems he then wrote are few, yet they are diamond-like in their grace, their clarity, their balance.

Seven years after his entrance into the Society of Jesus,



his self-imposed poetic silence was broken with a startling poem, *The Wreck of the Deutschland*. The thought holds unified in a strong sprung prosody. This poem introduces a new era in rhythm.

*The Wreck of the Deutschland* is a lyric poem with dramatic and narrative elements. It is the key to his subsequent work. It is the distillation of the beauty and spirituality of all his poems. Robert Bridges, balked by its deep religious tone (which he understood no more than a man of his agnostic sentiments could understand) says of it that it "stands in the front of (Hopkins's book of poems) like a great dragon folded in the gate to forbid all entrance." Furthermore, he advises the reader "to circumvent him and attack him later in the rear." He was himself shamefully worsted in a brave frontal assault, the more easily, perhaps, because both subject and treatment were distasteful to him. This is his own admission.

Now, the question obtrudes itself, what of the mysticism of the man and the poet? There are no available sources to prove his mystical graces (the religious journal which he kept has been irrevocably lost); but his poetry is veiled with the mystical aura. No one can read parts of *The Wreck* and the so-called Terrible Sonnets without sensing the phenomena of the dark night of the senses, and the dark night of the soul. His work was the outpouring of his feeling and the articulations of his spirit. He wrote for no effect, to make no impression on others; consequently, he was essentially sincere. The opening lines of *The Wreck* plunge at once into a paean of praise, of love to the power of the Creator, Redeemer, Sanctifier. They suggest a quest for and an attainment of union.

Thou mastering me  
God! giver of breath and bread;  
World's strand, sway of the sea;  
Lord of living and dead;  
Thou hast bound bones and veins in me, fastened me flesh,  
And after it almost unmade, what with dread  
Thy doing; and dost thou touch me afresh?  
Over again I feel thy finger and find thee.

This lyric has for its subject the wreck of a ship in which five Franciscan nuns, exiled from Germany by the Falk laws, were seeking harborage to live their consecrated lives in America. The vessel was wrecked off the coast of Kent. The stanza which follows is the core of the poem. It links the personal feelings of Hopkins with the mystical call of the nun, "O Christ, Christ come quickly." It also centers the interpretation of the word *Ipse*.

But how shall I . . . make me room there:  
Reach me a . . . Fancy come faster—  
Strike you the sight of it? Look at it loom there,  
Thing that she . . . there then! the Master,  
*Ipse*, the only one, Christ, King, Head:  
He was to cure the extremity where he had cast her;  
Do, deal, lord it with living and dead;  
Let him ride, her pride, in his triumph, despatch and have  
done with his doom there.

But before this core of the poem has been reached, Hopkins devotes the first ten stanzas to lyricising a personal experience. It is analogous to his interpretation of the nun's cry. It hints resignation, acceptance, cross-bearing sorrow, and bright-crowned joy.

I did say yes  
O at lightning and lashed rod;

Again:

I am soft sift  
In an hourglass—at the wall  
Fast . . .

Also:

For I greet him the days I meet him, and bless when I understand.

Finally and conclusively:

Beyond saying sweet, past telling of tongue,  
Thou art lightning and love, I found it, a winter and warm;  
Father and fondler of hearts thou has wrung:  
Hast thy dark descending and most art merciful then.

Comment on this poem must always be inadequate. But some of its felicities can be noted. The ineffable grandeur of the lines, the exquisite imagery, the subject matter, cosmic in its sweep yet expressed with marvelous word economy make glowing appreciations of *The Wreck*. He reaches high lyric flights when he touches the beauties of nature:

I kiss my hand  
To the stars, lovely-asunder  
Starlight, wafting him out of it; and  
Glow, glory in thunder;  
Kiss my hand to the dappled-with-damson west. . . .

He can describe landscapes, seascapes, skyscapes with the felicity of a Milton. He has a delicate sense appreciation which enables him to breathe a living quality into his pictures, galvanizing seemingly frozen forms into activity:

. . . The sea flint-flake, black-backed in the regular blow,  
Sitting Eastnortheast, in cursed quarter, the wind;  
Wiry and white-fiery and whirlwind-swivelled snow  
Spins to the widow-making unchilding unfathering deeps.

The rhythm of *The Wreck of the Deutschland* shows the new prosody upon which he had been focussing his atten-



tion during the seven years of poetic famine. It was not even here a perfect instrument for there were still too many eccentricities of rhyme and word to reach a preconceived end. Toward the end of his life, he had smoothed out most of these rhythm tangles; but with all its imperfections on its head it was a startling performance in a staid prosodiac era. Coleridge and Milton had used it but without noting its rules. Hopkins was the first to christen it—"sprung rhythm" and to shape it into a system. The swing from stressed foot to stressed foot constitutes the extraordinary effect which sprung rhythm produces. Each stressed syllable Hopkins calls a foot; the juxtaposition of two stressed feet results in the unique spring of the rhythm. From the introduction of this prosody in *The Wreck*, it is used by Hopkins, almost uninterruptedly to his last poems. He can justly be called the *Father of Modern Prosody*, which currently has many imitators. Some critics call Hopkins the *Father of Modern Poetry*.

While *The Wreck of the Deutschland* is famous because it is, in so many sense, new and extraordinary, yet *The Windhover*, one of Hopkins's best sonnets, is most discussed because its meaning is so teasingly varied. He dedicates the sonnet to Christ our Lord. Many critics have seized upon this dedication and forced it into the inner significance of the poem. This dedication Hopkins meant to be his best fruit. The "best thing I ever wrote," he says. But like dedications, this need not be the symbol nor the subject of the poem. The octet is purely objective. It sings the gyrations of the windhover in the "dapple-dawn-drawn" in his riding

Of the rolling level underneath him steady air, and striding  
High there.

Towards the end of the octet, the emotion of the poet escapes into subjective rhapsody:

My heart in hiding  
Stirred for a bird,—the achieve of, the mastery of the thing!

There is no difficulty in understanding the octet, save, perhaps, that which arises from the unusual method of packed expression. It is simply a superb description of a Falcon in flight, surmounting the pull of the air currents, fighting the opposing winds with all its graceful strength, achieving a remarkable feat of mastery in its endeavor. The sestet presents the difficulty. Critics have stressed *buckled, here*; and in so doing have arrived at various meanings. Since there is no dogmatism in poetry, each may be right, yet all may be far afield from the poet's meaning.

Brute beauty and valour and act, oh, air, pride, plume, here  
Buckle! AND the fire that breaks from thee then, a billion  
Times told lovelier, more dangerous, O my chevalier!  
No wonder of it: sheer plod makes plough down sillion  
Shine, and blue-bleak embers, ah my dear,  
Fall, gall themselves, and gash gold-vermilion.

I have attempted an interpretation stemming from the word "buckle". Here again, critics have disputed whether it means *to grapple* or *to crumple up*. Both meanings are legitimate, but they present entirely different pictures.

Doctor John Pick in his book, *Hopkins, Poet and Priest*, assumes that "buckle" means to loosen. In this sense, then, it would signify sacrifice. The bird swoops down from the air to the common ground. It leaves the scene of splendor to retire in humility. Such action Hopkins performed when he gave himself up to the consecration of his senses to religious life, bound by rules. But Hopkins, under his Jesuit training, learned how to free the senses with the "liberty of



the children of God." This aforesaid meaning further advances the opinion that the poet, like the bird, voluntarily relinquishes all "air, pride, plume", and restrains himself to the exigencies of everyday life, not allowing himself the joys of untrammelled flight.

I think that "buckle" meaning to grapple is more consonant to the meaning of the rest of the sestet. Hence in agreement with Father Kelly, I have stressed more heavily the word "here".

"Here", then, is in the poet's mind. He clutched at the beauty of the bird, crying aloud at its mastery. But now he commands, Brute beauty and valor and act, oh air, pride, plume, here Buckle! Buckle, loud, bright, impetuous word, bidding the union closer. It was the poet first in the act of sensation, who seized the bird. It is the bird, now present in the senses, who is commanded to lock in the embraces of the mind; the bird itself in its own power and act present in the image of it . . . *and* the fire that breaks from thee then, a billion Times told lovelier, more dangerous, O my chevalier!

Father Kelly goes on to say that the incalculable splendors of the mind meeting beauty are to be found again in Hopkins, and "more dangerous" will be seen to be no mere epithet for valiant movement. That other truth which Hopkins was so fond of repeating that beauty is flashed off duty (his own balanced alliterative phrasing is "strung by duty, strained to beauty") can also be found in the thought of *The Windhover*. The bird in fulfilling the call of his nature in unbridled, glorious flight is "strung by duty, strained to beauty", and as such is at the peak of his wondrously magnificent powers.

The splendor of truth is the luminous thread which patterns the beauty of Hopkins's nature poems. He saw nature sacramentalized—a symbol of the attributes of God. It was



but a reflection of the reality of God; its beauty but a sign, and that a pale one, of Absolute Beauty. Here his view is as far removed from the pantheistic view of nature which was the faith of many of the Romantic poets as the infinite is from the finite. In *Pied Beauty*, Hopkins gives exquisite and delightful praise to God for his creature creation, and for the lavish variety of that same creation:

Glory be to God for dappled things—  
For skies of couple-colour as a brindled cow;  
For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that swim;  
Fresh-firecoal chestnut falls; finches' wings;

I think that the key to the meaning of Hopkins is clearly stated in the closing lines of this poem:

He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change:  
Praise him.

It is a pity that the strictures of time and space make it necessary that I curtail examples of his nature poems. I think that *God's Grandeur* epitomizes their expression.

The world is charged with the grandeur of God.  
It will flame out like shining from shook foil;  
It gathers to a greatness like the ooze of oil  
Crushed.

Its fertility and freshness will never be spent, because with each day's birth

... the Holy Ghost over the bent  
World broods with warm breast and with ah! bright wings.

Much of the pedantic footing of Wordsworth's verse could be strutted into vigor if it had had the power of the exuberance and pulsating emotion of Hopkins's poetry. Had Keats come under Hopkins's influence, what a Catholic Christian base he would have given to the *Ode to Psyche*.

It seems almost like robbing the wounded heart of suffering man to read Hopkins's so-called "terrible" sonnets. The agonies expressed in them may belong but to the secret workings of privileged souls. In spite of the heaped-up emotions which drained Hopkins of strength and energy, these sonnets convey those feelings with extremely chiselled phrases and classical rhythms. Hopkins was a true and tried son of the Crucified Son of God. To His intimate friends, God deigns to offer drink from His chalice. I think that Hopkins tasted some of the dregs of that chalice. The last, loose strands of man may be his condition, but despair never touched him.

Not, I'll not carrion comfort, Despair, not feast on thee;  
Not untwist—slack they may be—these last strands of man  
In me or, most weary, cry *I can no more*. I can;  
Can something, hope, wish day come, not choose not to be.

The fearful struggles of the soul when it feels most keenly the finger of God pressing, bruising, beating upon it, offer a breathtaking, frightening picture. We get relief by realizing that Hopkins's will was in conformity to His Will, and that he trusted God even to the end. At long last, wearily, yet triumphantly, the poet looks back upon

. . . That night, that year  
Of now done darkness I wretch lay wrestling with (my God)  
My God.

Surely these are the pangs of the mounting height of the spirit. This is the price which must be paid for sanctification.

Gerard Hopkins was ever aware of the value of the individual soul, of the selves of men and things. Each soul bears a unique relationship with Christ; all are part of His Mystical Body of which He is the Head. Immortality was the

light of his life, the joy of his joy, the peace of his peace. In *That Nature Is a Heraclitean Fire* he flashingly sets off this truth, and demolishes the theory of Heraclitus in so doing:

In a flash, at a trumpet crash,  
I am all at once what Christ is, since he was what I am, and  
This Jack, joke, poor potsherd, patch, matchwood, immortal  
diamond,

Is immortal diamond.

Again in *Spelt from Sibyl's Leaves* he pictures the finality of the Last Judgment, more final than the arrangement of the leaves of prophecy of the Cumean Sibyl. Time, with its weight of actions, measures moment by moment man's life:

. . . . Let life, waned,  
ah let life wind  
Off her once skeined, stained veined variety upon,  
all on two spools; part, pen, pack  
Now her all in two flocks, two folds—black, white, right,  
wrong; reckon but, reck but, mind  
But these two;

The world to come will have no woolly texture—all stations will be clearly demarcated; the saved, on the right; the lost, on the left. Here are greatly more dramatic truths than the errors of annihilation.

Perhaps the best commentary on Hopkins as man, as poet is phrased in his own unwitting statement, that he shall be "immortal diamond". With a purity and unmatched splendor his poetry gleams and rays off beauty. With a virile and firm character his life stands in priestly splendor raying off influences for good. The Nineteenth Century has been graced in its already literary greatness by the poetry of



Hopkins. Father D'Arcy, one of his best-informed commentators, unreservedly calls Hopkins the greatest poet of the Nineteenth Century. He shall be among the immortals of verse, for Hopkins is, I think, the poet laureate of the soul.

## UNFETTERED

*Mary Reardon, '45*

Your world in fragments lies about your feet,  
The wreck of promises yet unfulfilled,  
And bitter turns all things that once were sweet,  
Like glowing warmth of summer, winter-chilled.  
The stroke is final—there is no recall  
Of former hopes, of half-remembered dreams  
Of joy and love, of grief, frustration—all  
Have vanished; naught in memory now gleams.  
But close beyond the self-made barricade  
Of grief, there lies alone the greater gain  
An all-enduring gain. What price, if paid?  
Make friends of Truth, and Hope, and Love, and Pain.  
Dull Care and Grief, no more their minion be,  
Beneath the majesty of Faith, be free!

## RICH POOR MAN

*Nona Rohan, '45*

Those winding roads and beaten fields  
Which I so often tread,  
The roaring sea, the sandy beach  
The rocks strewn by the shore;  
All these I left, my home my land  
And far away I fled  
From that dear place of love and hope  
I fear I'll see no more.

"The chances are much better there,"  
I'd hear from near and far,  
"In gold and silver, ah 'tis true  
Since I am rich," they say;  
Yet how much richer was I there  
Where freedom was my law  
And nothing stoped my wandering  
Except the length of day!

# PATIENT UNIDENTIFIED

Marie Myott, '45

JEFFREY shuffled the letters idly, scanning the return addresses. He paused over one marked *United States Government—Official Business*. He slit the envelope and ran his eyes quickly over the letter. Astonishment crept over his usually calm face; excitement flushed his cheeks as he slowly re-read the letter.

"Listen to this, Phyllis," he called out. "It's a letter from an army doctor who thinks he may have my brother in his care."

Amazed, Phyllis turned towards her husband. "You mean Mark?" she asked.

"Certainly, dear. He's the only brother I have."

"But what makes this doctor think he may be your brother?"

"Well, he's in charge of shell-shocked amnesia victims. One of them whose identification tag is missing was carrying an autographed snapshot of me in his wallet when they found him. I suppose it must be Mark, though it doesn't seem probable. It's at least a year since his plane crashed over Germany. It couldn't be Mark. But who else would have that picture?"

"I suppose . . . but what are you going to do?" asked Phyllis.

"I'm going to find out if it is Mark. That's the natural thing to do, isn't it?" he asked playfully.

"Yes, of course. . . . We'd better begin to get our things together right away."

"What for?" he inquired.



"Mark will probably want to move in here. Don't forget that this house belongs to him. Your father left you nothing but what Mark would see fit to give you. This house, and the entire inheritance is his, if he is alive."

"Now he certainly won't be that anxious to move in. You forget, darling, that he is still a sick man. Don't excite yourself about moving out until we find out when he can leave the hospital. Mark, if this man *is* Mark has to be cured of amnesia."

"Jeffrey, you . . . you don't suppose that he'd fail to recognize us? Why, he controls all of your father's estate . . . and if you no longer mean anything to him . . ."

"Good heavens, Phyllis! You manufacture worries by the score. I'm sure that if Mark failed to recognize me, the law would, nevertheless, yield me some claim to the estate; and even if it wouldn't . . . well, let's not cross our bridges before we come to them. I imagine Mark will know me when we meet."

"But oh, Jeffrey!" Phyllis sank down on the sofa beside her husband, her thin white hand clutching his arm. "After all these lovely months we've spent in this house, I couldn't bear to leave it. Jeff, darling, we've been so happy here. For the first time, you've been independent; you've not been dominated by your father's plans. Oh, I know he was a wonderful man, and tried to guide you to do what he thought was best for you, but, after all, you're no longer a boy. He should have allowed you to make your own decisions. Then, even after he died, his will refused to set you free. He bound you to Mark, to beg for every penny."

"I never had to beg Mark for anything, Phyllis. He always gave me plenty and freely."

"Oh, I didn't mean beg in so many words. I meant that even if he did give you enough money . . . well, that's just it. He gave it to you! And you, in return, were grateful to your big brother for being so decent about the whole thing. Decent about it! Well, why shouldn't he be? You had the same father and the same mother as he. You were raised in the same house. How could he fail to give you what he knew belonged to you? And half of the estate does rightfully belong to you, even if the will does not provide for it. Oh, why didn't you fight for it when the will was read? Instead, you just sat back and let everything run as it pleased, even though I told you that we'd be sorry for it later. Now we are sorry, or, at least, I am. After a year of independence, I have to go back to being 'that sweet wife of Mark's' younger brother.' Well, I'm tired of being sweet and obliging to dear Mark, and I don't intend ever to bow and scrape to him again!"

Phyllis sobbed unrestrainedly on Jeffrey's shoulder, her delicate figure shaken by her fury and despair. Jeffrey, his bland face darkened by anxiety, patted his wife clumsily.

"There, darling. You're over-excited about 'the whole thing. I don't think you ever did any noticeable bowing and scraping to Mark, neither do I think he would have permitted it. Why don't you . . ."

" 'Why don't you lie down and rest, dear. You're tired, dear.' " Phyllis broke in passionately. "Well, I'm not tired, and I don't intend to lie down and rest. Jeffrey, don't think that you can pacify me this time, because you can't. I've taken it when you've been pushed around, and I was pushed with you; but I'm not going to take it any longer. Even if you don't care what people do to you, you should think about me. How do you suppose I feel about this dependence

on Mark for everything? I should depend on my husband, not on his brother."

Hurt pride spread over Jeffrey's agitated face. "I'm sorry, Phyllis," he murmured apologetically.

"Oh, I know you're sorry. You're always sorry. But I don't want you to be sorry. We can both be happy if we want to."

"What do you mean?"

"Jeff, this man may not be your brother."

"Yes, but the chances are pretty slim on that, dear. He carried an autographed picture of me in his wallet."

"But it might be a coincidence. He might have found it somewhere."

"Well, darling," Jeffrey smiled gently at her, "I hardly think that any sane man would pick up my picture to keep in his wallet. At any rate, we'll know this afternoon when I go to the hospital."

"You're going so soon?" Phyllis asked, looking at her husband appealingly.

"The doctor will expect me to come as soon as I can."

"Oh, be sure not to disappoint him. It would never do not to fulfil everyone's expectations. Just think how you'd shock all your trusting friends!"

"Phyllis, you are over-excited."

"You said that before. Please let's not go through the same routine again."

"I'm sorry. What do you want me to do?"

"Don't go!" Phyllis cried, her dark eyes entreating him.

"But that's impossible. The hospital has my picture. Sooner or later I'll have to go."

"Jeffrey, listen," she whispered. "If he has amnesia, he doesn't know who he is. Isn't that so?"



"Yes," admitted Jeffrey hesitatingly.

"Darling, he's a sick man and has to stay in the hospital anyway. He doesn't need a home or money. The government will take good care of him. But who will take care of us?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"Yes, you do, Jeffrey. You know that there's only one practical solution to the problem. Let him stay where he is. He's just as well off there as anywhere else. The care he will get will be excellent, and . . ."

"What are you thinking about?" Jeffrey interrupted hastily. "We can't do a think like that!"

"Yes we can, Jeffrey. We must." Phyllis whispered through clenched teeth. "If you love me, you'll do it. If you refuse to do it, I'll know that you don't care about me or about my happiness, and I'll stop tying you down."

"You know how much I love you, Phyllis," Jeffrey broke in hotly. "You know, I'd do anything for you. But this . . . besides it can't be done. How can I explain my picture?"

"Say that your wallet was stolen in a canteen in England," she lied glibly, "that this man must have neglected to take the picture out."

"But Phyllis, what if he should recognize me?"

"You've changed since he last saw you. You've grown a mustache and you're stouter. That would probably be enough to confuse a man in his mental condition."

"It's not right."

"Was it right for your father to cut you off without a penny?" she retorted.

Jeffrey was silent. She jumped up and ran to get her coat.

"Let's go right away, and get it over with," she said as

she hurried Jeffrey to the door. "We can arrange what you'll say as we drive over."

When the car pulled up before the hospital, she was still zealously coaching him. They entered. Phyllis strode on with ready determination; Jeffrey followed more slowly.

The doctor led them into a room where a scarred, dazed, prematurely old man sat in a chair. As they entered he looked up nervously. He looked long at Jeffrey, his face became animated for a moment. It settled again into nervous uneasiness, when Jeffrey looked at him without recognition.

"Is this your brother?" the doctor asked.

"I've never seen this man before," Jeffrey replied. The door closed on the pleading look of the patient. Jeffrey and Phyllis had taken the first step on the way towards distrust and disaster.

## PERMANENCE

*Marie Gannon, '44*

Love is the pure, white flame of trust and peace,  
God-ignited in hearts not worthy, yet  
Chosen to hold His gift, Deific lease!  
But being human-wise, these two regret  
The broken bird-song, March wind, rain at night.  
Devotion and the perfect bond of love,  
Understanding held aloft, despite  
All, endure, and are blessed above!

## ILLUSION

*Mary Ziegler, '45*

Breathless, upon a wind-swept hill  
I feel the magic of the night.  
The city lies before me still,  
Her cloak of velvet studded bright  
With diamonds; she seems to try  
To rob the splendor of the sky.

Her silent beauty beckons me  
To seek her heart. I long to know  
The wonders that I cannot see  
From this far hill. Her jewel-glow  
To guide me in my downward way,  
I run, fleet-footed to obey.

But even at my swift approach  
Her magic fades. She casts aside  
Her siren cloak, and my reproach  
Finds but the commonplace to chide.  
I must reclimb—rejoicing then  
To see the city fair again.



## REUNION

*M. Virginia McMahon, '44*

Stronger than binding barriers of time and space  
My love, fleet-winged, sped o'er the yawning sea;  
Long were the months, though my brave spirits raced  
Beside the ship which bore you far from me.  
Beyond the thin horizon's edge of blue  
In quest of you, in quest of love I flew.

Your love my days had power to enhance,  
Enlivening in my heart our dreams of old,  
Bright beauty moulded strong our dear romance  
Love's taper lighting with a star of gold.  
Stilled by the calm joy of a trusting peace  
My anguish lighter lay with love's increase.

The lark may sing his song to heaven's height  
Beyond lark's flight the reaches of my song for you.  
Chill Winter fled and Spring burst with delight  
That day when you returned—the joy I knew!  
Past, dim-remembered are the months of pain  
Since now we are united once again.

# CHOICE

Mary H. Ziegler, '45

ISABEL TRENT turned the key in the door of her Back Bay apartment, slipped into the reception hall, and sighing comfortably sank back against the closing door. The warm colors of the upholstery seemed a soothing change from the hard metallic brightness of her office fixtures. She had done well, she reflected complacently: a private office as society editor of the *Tribune*; an apartment like this on Beacon Street. She had fought for both against the objections of her husband. A young bank lawyer, he could hardly have supported her in this style. Ignoring his resentment, she had put her heart into her career, and her ever-increasing salary into the luxuries of gracious living.

She frowned slightly as she glanced about for his hat. Evidently, he had not reached home before her. She smothered the guilty feeling that arose upon her realization that tonight's dinner would be her first at home in a week. A society editor had contacts to make. Her elaborate social program was strictly a matter of business.

Isabel could hear the maid singing in the kitchen. It was almost quarter of seven. She wondered if John would come for dinner. The thought of her husband made her frown again. His attitude towards her had changed; he no longer begged for her company. It was ridiculous that she should miss the pleading which she had ignored.

The slam of an automobile door called her to the window. John was turning up the walk. She noticed his curt nod of thanks to the driver whom she recognized as a member of his club. She had never liked the man. Now her hus-

band's unsmiling dismissal of him aroused her suspicions. Suddenly, she wished she knew John better.

He greeted her briefly at the door. "What? At home, for a change?"

Isabel let the sarcastic tone of his voice pass unremarked.

"Yes," she answered, "all evening."

He looked more surprised than pleased. Across the table from him during dinner, she realized more and more how wide a gulf was opening between them.

"I saw you leaving Mr. Curtis. Does he often drive you home?"

"Yes," he answered coldly. "I don't like to take my car into town. Usually we stop at the Club for a drink."

There was not a trace of his former boyish eagerness to please her. He seemed hardly aware of her presence. Something was disturbing him. With an inescapable start of fear she realized how much she valued his love now that it was cooling.

"John," she began in a tone she had not used for months, "perhaps we've been making a mistake. I haven't been at home enough. We don't seem to know each other any more."

"You wouldn't give up an hour of your precious lion-hunting to be with me."

In spite of the bitterness of the remark, he was waiting for her reply. A faint flush of hope seemed to break through his reserve. Encouraged, she continued—

"I've been thinking of taking a vacation . . . a few weeks of being only your wife, for a change."

His face clouded.

"Unless, of course" (she had never pleaded with him before) "unless you don't need me."



"I need you," he muttered, "I need you—now!"

The jangling of the telephone startled them. They could hear Mary Ellen's voice answering.

"Mrs. Trent? Yes, just a minute . . ."

Isabel nodded to her husband and left the table.

"It's your paper calling ma'am." Mary Ellen handed her the French phone. And this is what she heard:

"Hello—Isabel? " She recognized the voice of her staff head. "Isabel, you're made. The Boston papers have chosen you to represent them at the Women's Social Congresses all over the country. They start in New York and wind up in San Francisco. Can you make the noon train to New York tomorrow?"

Isabel gasped. She would be the envy of every newspaper woman in the city. "Of course, I can make it. Oh, Mr. Jenkyns, I'm thrilled. Thank you."

As her eye fell upon her husband's back her first surge of enthusiasm ebbed. He was toying with his glass, waiting for her. How could she make him understand? She hesitated . . . vacation! This assignment would mean a year of traveling. Her home life would have to wait. John still loved her . . . she had read that in his eyes. But, he needed her now. . . . Well, she would make it up to him later. . . .

"John, that was Mr. Jenkyns. You could never guess!" She must let him see how much it meant to her.

He looked up. The comradeship look had left his eyes.

"Meet the Boston Delegate to the Women's Social Congresses!" She bowed her smooth head in mock condescension. "I've just been chosen. It's the best assignment of the year!"

He stared at her for a moment, then raised his eyebrows.

"You're going right away?"

"On the noon train, tomorrow. Will you excuse me now,

dear? I have so much packing . . .” She wanted to escape his cold eyes.

“I’m sorry about the vacation,” she called, pulling out her suitcases, “but I couldn’t have foreseen anything like this!”

Her confreres saw her off at the station. Isabel’s guilty pangs had been smothered in triumphant excitement, until this question sounded in her ears—

“What does your husband think of this? He must be mighty proud of a wife like you.”

Isabel looked down at her own sleek flawlessness. “He thinks I’m on the go too much.”

“He’s lonesome, of course, but I heard that Marty Curtis and the Club keep him pretty busy. Marty cleans up a fine penny in those friendly games with the boys.”

“You seem to know a good deal about it.” Isabel was flushing with annoyance.

“I run the ‘gossip’ column, my dear,” came the flippant retort.

During the monotonous train ride, Isabel’s thoughts kept repeating the girl’s words. Her arrival in the midst of the early evening bustle of Grand Central Station failed to evoke her usual excited response. Not until she had joined her fellow delegates in the lobby of the Waldorf Astoria did she cast aside the uneasy feeling that she should not have come.

The immediate approving welcome of these women of the world made her more conscious of her own striking appearance and attractiveness. This was her element! This was the life to which she belonged! Thoughts of John faded into the background of her memory. She threw herself wholeheartedly into the sophisticated spirit of the three day

congress. There was no doubt about the impression she was making. At all the sessions, the questions were: "Did Mrs. Trent approve of this policy?" "What were Mrs. Trent's ideas about that suggestion?" "Would Mrs. Trent address the delegates at the final luncheon to give them an idea of Boston's attitude towards the Congresses?"

Mrs. Trent would and did. A gratifying silence greeted her as she rose to speak. With a few deftly turned phrases she succeeded in creating the impression that Boston considered the Social Congresses the American woman's most important step forward since the granting of suffrage. She made her last few statements conscious of a whispering commotion in the rear of the dining room. One of the women, late for the luncheon, had just joined the group near the door. The disturbance was spreading. The women were passing something from table to table, and glancing significantly at the speaker.

Isabel hastily concluded her speech. The growing murmur was audible above the surprisingly unenthusiastic applause.

"Mrs. Trent," one of the women touched her arm, "will you step out into the hall for a minute?"

A sudden panic seized Isabel as she realized that the looks of all were following her. The walk to the door seemed an endless torture. As she reached the hall, her flushed face paled. The woman thrust a newspaper into her hand.

"It's a Boston paper, Mrs. Trent. I'm sorry."

Isabel swayed. John's picture and her own on the front page! At last, the blurring print cleared:

### BOSTON LAWYER INDICTED

Trustee of Hallivan Estate admits appropriation of funds. Huge gambling debts provide motive. Confession bares the Marty Curtis gambling racket. . . .



Isabel ran blindly along the corridor, past the elevator, up the stairs to her fifth-floor room. Sweeping her clothes *pèle-mêle* into her bags, she phoned to check out. The terrible realization of her culpability was draining the life out of her. She was beyond tears . . . beyond tantrums. . . . She had brought this upon John and herself. How long had she refused him her companionship. How many evenings had he spent in lonely boredom before he had sought Marty Curtis and his friendly games at the Club.

She knew now the meaning of John's fierce, "I need you!" He must have known that the matter was reaching a crisis. He would have confided in her that night . . . she could have been with him. He had not even thought to wire her. She shuddered . . . to learn it from the newspapers!

She wanted to see John, to tell him that she now knew what a fool she had been. Would he need her now? There would be a trial, with only one possible ending since he would plead guilty. She would go to him, offer him her love, tardy though it be. She would keep his home for him—and wait! Her career was over—the very word nauseated her.

Seizing her suitcases, she ran again down the flights of stairs, through the curiously-buzzing lobby, and out into the street. A cab stopped for her.

"Grand Central Station. I want to catch the next train for Boston!"

# OMNIPOTENT

*Mary Reardon, '45*

When brooding clouds begin to loom  
Above the beauty of a rare bright day,  
And shadows crowd, and faith grows dim,  
Till mountains rise where pleasant paths once lay—  
Beyond the din of wide confusion,  
Serene and calm, and like strong bursts of light  
Your Morning Sacrifice now banishes bleak night,  
And once again the sunlight laughs.  
Now from the treacherous bond of fear made free  
The shadows gain a swift transparency.

## COVENANT

*Barbara Fahey, '45*

We loved to walk down an English lane  
Through a silv'ry mist of English rain.  
The hollyhocks nodded as we passed by,  
And a rainbow gleamed in the arch of the sky.

Now, war-clouds were gathered, and joy they dispel—  
So he walked alone then to the mouth of hell.  
Though the hollyhocks had withered when he passed by,  
The rainbow still glows in the arch of the sky.

## PROMISE

*Mary J. O'Keefe, '45*

The pallid evening saps the life of day,  
Bold truant stars hide from the dismal skies;  
Black gloom descending like an ominous pall—  
My broken dream in shattered atoms lies.

Night dies; rebirth of morning, russet-tipped  
Displays a world of beauty to the eyes;  
The universe is bathed in soothing peace—  
My heart drinks hopes, discouragement defies.



# LITTLE DONKEY

*Translated by Barbara O'Malley, '44*

(From *De l'Angélus de l'aube à l'Angélus du soir*, 1898, of  
*Francis Jammes*)

I like the little donkey mild  
Plodding along the brambles wild  
He's conscious of the bees around  
And wiggles his ears without a sound.  
He takes the humble upon his back  
There's room there, too, for the barley sack.  
Unsteady with his heavy load  
He strays a bit from off the road.  
A poet he is, and so my friend  
Attributes to him no good end.  
The limpid pools of languid eyes  
Reflect the thoughts he'd realize.  
O maid, with heart of tenderness  
His meekness you do not possess.  
O blessed is he before our God  
For under His sweet yoke he trod.  
Worn out, he rests within his stall  
Fatigue invades his body small.  
And painful are his little feet  
From endless ploddings in the street.  
From dawn to dusk in constant toil  
He trudges on without recoil.  
What work, pray tell me, have you done  
But sew, my haughty little one?  
The donkey rests, a wounded thing  
The loathesome flies have left their sting.

You pity him for having spent  
A life-time long on labor bent.  
Ripe cherries you've not been denied  
Your appetite's well satisfied.  
Indigence is his master's lot  
The donkey's barley can't be bought.  
He chews his rope then hungrily  
And welcomes sleep as gratefully.  
Oh, your heart's cord is not replete  
With the sweetness of the cord he'd eat.  
He is the little donkey mild  
Plodding along the brambles wild.  
My own heart lacks this sweetness, too,  
A fact which would not bother you.  
Oh, which is more befitting here  
Gay laughter or a dismal tear?  
Go out and find the donkey grey  
And tell him in a kindly way  
That my heart roams the trodden road  
To cheer him onward with his load.  
And ask him then along the miles  
If I should yield to tears or smiles?  
He may not answer, little maid,  
His tired feet will seek for shade.  
And there he'll lie and with delight  
His gaze will rest on flowers bright.

## EDITORIALS

### *Our Faculty:*

Today, the history of Emmanuel College reaches a stretch of twenty-five years! During that time, it has impressed itself upon the culture of these New England States. Among the numerous blessings accorded the College, none is more powerfully emphasized than the vigor and influence of its Administrative Officers and of its Faculty. They have contributed immeasurably to the outstanding growth of Emmanuel. They have been the source of much of the inspiration which has sprung from the students.

Every Department of learning in the College can boast of fine professors. Many of them are known widely for superior excellence in their fields. All possess the education and training which qualify them for association with the best in college work. Our Dean and the Professors of French and Mathematics have been here from the beginning of the College. They have helped lay the foundation upon which subsequent professors have built. They, best of all, can realize the meteoric progress of these twenty-five years!

Around and about us, broad education schemes have been made, attempted, neglected, dropped. Certain ideas have made the necessary adjustments to suit the alterations which different decades effect. Not so Emmanuel. Its Faculty have never swerved in their presentation of the basic, unvarying principles of morality based on truth. From these principles a lasting culture is derived. In maintaining this firm-based stand, Emmanuel's Faculty have achieved a masterful task. We point to them with pride and gratitude.



We glory in their brilliant scholarship. We thank them for their guidance. We honor them for what they are and for what they do.

M. A. T., '44

*Beware! Your Speech!*

College speech is not always College English. Scanty vocabulary, slovenly diction, careless grammar are three faults which mar our utterances. Collegians are not expected to employ three-dollar words exclusively; they are not expected to reflect on the finer points of syntax before they voice a phrase. They are expected to mirror their college training in their speech. So could the brakes be put on the jalopy vehicle of the King's English. It is not necessary to cultivate an accent as a palpable evidence that you have been to college. There seems to be a misconception here that such blatant accentuation is a mark of good English. Such students have a true Jekyll-Hyde voice articulation. They use the breathy graciousness of a Mrs. Miniver for teachers, social superiors, employers, elderly people. They use the hoarse gusto of a Miss Raytheon for conversation with equals and inferiors.

Slipping over "ing", depending on "ain't" and double negatives to convey a meaning—these habits are a sad commentary on higher training. Wise friends are continually reminding us that our intellectual measure is taken as soon as we converse. Shall we be weighed and found wanting? We may look like *Vogue*, we may possess the learning of the *Yale Review*, but if we speak like *Popular Mechanics*, "Success" and "Fortune" will be just magazines to us.

B. G., '44

---

# THE PACK OF AUTOLYCUS

---

"My father named me Autolycus . . . a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."

"Jog on, jog on the footpath way,  
And merrily hent the stile-a.  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad heart tires in a mile-a."

*The Winter's Tale, IV, iii*

---

## *Two and a Half Decades Old:*

"Emmanuel, we hail thee!" This exuberant refrain echoes through the college halls louder and gayer than ever, on this her Silver Jubilee. The College saw the light of day in the post-war period of World War I. She has survived a critical depression and New Deal vagaries. She looked forward and upward even after Pearl Harbor ushered her into World War II. Young in years, our College is rich in experience.

\* \* \*

## *Styles' Slender Thread:*

The continual procession of girls ever entering and leaving our college doors has enlightened our Alma Mater no end. Styles comes; styles go. Ultra-short skirts of the flaming twenties; exaggerated long ones of the staid thirties, skimpy war-skirts of the early forties—Emmanuel has frowned, laughed, smiled at them all. Remember the boyish bobs, fish-hook curls, finger marcel waves of yester year? Quite a contrast to the feather cuts page boy and Veronica Lake hairdo of today! Styles may change; but there are still the same old-fashioned clips on overshoes; there are still out-of-date galoshes. But be the style new or old all have had their day at Emmanuel!

### *Then and Now:*

Look on *this* image, then on *that*. Confront the days of Nineteen Twenty-three with the days of Nineteen Forty-four. What do we see?

The *Pioneer* Class was fewer in number. We have quintupled it. But "her strength, loyalty, spirit, and love for the new college more than made up for any deficiency in numbers," so our own Miss Logan ('23) assures us.

Courses were not so multiple as they are today. So, too, the extra-curricula activities; clubs, societies, THE ETHOS had not as yet come into existence. Socially, it would seem that the Class of Nineteen Twenty-three had much more than the present war-frustrated graduating class. One pines with envy to hear of the "frequent sleigh rides, picnics, theatre parties", so temptingly described by Miss Logan. Larger, by contrast, loom the promless Fridays, manless Saturdays, gasless Sundays, meatless Tuesdays of our day.

\* \* \*

### *A Gala Year:*

This is a gala year for graduates. The god of employment smiles benevolently upon those about to join the line of breadwinners. A job-hunter no longer approaches a stern would-be employer, knees trembling, voice tremulous, hysteria marking her for its own. Today's aspirant for work condescendingly "considers" a position if the humble employer makes it tempting enough. This about-face attitude between capital and labor may be laid at the feet of the War. The lamentable lack of manpower has cleared the working field for women. What were opportunities in Nineteen Forty are actualities in Nineteen Forty-four. Yes, today's graduate may write her own employment ticket—income tax included.



### *How Do You Say It?*

The "Draft" has been an open sesame for exchange of knowledge. In the various camps throughout the country, Southerners, Northerners, Easterners, Westerners, are rapidly learning how the other half speaks. Have you noticed: Californians say "Barston"; New Yorkers say "Borston." We, in turn, commit lingual sacrilege with "Califonia", and "Noo Yawk." Dialectically speaking, a Colorado "murderr" has the same significance as a New England "murda."

We, in New England, are supposed to form our own little exclusive (shades of Brahmin) group. The Boston broad A has about ostracized us from the other states of the Union. Tsk! Tsk! How silly! What difference does it make whether one walks down a rugged western "pa-ath", or strolls on an old-fashioned Beacon Hill "pawth"? A *parth's* a *path*, no matter how you walk down it.

\* \* \*

### *Vale:*

Parting is such sweet sorrow. Farewell, a long farewell to all our greatness. Goodby, sweet day, we have so loved thee. Ring down the curtain. We have lived our lives and that which we have done may He make pure. (As a very helpful exercise in R-E-S-E-A-R-C-H, look up the authors, and when you have found them, make a note of them. Goodby!)

## CURRENT BOOKS

*Gilbert Keith Chesterton.* By Maisie Ward. New York: Sheed & Ward, 1943. 685 pages.

Gilbert Keith Chesterton, mental leviathan of the twentieth century, looms up in all the fullness of his exultant manhood in the pages of Maisie Ward's exhaustive study of his life. An intimate friend of the Chestertons, she eagerly accepted with the family documents, Frances Chesterton's injunction to write a definitive biography. She has presented no mere portrait, nor mere impression of Chesterton, but the man, himself. She has done this mainly in the charm and vigor of his own words, and in the affectionate appreciations of his friends. This ever-widening circle included some of the most piercing minds of the age. Its even wider diversity was a tribute to one who had discovered very early that men "were all made for each other."

The painstaking accuracy of this book, the careful substantiation and justification, by reference or quotation, are the fruit of six years' labor. Its interpretive understanding is the result of a long, personal acquaintance with Chesterton, an appreciation of the subtleties of his work, and a clear perception of the problems of contemporary England.

Chesterton's essentially philosophic nature led him unscathed through the negative hell of skepticism to God, to Christianity, to the Catholic Church. His patriotism made demands upon his genius in the journalistic wars between Capitalism and his own new Distributism. His intense humanity and social urge flowered in the early friendships of the Junior Debating Society period; in the exuberant outpouring of his love for Frances; in the later intimacies with men who were so often his philosophical and political opponents. Literary criticism, philosophy, sociology, politics claimed his attention and his talents. It is not surprising that, expending his prodigious energy on his books, his articles, his lectures, his platform debates, his radio addresses, he was childishly helpless in financial and domestic practicalities. While he wrestled with the Cosmos, his boot-laces trailed him down Fleet Street.

Maisie Ward's style is unobtrusive, perhaps necessarily so, by reason of the content of the book. It is made up largely of copious quotations from Chesterton and his peers, Belloc, Shaw, and Wells. The in-

evitable contrast between her style and theirs is exemplified in the manuscript page from the chapter on Shaw done in the best Shavian manner sprinkled with his own corrections. Not a thought here is altered; the changes made add polish to the first draft.

The analyses of the social and political trends and events which impelled Chesterton to action, seem almost too minute. In the discussion of the Marconi scandal, for instance, the reader gets a vague feeling of having lost Chesterton in the maze of political and legal technicalities. Maisie Ward has explained that an impartial account of such matters was necessary for a full presentation of Chesterton's reaction to them. A more simple summarizing of their conclusions might have prevented the somewhat bewildering effect of the tracing of their progressive intricacies.

The chief merit of the book, I think, lies in its power of selection from a plethora of material. Everything about Chesterton was large; largest of all was his vision. For this reason, any true study of the growth of that vision must share the essential quality of his works; it must be slightly dazzling. It is a tribute to the sincerity of Maisie Ward that the book is resplendent not with the biographer, but with Chesterton.

Mary H. Ziegler, '45

*Philosophies at War.* By Fulton J. Sheen. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1943. 200 pages.

This small but powerful book proves clearly and analytically the necessity of the world's recognition of a moral authority founded in a Christian philosophy if order is to evolve from an anti-Christian philosophied world. The nature of these philosophies is first developed. The Totalitarian, held by Germany, Russia, and Japan; the Secularist, adhered to by England and America; the Christian, subscribed to by Christians and by Jews. It is by means of this last philosophy that Monsignor Sheen sees hope for world peace. He not only offers us Christian philosophy based on the acceptance of a moral law, he also sternly warns us that if we do not accept this rule of God, we must take the only other choice, acceptance of rule by State. Our secular civilization which glorifies "self-expression", following swiftly in the steps of Russia and



Germany, rushes towards annihilation. In its place will arise a calamitous substitute, the complete suppression of man's liberty.

This only acceptable philosophy, the Christian must be brought into the negotiations of the peace, into the school, into the home. It is to America that Monsignor Sheen speaks. It is through its practice of Christian ethics that the world will be restored to normal. Fallen America, among all the fallen nations, alone has refused to raise false authority in place of the true authority, even though it be slightly recognized at the present.

Monsignor Sheen presents his matter clearly and simply. There are no highly technical nor abstruse phrases to discourage the average reader whom he obviously addresses. The thesis is couched in phrasing so unequivocal, so logical that the reader could not misinterpret it nor fail to grasp it. I think the book shows two faults in style, owing probably to its desire for clear presentation for the "man in the street". They are over-balance and repetitiousness. Triple parallels are used. These when met in quick succession tend to emphasize form at the expense of thought. The quadruple parallels give a see-saw effect. The rhetorical device of frequently reminding the audience of what has been said tends to tediousness in the written work. These faults pale into insignificance in the clear light of the virtues of the style. It is exciting, active, imaginistic, humorous, keen-edged, pithy.

This bold, timely book brings into full focus the problem facing the world today. It reveals what we are really fighting for, and how we may win. Every American, fighting at home or abroad, should read and cherish this book.

Marie Myott, '45

*Once in Cornwall.* By S. M. C. New York: Longmans, Green & Co., Inc., 1944. 175 pages.

What the Dominican Priory needed, the Flemish Prior told the Cornish Prior, was a spice in the salad-like perfection of the whole community. He was generous about supplying the necessary ingredient. "I have the very man you need," he said, ". . . a scourge." The mixed metaphor disturbed the Dominican Prior's sensibilities—a scourge in the salad!

When Peter, the scourge, arrived in the ordered community his disturbance grew to irritating proportions. For Peter, with his tight knowledge of crystal clear, unwavering logic saw in one straight line only. It did not take him long, therefore, to put the priory in a state of upheaval. That which annoyed Peter most was the friars' easy acceptance of what he deemed impossible legends and tales of ancient Cornish saints. When he heard of dragons and pixies romping gayly through these saints' lives, he struck in rebellion. He is sentenced to collect all the legends of saints and dragons which he can find in a year's pilgrimage. He sets forth in deep sorrow and hurt pride to do so.

S. M. C. has gathered by means of this unique penance a marvellously forthright series of stories. Told through a number of media: children, abbots, simple peasants, workmen, these tales, as a result, have a sparkling flavor and a deft variety of presentation. Poor Peter soon learns that there is more in heaven and earth than is shown in his philosophy. There is a subtle moral in the lesson which Peter learns—that pictures and parables can teach the truth as well as Thomistic syllogisms.

*Once in Cornwall* is skilfully written. S. M. C. feels a genuine affection for Cornwall and its people. This can be sensed in the fidelity with which she pictures medieval customs, and in the tenderness with which she treats the beloved legends of the Cornish land. Playful, delightful wit peppers the ingredients of her own salad and makes the final effect most palatable. Its old-time background and timeless content make this book informative and enjoyable.

*Marie Thomas, '45*

*Eric Gill: Autobiography.* New York: The Devin-Adair Company, 1941.  
300 pages.

This self-portrait by an Englishman distinguished among modern artists, is not in the accepted sense an autobiography. Nor does it pretend to be. The author, in the preface, terms it "an autopsychography." As such, it is splendid.

The life of Eric Gill was one of applied philosophy. It united in him the spiritual and the material; the aesthetic and the practical; the desirous and the expedient. It fostered in him an inherent distrust of capitalism,

and a vehement hatred of industrialism. It made him an artist of distinction, principally because he considered "the significance of things rather than their charm." And, paramount, it unveiled for him the magnificence of religious Truth.

Acting upon the premise that the way of the Cross is not only ethical, but also intelligent behavior, Gill determined to find the truth of religion. He "invented" his creed, and discovered it to be the Catholic faith. He discovered that "The Cross is the meaning of the universe."

Mr. Gill's style is precise, yet fluent. Although this book is intellectual and philosophical in viewpoint, it is written in the language of the layman. Lacking in humor, it is nevertheless unfailing in interest because of its directness and the compelling power of its message. The necessity for the painfully analytic explanations of terms is ably defended in an Introduction by Beatrice Warde. Gill's integrity is attested by his relentless search for truth, and the almost offensively frank admission of his shortcomings.

In his zeal for social reform, Gill often deviates from the strictly personal note of an autobiography. However, the expressed views if not wholly practicable are interesting, and worthy of consideration. How far his criticism of the clergy for indifference to the evils of the existing order is justified is a matter for the experts to decide. The passages concerning art and religion are more pertinent to the artist's story because of their intimacy with his life. They are also the most valuable and impressive.

Beatrice Warde's excellent introduction is written brilliantly and understandingly, and merits special mention. A set of illustrations of Eric Gill's artistry are faithfully and beautifully reproduced in this volume.

This honest, intelligent work should have widespread appeal, not as the soul study of an individual, but as a worthy contribution to intelligent thought. It deserves the attention of all fair minded thinkers of the present day.

*Mary J. O'Keefe, '45*



*So Little Time.* By John P. Marquand. Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1943. 595 pages.

"All that a writer of fiction really requires is a dramatic sense and a peculiar eye for detail that he can distort convincingly. He must take in more than he gives out. He must never be complacent. He must never be at peace." These literary canons of John P. Marquand are fulfilled in his novel, *So Little Time*.

This story of Jeffrey Wilson, his struggles with life, with himself, with time is dramatically and minutely told. Built upon those critical days just before America's entrance into the present war, the story, in "flashback" fashion, goes from Jeffrey's boyhood in Bragg, Massachusetts, through his experience as an aviator in World War I to the present day, which finds him a successful doctor of plays. Especially interesting is Jeffrey's relationship to his son John, a Harvard student, whose desire to get married prior to Pearl Harbor is opposed by his socialite Mother, Madge.

*So Little Time*, natural in its tone, well-timed in its dialog, is drenched with irony and satirical humor. The book is much looser in construction than *The Late George Apley* or *H. M. Pelham, Esquire*. Here again the characterizations are fine. The portrait of Walter Newcomne, World Correspondent, is unique.

*So Little Time* gives a realistic picture of one phase of contemporary life. That was all that was intended. Marquand's cynicism, pessimism, and utter lack of faith in Divine Providence as found in the acts and words of Jeffrey Wilson, we, as Catholics, wholly condemn. One gets no surge of enthusiasm or wave of sincere uplift by the reading of this book.

Marion Drew, '44

*Men of Maryknoll.* By James Keller and Meyer Berger. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1943. 191 pages.

By means of the war many Americans are hearing for the first time of the Maryknoll missionaries who leave friends and country to bring spiritual and bodily comfort to millions in the Orient and South America.

Even Catholics who knew of them in a disinterested way have been impressed by letters from soldiers which speak enthusiastically of the accomplishments of these priests they have observed in foreign lands. In the minds of many arose the question, what unusual kind of men are these who can lead such completely unselfish lives?

Father Meyer, who has been a Maryknoller for eighteen years and Meyer Berger, feature writer of the *New York Times*, have written a timely book on the men of Maryknoll showing that they are ordinary American youths from all walks of life. They include football stars, scholars, farmers, and men from factories and mills. The authors drew for their material on reports, letters, and diaries from Maryknollers in "the field". The result is a fascinating and inspiring story told with understanding and simplicity by a man who knew them all, from Joe Sweeney, the red headed Irishman from Connecticut, to John Romaniello, a mischievous school boy from New York, who became "Monsignor Moonface".

The life of a Maryknoller is at best a strenuous self-sacrificing one in the jungles of Bolivia, the bandit infested mountains of Manchuria or the freezing, snow-bound lands of Attu. Add the havoc and horror of total war with its bombings, sieges, and prison camps and you have a picture of the conditions under which these priests work for the salvation of souls and bodies with unfailing courage and typical American humor. Father Sweeney was laboring among the "ma fung lo" or numb ones as the lepers are called, when war struck. Father Bernard Meyer, an Iowa plowman, was in Hong Kong teaching Chinese to a group of newly ordained young missionaries when he learned of Pearl Harbor. In spite of "bombs and bayonets" they continued their work.

The book is not a melodramatic or sentimental one. It is dramatic and deeply moving. Fr. Keller has caught the true spirit of these men who never forget how to laugh. "Big Joe" Sweeney (he is over six feet) is compared to Gulliver among the Lilliputians. The way people stared at him and frankly discussed his large nose in his presence is amusingly related.

Besides Maryknollers, there are glimpses of Orson Welles, Vice-President Wallace, British and American soldiers, Chinese, and South American Indians. The book is historically important for authentic descriptions of the siege and fall of Hong Kong, the story of Bataan, the Flying Tigers, and life in the Japanese Stanley Prison Camp.

It is heartening to read a book like *Men of Maryknoll* today because it shows that all men have not forgotten how to "love with exceeding great love" in these dark days of bitter hatred. Here is a book which every American can read with pride.

Mary Carroll, '45

*In the Name of the Bee.* By Sister Mary James Power, S.S.N.D. New York: Sheed & Ward, 1943. 138 pages.

The ever-present question, "What constitutes Catholic poetry?" has been discussed interminably by critics. One of the latest answers to this question comes from the pen of Sister Mary James Power, S.S.N.D., in her interesting study of the essentially Catholic spirit pervading the poetry of Emily Dickinson.

Emily divorced herself from the church of her forbears. She brought her church into the garden where she worshipped the Divinity through Nature. It is this power to worship and adore God, not in Nature, but through Nature, that Emily has so excellently portrayed in her poetry on immortality, eternity, God—especially her Nature substitution of the Catholic Sacramental, the Sign of the Cross. It is this fact which has led Sister Mary James Power to discuss the Catholic spirit of the Dickinson poetry.

The book is written in an easy, informal style. This smoothness is not lost by the necessity of using frequent quotations to illustrate and support the argument. Essentially, an appreciation of "A New England Nun" by a New England Nun, the work avoids all attempts at a critical study of the poetry. The poems are evaluated on their Catholic spirit alone. *In the Name of the Bee* presents an original interpretation of Emily Dickinson's poetry to prove that to be a writer of Catholic poetry it is not necessary for one to be an orthodox Catholic, but a poetic lover of the Creator, Redeemer, and Protector of the world.

Mary C. Kelleher, '45



# Visit Your Friends across the River . . .

*—For the Furniture You Need*

*—For the Wearables You Want*

Makes no difference whether you want a small size rocker or a comfortable upholstered chair—a colorful rug or curtains—a suite of furniture or a studio couch—a package of pencils or a quire of paper—a few pairs of stockings—a pair of shoes—a smart coat or a hat, you can depend upon Sears to give you the best at a price that fits your budget.



**SEARS, ROEBUCK AND CO.**

**BOSTON**

**Brookline Avenue and Park Drive**



*Open Thursday and Saturday Evenings Until 9:30*

Emmanuel's Friends: Please patronize

*One Year Secretarial,  
Individual Advance-  
ment.*

**HICKOX  
SECRETARIAL  
SCHOOL**

Special Short Courses  
for college graduates

**12 Huntington Ave.  
BOSTON**

*Corcoran's*

**Incorporated**

**615 Mass. Avenue  
Cambridge, Mass.**

**Central Square  
CAMBRIDGE**

*A Department Store  
Established in 1881*

**Telephone  
TRObridge 4300**

**C. EUGENE HAMES, *Managing Director***

*p r e s e n t s*

*A Distinctive Hotel for the Discriminating*

**THE CONTINENTAL**

**CAMBRIDGE, MASS.**

Where every facility for Luncheons,  
Dinners, Banquets, Meetings, Bridge  
Parties, Etc., is conveniently available.

**GARDEN STREET AT CHAUNCY - KIRKLAND 6100**

Emmanuel's Friends: Please patronize



*Visit the*  
**Perfumery Department**  
*at our*  
**133 BROOKLINE  
AVENUE STORE**

A Few Minutes' Walk from Emmanuel

**General  
Ice Cream  
Corporation**

*Mansion House  
Division*

**183 Cambridge Street  
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.**

COMPLIMENTS OF  
**THE HERLIHY BROS.**  
Incorporated  
**MILK – CREAM**

**Thomas P. Mee Co.**

WHOLESALE and RETAIL

***Fruit and Produce***

Stalls 47-49 Faneuil Hall Market  
and Cellar No. 9

**BOSTON, MASS.**

Tel. CAPitol 0284-0285

***FASHIONS FOR DISTINCTION***

**WEEKS**

**DRESS SHOP**

Dresses - Suits - Skirts  
Sweaters - Blouses - Hosiery

269 Brookline Avenue, Boston, Mass.  
Aspinwall 6319

**Emile**

***Hairdressers***

26 West Street — Room 203-4

**Devonshire 8068**

**Boston**

Henry Anzalone

Louis Ruocco

Emmanuel's Friends: Please patronize



*Compliments*  
*of the*  
**Alumnae Association**  
*of*  
**Emmanuel College**

*Compliments of*  
**Emmanuel League**

**The**  
**Angel Guardian Press**  
*Printers*  
*Publishers Bookbinders*  
**JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.**

**ACADEMY OF  
NOTRE DAME**  
**ROXBURY, MASSACHUSETTS**  
*Boarding and Day School*  
High School and Elementary Depart-  
ments Affiliated With Catholic  
University, Washington, D. C.

**ACADEMY OF  
NOTRE DAME**

\*\*\*\*\*

Corner of Granby Street and  
Bay State Road  
**BOSTON**  
**MASSACHUSETTS**

\*\*\*\*\*

*Primary, Intermediate and*  
*High School Classes*

**ACADEMY OF  
NOTRE DAME**  
**TYNGSBORO, MASSACHUSETTS**  
*Boarding and Day School*  
High School and Elementary Depart-  
ments Affiliated With Catholic  
University, Washington, D. C.

**Emmanuel's Friends: Please patronize**

# Camp Wannalancet for Girls

**Tyngsboro-on-the-Merrimac, Massachusetts**

Ideally situated at the bend of the Merrimac River, Tyngsboro, and comprising over two hundred acres of pine groves, hills, meadows, and lakes, Camp Wannalancet offers every opportunity for healthful recreation in the form of basketball, hockey, tennis, golf, hiking, swimming, rowing, horseback-riding, etc.

*Directed by*

*Address:* SISTER SUPERIOR

THE SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME OF NAMUR CAMP WANNALANCET

*Assisted by*

TYNGSBORO, MASSACHUSETTS

FULL STAFF OF SELECTED COUNSELORS

*Telephone:* TYNGSBORO 33

# JULIE COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

**LEOMINSTER, MASSACHUSETTS**

*Conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur*



Opportunities for Pre-Primary,  
First, Second and Third Grades.

Courses in Music and Art



*For information call Leominster 1080*

Emmanuel's Friends: Please patronize

## CONTENTS

DEDICATED TO SERVICE, <i>Verse</i> —Mary H. Ziegler, '45	193
MAKES THE WHOLE WORLD KIN—Mary H. Ziegler, '45	194
BALLET SCHOOL, <i>Verse</i> —Corinne V. Comerford, '45	200
BOOMERANG—Mary J. O'Keefe, '45	201
UNTO HIS OWN, <i>Verse</i> —Marie F. Myott, '45	209
NOBLESSE OBLIGE—Mary H. Ziegler, '45	210
SIC TRANSIT, <i>Verse</i> —Marie F. Myott, '45	214
PLAYBOY—Corinne V. Comerford, '45	215
MARIGOLDS, <i>Verse</i> —Marie H. Ziegler, '45	218
PERFORMANCE—Mary J. O'Keefe, '45	219
INDIFFERENCE, <i>Verse</i> —Corinne V. Comerford, '45	227
THY NEIGHBORS' GOODS—Jeanne K. Harney, '45	228
SKY LORE, <i>Verse</i> —Rita M. Kremp, '45	236
PRETENDER, <i>Verse</i> —Nona M. Rohan, '45	236
EDITORIALS	237
THE PACK OF AUTOLYCUS—Jeanne K. Harney, '45	241

### CURRENT BOOKS:

<i>The Captain Wears a Cross</i> —Jeanne K. Harney	244
<i>Growing Up</i> —Mary J. Reardon	245
<i>Tschaikovsky</i> —Rita M. Kremp	246
<i>But Gently Day</i> —Corinne V. Comerford	247
<i>Goodnight, Sweet Prince</i> —Margaret M. Lynch	248
<i>Scholasticism and Politics</i> —Betty A. Maheu	249

---



# THE ETHOS STAFF

## EDITORIAL

### *Editor-in-Chief*

Mary H. Ziegler, '45

### *Managing Editor*

Mary J. O'Keefe, '45

### *Associate Editor*

Mary J. Reardon, '45

### *Assistants*

Joan D. Clarke, '45

Corinne V. Comerford, '45

Barbara M. Fahey, '45

Jeanne K. Harney, '45

Betty A. Maheu, '45

Kathleen M. Murphy, '45

Barbara E. Xarhos, '45

## BUSINESS

### *Business Manager*

Sheila T. Daley, '45

### *Circulation Manager*

Margaret M. Lynch, '45

---

---

VOLUME XVII

NOVEMBER, 1944

NUMBER 4

---

---

# DEDICATED TO SERVICE

Mary H. Ziegler, '45

*("Whenever you want me, I shall come to you."—Words spoken by His Excellency, the Most Reverend Richard J. Cushing, Archbishop of Boston, to the Seniors of Emmanuel College on the occasion of the Cap and Gown ceremony.)*

Behold My servant, My elected one!  
Him shall My Hand uphold, My power-blest;  
In him My Heart's delight, his work begun.  
Yet shall he stoop at mercy's strong behest  
His lambs, My lambs, to gather to his breast,  
And seeking Shepherd-like the hidden need,  
Shall list, the yet half-uttered plea to heed.

His trusting flock shall hunger not nor thirst,  
Nor fear the deadening stroke of summer heat;  
My Spirit sent upon him, mindful first  
Of trust, shall he, ere faint distressèd bleat,  
His charges feed, love-gathered at his feet.  
Himself shall lead them to the fountain brink,  
And of My living waters bid them drink.

Lo, he shall come in strength and he shall rule;  
With him is his reward; his work, before.  
Yet shall he guide his sheep to pastures cool,  
Yet shall he find the joy of his heart's core  
In giving, yearning ever to give more.  
With hand in gentle might outstretched to all,  
And ear, heart-tunèd to the feeblest call.

# MAKES THE WHOLE WORLD KIN

Mary H. Ziegler, '45

AMONG the varied adornments of Leigh Hunt's study, the half-dreaming Keats found the inspiration for his *Sleep and Poetry*. Musing in my own room, I cannot but feel with him—although for different reasons—that the very sense of where I am “might well keep Sleep aloof.” No fauns or nymphs, Alfreds or Koskiuskos arouse my artistic soul. Here Hawaiian leis, soda holders, painted canes, and plaster cowboys “nourish in my breast” fires other than poetic, and inspire me with wonder at the foibles of younger sisters.

I share my room with a souvenir hunter. I protest, but in the midst of my expostulations against her innocent excesses, I catch sight of several of my own “pets” tucked insignificantly among hers. Remembering other rooms which I have seen, I realize that she is suffering only from a violent phase of an almost universal human tendency.

We all share to some extent that fundamental urge which finds expression in the treasuring of mementos. Specific motives may vary with the individual, but the urge is there. Manufacturers see and cater to it; county fairs thrive upon it; state authorities fear it, and barricade such public relics as Plymouth Rock against the encroachments of its devotees.

The rush for goal posts after a football game is its most American manifestation, one which we are inclined to ridicule, or to ascribe to the folly of the times. It is a typically modern expression of a desire that has always been part of



man. Goal post enthusiasts are the intrepid ones among souvenir seekers. It is amusing to note that they, as well as the less hardy varieties, have their prototypes in literature.

Appropriately enough, the old epic form provides us with the patron of the intrepid. It required no mean hardihood in Ulysses to wrest from the citadel of Troy that souvenir of souvenirs, the Palladium. True, his chief aim was to render the city vulnerable to Greek attack, but Troy lay well in ashes before he and Diomedes had agreed as to who should have the pleasure of carrying the trophy home.

Fighting men who are showering their friends at home with captured enemy flags and weapons may look for precedent to the Scylding warrior Beowulf, and to

“That hilt, the golden, the giants’ work of yore  
Giv’n to hand of the old king, the Battle Leader hoar,”

the “work of wonder smithmen,” the proof of Beowulf’s victory in Grendel’s Mere.

Modern hotel proprietors may chide napkin-snatching guests in the words of the old Roman Catullus to the light-fingered Asinius:

“You make fine use of your thieving hand, when we are busy with sporting and wine: You snatch the napkins of the unaware. Do you think that is brilliant?”

In his avarice, somewhat akin to Asinius, though a hoarder rather than a kleptomaniac, Nicostratus, of the early Christian era, trifled with Sebastian, and nearly forfeited the cure of his afflicted wife, by preserving just one of the idols he was ordered to destroy.

Firms which further their advertising programs by the distribution of jack knives to customers deserve no credit

for modern psychological insight. Did not Chaucer's Friar go about his territory with his

"typet ay farsed ful of knyves  
And pinnes for to yeven faire wyves"?

To the adventures of imaginary literature, I should refer tourists who return home laden with concrete proof of their travellers' tales. It is not surprising that the predecessors of the "prove it" school should be found in a literature delightful especially to children, for children are the most ardent patrons of factual substantiation. Nothing seems more satisfying to the child than the idea of a souvenir, brought back from the land of adventure by the hero or heroine of a fantastic tale, for it establishes a link between the world of the real and the world of the imagination, and dispels the danger of the disappointing conclusion that "it was a dream after all."

The heroine of *The Dancing Shoes* acted naturally and properly when she reached for a jeweled branch to take up from the subterranean garden. It was the inexorableness of the fates which always pursue such unfortunate princesses, which caused the whole kingdom to quake at the theft.

Cinderella, too, was a wise child to guard so carefully the second glass slipper. She may have saved it chiefly as a memento of the ball, but I dare say she had a suspicion that her prince would come one day to look for her, and that she would be glad to produce it.

Most convincing proofs of incredible adventure were Gulliver's Liliputian sheep. He scored a real triumph when he surprised the incredulity of his rescuer by marching them across the table.

My favorite live souvenir in literature has always been the gift which Hugh Lofting's Doctor Dolittle brought.

home to Puddleby-on-the-Marsh, the long-suffering two-headed pushmi-pullyu.

We turn now to the souvenir hunters whose motives are most interesting to trace, those who are actuated not by ambition or greed, but by what the lost-and-found columns label "sentimental attachment."

The French school provides us with two extremists: Madame Bovary and the Princesse de Clèves. Certainly the two are not to be paired, as one represents vice and folly and the other virtue and perseverance. Nevertheless, to Madame de Clèves her "canne des Indes" and yellow ribbons meant the love which her conscience would not allow her to encourage, just as to Emma Bovary her "green silk cigar case" meant the vibrant Parisian life, her desire for which made her own situation intolerable.

In Shakespeare's tragedy, *Othello*, Desdemona's attachment to her fateful handkerchief is more to be condoned than blamed, since her wont to "kiss and talk" to it sprang from a natural and virtuous love. Othello himself was more guilty of the overemphasis of its importance than his wife, who allowed it so easily to be mislaid.

A refreshing sentimentalist was the villain of Pope's *The Rape of the Lock*, the "well bred lord" who with his "fatal engine" cut from the head of the Lady Belinda "his glorious prize." It seems unfair that after his efforts the heavens should have tricked him.

For charming literary predecessors of our adolescent token exchangers, I should choose Barrie's Peter and Wendy, and the children's timeless bargain: a kiss for a thimble.

Rare among souvenir keepers, but worthy of mention are the penitential souls who preserve reminders of their mistakes, "just to teach themselves a lesson." Perhaps they may



find edification in the words of the young Gawain, as he displayed to Arthur's court his green silken cord: "This is the bond of blame that I wear on my neck. . . . This is the token of my disloyalty in which I was taken. And I must needs wear this as long as I live. For man cannot hide his fault."

What is it in man that makes him a souvenir seeker? Life and literature prove that motives differ. Behind the silliness, the avarice, the sentimentality which lead us to save mementos, are two fundamental truths, truths from which spring other more elevated, farther reaching consequences. The first has formed a theme for literature and art throughout the ages. It is the fact that man is fighting against time. Souvenir seeking is, in one aspect, an expression of the old "Carpe diem".

This moment will pass, we muse, when joy is at its height. We must hold what we can of it, enough to make it live for us again, if only in imagination. There is so much in life, so much passing so quickly, that to hold it we need not only our memories, our imaginations, and our hearts, but even our hands and eyes.

This brings us to the second truth. In us spirit and sense are united. While we live neither part of us is complete without the other. Our intellectual concepts, our imaginative vision, our reminiscent powers gain intensification from the concrete. Thus arises not only the trifling personal fondness for "letters tied in blue," to which song writers give uninspired expression; but the appreciation of the sensible remainders, the art, the historical monuments of old civilizations and cultures, which has built and maintained the museums of the world. Scholars excavating among the ruins

of Egypt and Crete seek treasures, not for their intrinsic value, but for their power of period reconstruction.

The veneration of relics, and even the tremendous and world-wide devotion to the Holy Land which sent Christian Europe on the Crusades, employ the senses to lift man to spiritual heights. For years Gilbert K. Chesterton contemplated entrance into the Catholic Church, focusing all the powers of his brilliant intellect upon its soul-lifting dogmas and doctrines. It could not have been entirely coincidental that his conversion was immediate, after his visit to Palestine.

I wish to draw no flippant parallelism between mundane souvenir collecting and outstanding literary, artistic, or religious movements. I would merely point out, "if it is permissible," as the mock heroic poets say, "to compare small things with great," that one capacity in man's soul may find many and divers expressions. Souvenir seeking is the least of a noble family.

## BALLET SCHOOL

*Corinne V. Comerford, '45*

Oh, you who yearn to spin, and spring, and fly,  
To leap to *Spectre de la Rose*, *Giselle*;  
Your aspirations soar to reach the high  
And mighty heights, who knows, perhaps excel  
Your star, Nijinsky, in his art supreme.  
Mayhap your *Fawn* will rise to lofty peak  
And colorless and dead make others seem;  
Your golden crown may be what men will seek.  
But if immortal fame be not your fate,  
If you must dance on ground instead of wind,  
Or follow others' steps and not create,  
Grieve not; in strife you will fulfilment find.  
Reach not for stars when moon sheds brilliant light,  
Did moon not shine, more black would be the night.



# BOOMERANG

## ONE-ACT PLAY

Mary J. O'Keefe, '45

### CHARACTERS:

Rooney, aged 60

Molly, his wife

Kathleen, their daughter

Bill Fitzgerald, her husband

SCENE: *The Rooney livingroom, comfortable but old fashioned. It is conventionally furnished, and has three exits, R, L, and LC.*

*The time is early evening. As the scene opens, MOLLY is sitting in an armchair R. KATHLEEN and BILL sit across the room on a couch. When the curtain rises, all three are visibly under constraint. They exchange significant glances as a door opens outside. The door closes.*

MOLLY: Is that you, Rooney?

ROONEY: (*from outside*) That it is. And who else were you expectin'?

MOLLY: Come into the parlor and see who's here.

(*ROONEY enters R, dressed in overalls and carrying a lunch box. Upon seeing the young couple he flings out his arms, dropping the box. MOLLY picks it up, anxiously opens it and shakes the thermos close to her ear. ROONEY sits down between the pair on the sofa.*)

ROONEY: Be gorry it's a sight for sore eyes the pair of you are.

BILL: It's good to see you again, sir.

KATHLEEN: Dad, how are you?

ROONEY: Ye'll be stayin' for the night, I hope. It's

near two weeks since we laid eyes on you, and you livin' right here in the city.

BILL: (*laughing*) That's something you'll have to take up with the OPA, Pop.

KATHLEEN: We'll be here until morning, Dad.

BILL: You're looking good, sir.

ROONEY: (*laughing loudly*) Ha ha! Y'hear that, Molly? Here's a smart lad, now. *He* knows the picture of health whin he sees it.

MOLLY: (*scowling at Bill*) That isn't what you meant to say, *is it, Bill?*

BILL: (*confused*) Well, no, not exactly, Pop. As a matter of fact, I think you're losing weight.

ROONEY: (*delighted*) To be sure. That I am. And it's you people who've bin tellin' me all along I'm too heavy. 'Tis a new man you're lookin' at, William.

BILL: (*in desperation*) Your face is drawn; you look all worn out.

ROONEY: (*confidentially*) I wasn't goin' to mention it, Fitz, but since it's so noticeable, you might as well know. Molly made me wipe the dishes Sunday.

KATHLEEN: Your hand, Dad, it trembles.

ROONEY: Vibrates, darlin', vibrates. Ye forgit your father's a riviter. (*Suddenly*) Say! Where's me grandchil-drin? What've ye done with thim fine boys?

KATHLEEN: They missed their nap today, so I put them to bed early.

ROONEY: To bed! To bed is it ye've put the poor lads before they've had the joy of seein' their grandfather? You're a hard parent, Kathie.

MOLLY: (*dryly*) They lived through it, Rooney.

ROONEY: Molly, what's become of that handsome gift I got for the twins?

MOLLY: Handsome gift, is it? I'm thinking the dear lads won't call it that. It's in the buffet in the diningroom, Mike. No one but yourself wants to look at it.

(ROONEY *exits LC, and returns a few seconds later with a picture of himself.*)

ROONEY: (*beaming*) There! How do y'like that?

BILL: It's fine, Pop.

KATHLEEN: (*smiling*) Yes, Dad, it's just like you; only why didn't the photographer wait until you were ready?

ROONEY: (*seriously*) I think this is better than the one I gave you for Christmas, Molly; although that's a handsome thing too.

KATHLEEN: Where is that picture, Mother?

MOLLY: Your father hung it in our room, beside St. Patrick.

ROONEY: (*holding the picture before him*) The kids'll be tickled with this!

(KATHLEEN and her mother smile at each other. ROONEY *exits L.*)

MOLLY: (*sighing*) Oh that man! Now he's off to wake the boys on you, Kathleen.

KATHLEEN: It won't do them any harm, Mother and he does love to see them. Besides, we've got to keep him in good humor, if Bill's going to work on him.

MOLLY: I guess you're right, dear. Now Bill, I hope you'll do a little better than you've started out. I'm counting on you to convince Mike that he should resign as an auxiliary fireman.

KATHLEEN: Mother, I can't see that it's doing Dad much harm. He really does look good.



MOLLY: Your father's not a young man any more. He's doing too much for his age, working eight hours at the defense plant, and then spending most of the night down at that station. And not only are the hours he keeps awful, but it's such a dangerous thing. Now wouldn't you worry if Bill were out riding around on fire engines?

KATHLEEN: Oh, of course. But can't Dad see that it worries you?

MOLLY: You ought to know your father. There isn't anything he wouldn't do for me, but he'll pay no attention to my advice. If the boys were home, they might be able to talk sense into him; but they're not likely to get furloughs, so I'm putting it up to Bill. Mike thinks a lot of him, and since he's a lawyer, I think he might listen to him.

KATHLEEN: (*proudly*) Bill can do it, can't you dear?

BILL: (*smiling*) Well, I've had easier assignments, but I guess I'll be able to handle Pop if I get him to myself long enough.

MOLLY: It will be a big load off my mind if I can sleep nights instead of lying there praying the fire alarm won't ring.

BILL: (*confidently*) That's one worry you can put away, Ma. When I get through with Pop he'll forget he ever saw a fire engine.

KATHLEEN: (*admiringly*) You're a clever man, lawyer Fitzgerald.

MOLLY: (*whispering*) I think he's coming. Whatever you do, Bill, don't let on that I put you up to this.

(*Footsteps are heard descending the stairs. ROONEY enters L.*)

MOLLY: I suppose you've disturbed those children so they'll be awake all night.

ROONEY: They're asleep already. And say, they're a fine pair, my grandsons, especially young Mickey. Anybody could tell he's my namesake; same sandy hair, blue eyes, and freckles I had at his age. Yes sir, he's a Rooney all right.

KATHLEEN: (*amused*) Dad! Mickey's hair is black and curly like Bill's. It's Billy that looks like you.

ROONEY: Hmp. It's a fine thing if you two don't know how to name your children. Well, they're both great kids anyway; only Mickey, or Billy, if that's who he is, is goin' to be a better lookin' boy.

MOLLY: (*rising*) Much as I enjoy your modest opinions, Rooney, I'll have to tear myself away. Kathleen and I are going out to the kitchen.

(MOLLY *exits L*, KATHLEEN *following*.)

ROONEY: (*sitting down beside BILL*) How've you bin, Fitz?

BILL: Not so bad, Pop. Things are pretty quiet, though. Law's a peacetime profession.

ROONEY: Quiet, is it? That's not good for you, Fitz. A man gets rusty that way. Me, now, never bin busier.

BILL: Yes, Ma says you're an auxiliary fireman. But isn't that pretty strenuous, especially now that you're working at the plant?

ROONEY: (*sbrugging*) I can sleep as well at the station as at home, can't I?

BILL: Is that all you do there, sleep?

ROONEY: Well I guess not! I play poker with the boys.

BILL: You do? Are you good, Pop?

ROONEY: (*loudly*) Good? I'm yet to see the man that's better, Fitzzy.

BILL: (*admiringly*) You always win?

ROONEY: (*subdued*) Well, it's not exactly that way.



(*Quickly*) How could an honest man win against those rascals of Company 3?

BILL: (*grinning*) But Pop, don't you ever have a fire?

ROONEY: Ha ha! don't we ever have a fire? Last Thursday night we had a three alarm.

BILL: (*interested*) Yeah? Did you go, Pop?

ROONEY: Of course, man. And it was excitin', I can tell you.

BILL: Did you ride on the engine?

ROONEY: Right smack on the ladder truck, Fitzzy.

BILL: (*remembering his commission*) But Pop, that's dangerous!

ROONEY: (*proudly*) We firemen have to be daredevils, William.

BILL: But think how Ma worries.

ROONEY: I've known Molly for thirty-eight years, Fitzzy, and a blessed woman she is. But I can't remember a time whin she wasn't worryin' about something.

BILL: But with Mike, Tom, and Johnny overseas, don't you think that's enough for her to worry about?

ROONEY: (*seriously*) God bless her, it is, Fitz. But (*brightening*) whin I *am* home in bed like she wants me, she's sittin' up worryin' that I'll smother because I like to bury my head in the blankets.

BILL: But what made you decide to get hooked up with the fire department, anyway?

ROONEY: From the time I was a small lad, and used to chase after the fire horses, and help haul buckets of water, I've loved the fire fighters, Fitzzy.

BILL: (*enthusiastically*) Me too, Pop. It sure must be fun.

ROONEY: That it is, boy. Say! Why don't you jine yourself?



BILL: (*wide-eyed*) Do you—do you suppose they'd let me play the hose?

ROONEY: (*putting his hand on BILL's shoulder*) They might even let you drive, and hold the nets, and climb the ladders.

BILL: (*struggling with himself*) No, no, Pop. I'm not going to be carried away like a kid. It's pretty silly, you know. What are you getting out of it? Why don't you quit, Pop?

ROONEY: (*far away*) There's a future in it for a young feller like you, Fitz.

BILL: Nope. It's not up my alley. Uh—did you say I could drive the engine?

ROONEY: (*in low tones*) If we was to drop in at the station now, I could git you signed up.

BILL: (*whispering*) They'd take me?

ROONEY: Nothing to it. I'll recommend you.

BILL: (*glancing towards the kitchen*) Gosh no. Why don't you call up and tell them you're quitting?

ROONEY: Don't be a chump, Fitz. Think of the times we'd have!

BILL: (*rubbing his forehead*) I'm trying not to!

ROONEY: Have you ever seen a five alarm, Fitzy? Why, you could make yourself a hero. Imagine the kick you'd get out of showin' the twins the clippins!

BILL: (*jumping up*) That does it! Let's get going!

ROONEY: (*slapping him on the back*) Ha ha! Wait'll I tell Molly.

BILL: (*alarmed*) Gosh, no, Pop. Gosh no! Let's just call it off.

ROONEY: 'Tis a fine Irishman you are, Fitzgerald, to be backin' out like this.

BILL: Well, OK, I'll go through. But not a word to the women.

ROONEY: As you like. We'll say we're takin' a walk for our appetites. (*Roaring*) Mol-ly!

(MOLLY and KATHLEEN enter L, in great haste.)

MOLLY: Heavens, what's wrong?

ROONEY: Fitzzy and me's goin' out for a walk.

MOLLY: (*frowning at him*) A fine reason to be roaring like a bull! We'd thought you'd had an attack of something.

KATHLEEN: You can't go out now; supper's almost ready. We'll have it on the table as soon as the potatoes are boiled.

BILL: We won't be gone ten minutes, Kathie.

ROONEY: I'll get the coats. (*He exits R.*)

MOLLY: (*quietly*) I hope you've made headway, Bill dear.

BILL: (*stammering*) Leave everything to me, Ma.

KATHLEEN: (*fondly*) I've always known I married the best lawyer there is.

(ROONEY reenters L, carrying his and BILL's coats. He helps BILL into his.)

MOLLY: Well, we'll be getting back to our cooking. Don't be long now. Rooney, wear a hat!

KATHLEEN: That goes for you, too, dear; and put on your muffler. (MOLLY and KATHLEEN exit L.)

BILL: Say, Pop, I hope we shall get back in time. I'm starved, and I'm in no mood for warmed-over grub.

ROONEY: (*chuckling*) Don't worry, boy. Supper won't even be cooked whin we git back.

BILL: No? What makes you so sure?

ROONEY: (*confidentially*) I dumped a try of ice cubes into the potatoes.

*They laugh and wink at each other as*

THE CURTAIN FALLS

## UNTO HIS OWN

*Marie F. Myott, '45*

He came as still as glowing dawn  
Abroad the grey skies breaking.  
Oh glorious light!

In one small frame now hidden burns  
The flame that fires Creation.  
Oh wondrous sight!

The cave vibrates with silence. She  
In rapture contemplates her Son.  
Oh silent night!



# NOBLESSE OBLIGE

*Mary H. Ziegler, '45*

HELEN KENT paused in the shadow of the wings, then swept on to the stage in triumphant answer to a fifth curtain call. She stood in conscious splendor until the curtain closed in front of her. Then she turned, smiling lightly, as her director darted towards her.

"You've clinched it, Helen, you've clinched it! One more performance like that, and we'll be on our way to Hollywood. Those Metro agents are ready to arrange on my terms. I'll give up the stock company here, and go on to help direct the filming. They'll want you for the lead."

"They're going to decide tomorrow night?" Helen queried. "We can do it."

There was nothing in her manner to indicate that this was the culminating point of ten years' striving. She turned towards the wings puzzled by her own lack of enthusiasm. Her understudy was sitting motionless just off stage. How many performances had that girl watched from there! Tomorrow's would be the last. Helen felt a sudden pity for the other's pale hopelessness.

Mr. Stevens followed her glance.

"It will be hard on the rest of the cast. My closing up here will leave them without jobs for the rest of the season. Madeleine there looks as if she needs a chance."

"She's new this season, isn't she?"

"Well, she comes of an old theatre family. She left the stage to marry. She's starting at the bottom again. There's some story about an accident to her husband, and a home

they lost in Concord," he suggested by way of fuller information.

A home in Concord! At these words, half-stifled memories leaped in Helen's mind. Afraid of losing her composure, she nodded shortly at Mr. Stevens, and hurried to her dressing room. She, too, had lost a home in Concord. Lost? She had thrown it away, ten years ago this month. She could not banish the picture of David's face, dazed and unbelieving as it had been the night she had broken their engagement.

"But, Helen," he had gasped, "I've even bought the house; the white one you wanted, on the Concord turnpike, with the garden and the picket fence!"

"Don't be sentimental, David." (Could she have been that hard?) "I don't think that I would have made much of a success of marriage, anyway. This is my opportunity for a stage career. I'm going to take it."

Helen, now, dabbed fiercely at her make-up. She saw only a blur in her vanity mirror. The driving work of the past years had kept her fairly well satisfied. Pangs of doubt had pierced her in idle moments. The all-importance of her goal had overshadowed any regret. Now, within reach of the successful end, she would have given tomorrow's assured triumph for the chance to choose over again. Perhaps she had never loved David. Perhaps she had been standing in her own light.

Helen slipped into a street outfit and made her way through the passage to the stage door.

"I think I'll walk, Henry." She waved away her waiting chauffeur. There was little in the elaborate emptiness of her apartment to make her impatient to reach home. As she began to walk, she caught sight of her understudy a few

yards ahead. Suddenly, she wanted to talk to the girl; not as a successful actress patronizing a now jobless extra, but as a friend who hoped to hear something about Concord.

Darting through and around the noisy Broadway crowds, she began to gain upon the dismal little figure. Helen was within a block of her, when Madeleine wheeled abruptly into a dim alley off a side street. As Helen reached the corner, she saw her disappearing into one of the shabby tenement houses.

Misgivings halted her steps. She was not at all sure of Madeleine's attitude towards her. It would be a very casual thing for her to fall into step with her understudy on the street; it would be quite out of line for her to march into the tenement apartment after her, with no explainable purpose. Helen paced irresolutely up and down the walk, until a light appeared in the third floor front room. Then she went up the steps and swung open the door into the lower entry.

What was the girl's married name? She glanced hopefully about for name plates, but found only vacant slots, and a sign, "Bell out of order."

Helen had reached the second landing, when the sound of Madeleine's voice made her stop suddenly.

"I hate you. I've always hated you!"

Helen's own part! The climax of the play! The door of the flat was ajar. Helen approached it, drawn by the power in the understudy's tone. Madeleine was in the next room. Helen could see her reflection in the living-room glass. She was acting for someone; acting the denunciation scene with a venom of tone that she, the star, had never achieved. Helen stood silent, in an artist's appreciation of a magnificent performance.



Suddenly, the voice broke. Madeleine flung herself onto a chair, weeping uncontrollably.

"I could have done it," she sobbed. "I could have done it. It would have meant so much for you. They're closing up tomorrow. I don't know. . . ."

"For God's sake, Mady, stop!" It was a man's voice. Something familiar in the ring of it made Helen start. To steady herself, she reached for the bannister.

"What do you think it is like for me to be wasting away here day by day, knowing that you're tied down to support us. Ever since I cracked up that fool car, I've been a millstone around your neck. You could have made the top long ago, if you hadn't been hampered by your marriage to me!"

A wheel chair shot into view thus shutting off Madeleine's reflection. Helen sank against the wall, wild-eyed, as she recognized the thin profile that bent so near to Madeleine's. Paul! So thin . . . so desperate . . . so dependent! Madeleine and she had lost the same home in Concord.

A sense of guilty intrusion seized Helen. What right had she to witness that scene? Noiselessly, she crept to the stairs. What could she do? All at once, she knew. Helen stepped into the street wrapped in the calm and joy of a new determination.

\* \* \*

The theatre was alive with the excitement of a great, final performance. The echoes of irrepressible applause sounded as far off as Mr. Stevens's backstage office. A Metro contract lay on his desk, waiting for his signature. With a mildly dazed expression, he shook his head from time to time, and shrugged his shoulders towards his assistant.

"They're taking the whole business, just as they promised; play, director, and lead—tonight's lead. This was the best

performance of the season. I don't understand it. Why did Helen do it? How did she know?"

Mr. Stevens toyed with the telegraph blank before him:

"Walking out on show stop Give lead to Madeleine Keyes stop She can do it stop Helen Kent"

And again, the theatre was vibrant with the shouting of excited voices.

"Star, Star, give us the new Star!"

On the stage, Madeleine stood bowing in graceful acknowledgment to a standing house.

## SIC TRANSIT

*Marie F. Myott, '45*

A million million kings  
All crowned in the night,  
Golden ranks of royalty  
Casting sparkling light.  
The Sun's slow rise  
Reveals the new regime,  
The dew-crowned grass  
Reflects each Sun-sent gleam.  
Ah, fleeting star glory,  
Banished in an hour,  
Exiled by Sun's bold edict,  
Uncrowned of regal dower.

# PLAYBOY

*Corinne v. Comerford, '45*

A GERMAN sniper had shot him. He lay alone, writhing in pain and agony. Machine gun fire had ripped his chest, but his leg wound tortured him most. His muscles were on fire, his nerves split and jagged. Gradually, the agonizing pain abated. His body no longer twitched. He felt as if he were suspended in air.

At first, he had not noticed the young girl looking down upon him. That was queer, he thought. How the fellows would have laughed. He never missed a pretty face. What a reputation he had! Why, he was the chief lady-killer of the regiment. Back in the States, whenever his buddies' girls would visit him, he always attracted them. Huh. Attract was a mild expression. A faint smile crept across his face. The girls simply could not resist his little boy, mischievous grin. They always wanted to mother him. Yes, he certainly knew how to appeal to the feminine heart.

He continued to look at the girl. She was different from the other women he had known. He was not sure that he liked the difference. She certainly did not resemble the French girls. These country *jeunes filles* were pretty, but shy and awkward. He sighed. He much preferred the Parisian women. Before the war! Those were the days! The mid-thirties! Paris smooth and sleek. Pretty faces galore. Nothing to bother him. Life was swell, simply swell. He could stay up all night, and sleep all day. Night life was the only life worth living; particularly, Parisian night life. That type of life got into his blood, stimulated him. Alas, those won-



derful nights seemed far away, almost centuries ago. He had seen the newsreel shots of Paris after nineteen forty-one, and a sword had stabbed his heart. He had hoped when the draft finally got him, that he would be sent across. Well, here he was, he thought grimly.

His heavy-lidded eyes still continued to stare at the girl. He noticed that her face was not painted. She calmly watched him. Hmmm, he thought, she is probably the reticent sort, waiting for him to make the first move. He searched through his mental file of successful types of approach. None seemed to be quite fitting. He pondered the problem. Her appearance was simple, yet she possessed a certain queenly bearing. Well, he thought, seeing he was not able to think of a good opening, he would just let her break the ice. But she remained silent.

How queer her silence and poise were! Other women would fall over him. Perhaps she did not see him. But no, she was right in front of him, looking right at him. She certainly did see him. Now, what could her little game be?

He tried to move closer, but the agonizing pain prevented him. Perhaps, he could sort of push himself along, as a baby does. He crawled a few feet. This did not hurt so much. He felt he must be impressing her now. She seemed to be beckoning him closer, closer. But heck! Why did she not help him along? She must know what a tough job this is, this crawling. Oh well, a few feet more, and he would be there, right in front of her. He hoped she would prove worth the effort, that was all. He couldn't hold out much longer.

The onward crawling process continued to be slow and tortuous. The way was longer than he had guessed. Every time that it seemed he was about to give up, he thought he

saw the girl give an encouraging smile and lift her arms. This gesture was very nice, but he would have preferred physical support. Smiling was all very well; actual assistance would be very much better. She could lend him a helping hand. After all, he could have lain back there and dreamed of all his sweethearts. She had better appreciate what he was doing.

At last, he reached her feet. She seemed to welcome him. He was not sure, for a mist had risen before his eyes. Yet, he thought she seemed pleased. Perhaps he sensed rather than saw it. He lifted his head a little higher. He strained his eyes. Then, a sudden smile parted his lips. Why, she was the loveliest girl he had ever seen. What a wonderful expression of compassion in her eyes! All the others could not hold a candle to her. He wished he had discovered her long ago. . . .

\* \* \*

"But I tell you," the American soldier said to the medical officer, "I left him just a few minutes ago. He was shot in the leg, his chest was almost shot away. Where could he have gone?"

"Say," a second soldier exclaimed, "isn't that him over there?"

"Well, for Pete's sake, how did the poor kid get there?"

The three men crossed the road and put him on the stretcher. The medical officer pronounced him dead.

"Gosh," said the first soldier, "doesn't he look happy!"

"Yeah," said the second soldier, "peaceful, too, just like a little kid."

-----  
And then the men carried him out of the bomb-wrecked church of our Lady of Sorrows!

## MARIGOLDS

*Mary H. Ziegler, '45*

The marigolds no longer toss  
Their yellow heads, no more they sway  
In rhythm of their bright ballet;  
But pale and stiff bewail the loss  
Of tresses fair, of sportive grace,  
Of Indian Summer's genial face.

Court-dancers, blighted now and grey,  
They shudder powerless to cheer  
The spirit of the aging Year.  
And Nature knowing well that they  
Must sleep, from pitying hand lets fall  
To cover them a great white shawl.

But soon the gladsome voice of Spring  
Will break with song their slumbers deep,  
And bid them tryst with Summer keep.  
They will arise, late blossoming,  
To shake upon the Summer air  
In dances wild, new-flaming hair.



## PERFORMANCE

*Mary J. O'Keefe, '45*

**G**UILTY face if I ever saw one," the little man in grey muttered to his companion. "He should get the chair."

"Yeah," his neighbor replied, "I guess the D.A.'ll see that he gets what's coming to him."

The little man snarled. "Aah, he'll get away with manslaughter, or more likely get off scott free. That D.A. has as much spirit as a dead jelly fish. But after the elections things'll be different. Then you'll see a trial with some action."

"Who's gonna make the change?"

"The new D.A., Roger Blunt."

"Since when is a bad temper a qualification for election?"

"Sh! He'll hear ya. He's right up in back of us, sittin' under the clock."

The other man made a half turn and directed his eyes toward the clock at the back of the courtroom. "First time I've seen him," he whispered. "He looks like Andy Gump."

"Whatdaya mean?"

"He ain't got a chin."

"Sure he's got a chin; it's inside his muffler."

"Any bird that wears a muffler in this hothouse is nuts. Anyway, I like things the way they are." He returned his attention to the trial.

The case of the accused murderer of Thomas Crowley, political boss, had come just before elections. But Albert Reynolds, the methodical district attorney, did not let that

interfere with his characteristic passivity. Even the prospect of a dramatic conclusion seemed shattered as he began a routine cross-examination of the defendant.

"Now, Mr. Brown, we shall review briefly your case. Is it true that on the night of the late Mr. Crowley's demise, you visited his home at precisely the hour of the alleged crime?"

Brown folded and unfolded his hands. "I was there, like I said."

"At what time did you arrive?"

"I guess it musta been about eleven."

"Did you enter by the front door?"

Brown looked anxiously from the district attorney to Carter, his lawyer, then fixed his eyes upon the clock.

"Yeah."

"Tell us what happened from the time that you arrived at the front door."

"Do I gotta go through that again?"

"Please, Mr. Brown."

Brown twisted in his chair. His eyes were wide.

"Well, I walks up the steps and rings the doorbell. Pretty soon I hears someone comin', walkin' heavy. Then I sees a light go on in the hall. Mr. Crowley hisself opens the inside door, then he comes to the outside one. It's locked, an' he don't seem to know how to open it, so he fools around some an' finally it opens. He sees me an' says, 'Well, sir! What on earth brings you here at this hour and on a night like this?' "

"What kind of a night was it?"

"It was rainin' cats an' dogs."

"Yes, go on."

"So I tells him I come t'ask a favor."

"Precisely what was this favor?"

"I wanted to get on welfare. He's in charge, ya know."

"Was in charge," corrected the lawyer. "But Mr. Brown, surely you didn't consider that an opportune time to solicit a favor?"

"If ya mean it wasn't a good time ta go, I ain't sayin' it was, but I ain't got no other time fer such stuff."

"Would you mind explaining to the court why eleven o'clock at night is the only time you have to seek welfare relief?"

"Becuz durin' the day I works."

Muffled laughter waved across the courtroom, to be silenced by the gavel.

"You work?"

"A guy's gotta live, don't he?"

"What happened after you had stated your business to Mr. Crowley?"

"He gets burned up. Boy, does he get burned up! Would ya like I should tell ya what he said?"

The attorney coughed. "That will not be necessary. Go on with what happened."

"He tells me he's gonna throw me out, so I gets ready to go."

"Did he ring for a servant?"

"Naw. He musta been alone in the house. Before I gets a chance to scam, he takes a paste at me."

"Did he strike you?"

"Yeah. Kinda easy. But I ain't a guy what stands for bein' shoved around, so I hauls off an' socks him."

"You struck him on the jaw, is that right?"

"Yeah."

"Then what?"



"Then he really gets sore. He's gettin' ready to smash me, so I ducks."

"Yes. What happened next?"

Brown stared blankly at his questioner.

"Go on, Brown," the prosecutor's voice registered annoyance. "He didn't hit you, therefore his blow must have struck something else. Is that right?"

The defense attorney was on his feet. "I object. The district attorney is putting words in the defendant's mouth."

"Objection sustained," ruled the judge. "The prosecuting attorney will limit himself to questioning without further conjectures."

The attorney was complacent. "Very well, your honor. What happened after you 'ducked', Mr. Brown?"

"Crowley smashes his fist against the wall, so hard his knuckles is bleedin'."

"Then, Mr. Brown, what happened?"

"I guess it was too much for him. He kinda staggers and . . ."

"Go on, go on," the state's lawyer urged.

"He falls over backwards. His head hits the silver statue on a table in backa him, an' he falls on it."

"What did you do?"

"I sees him in bad shape, so I takes a powder."

"You left a dying man without trying to help him?"

"I ain't takin' no chance on gettin' blamed, so I don't waste no time clearin' out. Anyways, how'm I to know he's bumped hisself off?"

"How did you leave?"

"I runs into the first room I comes to. It's the library. I opens a winder an' jumps out."

"Why didn't you leave by the front door?"

"Huh? I dunno. I guess I never thought of it."

"I see. Mr. Crowley's secretary has testified that some personal papers were stolen from the desk of the deceased, which is in the library. Have you any knowledge of that?"

Brown grinned. "You know me, D.A.; I got light fingers."

"And after taking the papers, did you leave?"

"You bet."

"Through the library window nearest the desk?"

"You got it."

"Did you close the window after you?"

"Yeah."

"Why?"

"I told ya afore, it was rainin'."

"Where are those papers now?"

"You oughta know. The police took 'em when they picked me up."

"Are these they?" He held up a packet taken from among the exhibits.

"Yeah, them's the ones."

The district attorney paused for a second. "Mr. Brown, I'm afraid I'll have to trouble you to repeat some of your testimony. Suppose we go back to the beginning of your story."

Carter bolted from his chair. "I object, your honor!" he fairly shouted. "The prosecuting attorney has failed to establish the existence of sufficient evidence to obtain a conviction, and any further attempt to prolong this case is an obvious stall."

The judge regarded the opponents. "This, gentlemen, is a court of justice. The man on trial has had and shall have every opportunity to prove his innocence. But at the same

time, we have a binding obligation to the public. Objection overruled."

The prosecutor faced the jurors. "Gentlemen of the jury, Mr. Carter has just admitted that he hopes to gain an acquittal on grounds of insufficient evidence." A smile illuminated his face. "Now, gentlemen, with your indulgence, I shall establish Mr. Carter's argument for him." A murmur rose as he addressed the defendant.

"Mr. Brown, you say you entered the Crowley residence by the front door?"

"Look, D.A., I don't know nothin' else. Why do I gotta start all over?" Brown was shaking and hesitant.

Carter, bewildered, arose. "As your counsel, Mr. Brown, I advise you to answer all the questions put to you."

"Huh?" the witness choked with growing agitation. The prosecutor repeated his question.

"How did you enter the dead man's house?"

Brown was squirming. "Like I said. Like I said. Through the door. How else?"

"Perhaps," the attorney suggested, "you came in the same way you left, through the library window."

Brown started. His face was ashen. The lawyer did not wait for an answer. "Perhaps, Mr. Brown, you should follow your counsel's advice and be frank with me, as you have not been with him. Suppose, now, I should prove that you did enter by that window."

He crossed the room to the table containing the exhibits; the statue, the stolen papers, and photographs of the Crowley hall and library. He selected one of these and faced the defendant.

"This, Mr. Brown, is a picture of the window which your testimony has established as your avenue of escape. You



have admitted that after leaving the residence of the deceased you closed that window, because it was raining. Such consideration is strange in a man who leaves another man dying, and in addition robs him!" The defense attorney leaned forward in rapt attention.

"It is a bit premature to reveal your motive in closing that window; but that carefully planned move was your undoing, Brown. You see," he added triumphantly, "this photograph reveals heavy water marks on the wallpaper just below the window. The servants have testified to the immaculate condition of the house prior to the alleged crime. Therefore, someone must have opened that window and left it open for some minutes. Yet you say, Brown, that you closed the window after your departure. Gentlemen of the jury, there is no alternative solution. Frank Brown entered the house by that window!"

Brown's eyes roamed wildly. His voice shook. "Okay, so I did come in through the window. I came to get those papers, and Crowley got me out in the hall and slugged me. I mean tried to slug me. That's all. I swear I didn't kill him!"

The prosecutor wheeled around and faced his witness squarely. "Mr. Brown, you say that Crowley swung at you, missed, and struck the wall, with such force that his knuckles bled. *But, Mr. Brown, there are no bloodstains on the wallpaper in the Crowley hall!* I propose that you are not guilty of this crime; that you were not even present to witness it. I propose that when you entered the victim's house, several minutes after Mr. Crowley's fatal fall, you were not alone with him. Someone else was there; someone you recognized. Is that not correct?"

Brown's lower lip trembled in an effort to form words,

but he uttered no sound. With manifest fear he gripped the stand until the veins stood out like welts on his hand.

"Answer me, Mr. Brown. Is that not right?" The words were electrified. The courtroom was tense with suspended emotion.

"No! No, it's not right! It's not right a-tall!"

The attorney ignored the denial. "Kindly name Mr. Crowley's murderer."

"No, no," Brown panted, in near frenzy. "He wasn't murdered. I tell ya he fell. There wasn't nobody else there. I *swear* there wasn't nobody else!"

"You're lying, Brown. Crowley was murdered just as surely as if he had been stabbed, but you cannot be guilty. That was a crime of rage, committed by a man of violence, and with provocation. You have neither the temperament nor the motive. Consequently, we must surmise that that murderer is now at large, perhaps in this very courtroom, a mockery to justice! Name him, name him, Brown!"

There was a great commotion at the back of the hall. The jury swayed as if simultaneously set in motion. Roger Blunt, in frenzied rage, stormed down the center aisle. His jaw was heavily bandaged.

The case broke quickly. Brown confessed with undisguised relief, once Blunt had been taken into custody. Having been refused electoral support by Crowley, the candidate had hired Brown to steal from him certain papers of value in the election. Meantime, the politician had gone to Crowley to make a last appeal for favor. Brown broke in in time to find the two men quarrelling violently, and inadvertently made his presence known to Blunt. The latter, with threats and an assurance of acquittal, cajoled him into taking responsibility for the crime. Brown was coached in his alibi,

and then left by the window, closing it after him conspicuously enough to attract attention. Blunt, meanwhile, escaped unnoticed.

The charges against Brown dismissed, the little man in grey arose. "Took the D.A. long enough to figger that out," he remarked. "Guys like that Blunt hadn't oughta be let run for office."

## INDIFFERENCE

*Corinne V. Comerford, '45*

The leaves of Spring are love reborn,  
They flutter with pulsating life;  
They dance with joy, the boughs adorn,  
Not knowing of the world of strife.

The leaves of Autumn are hearts that died,  
They fall to earth with wind's mere breath;  
The rust-red spots are blood that dried,  
The hearts were stabbed, then bled to death.

Tall trees stand stoically by—  
Uncaring if leaves live or die.



# THY NEIGHBOR'S GOODS

*Jeanne K. Harney, '45*

I BEG your pardon."

"Sorry."

"Alice Tamworth, it's been years!"

"Les!"

"Tam! It is you, isn't it?"

"Les, you haven't changed a bit!"

"Tam, I'm going downstairs to the restaurant, have you had lunch yet?"

"No."

"Come with me, it'll be like old times."

The elevator doors swung open and slid silently shut behind the two women.

"This corner booth looks cozy, let's sit here. I hate to find myself at a table in the middle of the floor. Everybody seems to think you're there for the exclusive purpose of being stared at."

Tam mused to herself: she hasn't changed a bit, she still thinks she's the brightest candle on the altar.

"Imagine meeting you like this, Tam. I certainly never thought when I started downtown that I'd run into you. Let me see, it's been six years since you left college. I've often planned to look you up, but no one knew where you were living. You just seemed to fade right out of existence. . . ."

"I moved to New York two months after I married. Cliff was sent to Bellevue to interne, so we decided to set up housekeeping here. Besides, there was no house in Philadelphia which a young doctor could afford."

"That's true. But you left without telling anyone. We thought you'd at least let us . . . ."

"Our decision was rather sudden. I was so busy getting ready to leave that I didn't have time to say goodbye to anyone."

"How is Cliff?"

Tam crushed her cigarette out and seemed to brush away the smoke from her eyes before answering.

"He's just fine, thanks."

"I suppose he's in the army now?"

"Yes, he was commissioned a year before the war started. You remember how badly they needed doctors. He had barely started his practice so it was relatively easy for him to leave."

"Where is he?"

"Overseas."

"Yes, I presumed as much, but where?"

"At last reports it was a place called 'Military Secret'."

"Oh. Do you hear from him regularly?"

"As often as the army permits."

"Umm yes, I suppose he is busy. Sue Phillips' brother is a doctor attached to the Fifth. She was telling us only yesterday how . . ."

The women began to eat. Tam felt herself staring unseeingly at the other diners. She thought she would be so eager to know what all the girls were doing but she couldn't seem to muster any questioning enthusiasm. Les chattered on about "Remember So 'n' So? She married Such 'n' Who, you know, the boy that always stood around at every dance. He seemed like the most unsocial creature!"

Well, six years was a long time to be out of touch with people. She was living a different life now.

"Les, what are you doing?"

"Didn't you know?" (in the tone of: "Everyone else did!") "I married Sturgis Munro."

Sturgis Munro! Tam remembered the imported car he used to drive. Everything he owned seemed to have been imported. He was the richest boy Tam had ever known. He was older than Les, surely he must be about forty now!

"Well, congratulations Les, he certainly had his pick of plenty of women."

Les fairly beamed at this remark.

"Oh, I know that. We were married five years ago. As a matter of fact why I am down here now is that I've been to see Sturgis in his office. We're having a small dinner party tonight and he mentioned having some client come and I wanted to be certain. Can you imagine anything more irritating than upsetting a table arrangement at the last minute?"

"Les, I've got some errands to do. I'm afraid I'll have to leave."

"Tam, that gives me an idea. Why don't you come to dinner with us. I'll pick you up on my way home. Where can I find you?"

"Thank you . . . but I . . . I have the baby, you know."

"Oh, nonsense, can't you find someone to take care of it? Tam, we have so much to talk about. Do come! I'll pick you up at five in the lobby of the Commodore."

"Better make it six."

With this remark, Tam rose and walked out into the Autumn sunlight. The exhilarating air chased the leaves in a mad game of tag up and down the busy street. She found herself thinking how unchanging leaves were. The campus used to be covered with leaves that blew through the air



like withered brown gyroscopes. Nostalgically, she recalled how softly the leaves on the trees outside the apartment they had the first year they were married, brushed against the window and made her think of hands stroking the windows' faces. Ah, the happiness of that year! She had thought of it so much that it was a part of her which never needed conscious prodding. She beat the thought now into subjection and concentrated on having the baby taken care of tonight. She glanced at her watch. She was twenty minutes late returning from lunch, Mr. Mutrie might not like that; in fact, she knew perfectly well he wouldn't. How quickly the time had flown!

\* \* \*

"Be sure to see that he's covered, won't you? Sometimes he wakes and kicks the covers off."

"I'll take good care of him, Mrs. Cabot. He's so much like my Joey was at that age. Everytime I see him I think that baby is the spit'n image of Joey."

"All right, Mrs. Cameron, I'll be home about eleven and lest anything should happen I'll leave the address where I can be reached beside the phone."

Yes, the baby was safe enough. No need for concern there. But Tam wondered why she felt so uneasy. The five mile drive was lovely after her long day in the office. Les had always been a good conversationalist, a bit self-centered, but still rather charming company.

"Les, have you any children?"

Les shifted the gears with a sawing noise and the car leaped ahead as the lights changed. There was a moment of silence while Tam watched her steady the wheel of the long car.

"No, Tam, we . . . well, to be perfectly frank, we never

had time for any. Sturgis is constantly on a trip somewhere or other. Neither of us particularly cares for children. Since the war we decided it would be unwise and unfair to have any."

"Oh, I see."

"By the way, what is your baby, boy or girl?"

"It's a boy. He's quite big now, almost four years old."

"Just one child?"

"Just one."

The conversation ended on that note and the long gravel driveway fell away under the car's wheels. Les agilely jumped out. Tam followed her up the white stone steps.

"You have the room at the end of the hall in which to dress, Tam. Come into my room when you're finished. It's two doors away."

Tam listlessly ran the comb through her hair. She found herself thinking what an ideal room this would be for a nursery. It got all the morning sunlight and overlooked a spacious garden. But then, what room in the place wouldn't be ideal? The sky was grey and night was creeping over everything like a hungry beast stalking its prey. The warm light of lamps downstairs traced a pattern on the grass. The house was silent except for the sound of servants' footsteps. How did Leslie ever stand this aloneness? Tam closed the door behind her and went to Leslie's room.

"Ah, all ready? That's a lovely dress, Tam. The material looks pre-war. I haven't been able to get anything so full as that for ages."

Yes, it was pre-war. She remembered buying it for their anniversary. Cliff had written and told her that they would keep their anniversary, and celebrate it as if they were together. She bought it and went to Christie's, the restaurant

at which they had celebrated those other four anniversaries. She pretended, the way he wanted her to . . . the way he was pretending in the South Pacific.

"We might as well go downstairs. Sturgis said he'd be here at six and I've never known him to be late."

Leslie said it with the air of trying to impress upon Tam that Sturgis was the model husband. Wasn't he always punctual?

The living room was warm and colorful. Tam sank into a chair and watched Leslie arranging the flowers in a rather purposeless way. Much the same way she must have done things the weeks and months she waited for some news from Cliff. How automatically she had done things. Her job was the only thing that sustained her.

"Tam, have you been happy?"

"Perfectly."

"Even with Cliff away?"

"It's not quite the same, but you know when a thing can't be helped you have to make the best of it. You must be lonely at times, too, when your husband goes on these trips."

"Yes. He isn't home very much."

"Leslie, you have a beautiful home."

Les let her glance wander over the room. She did it with the air of someone who wasn't even seeing that at which she looked.

"Thank you. I try to keep it the way Sturgis wants it. He's so fastidious about everything. He has always had the best."

Tam scrutinized Les. She couldn't be happy. She didn't seem too sure of herself. Every remark she made was studied and careful. Tam knew the feeling of uncertainty only too well. Those months when she had no inkling of what



had become of Cliff, those months of telling people that he was fine, that she heard from him monthly.

"Here's Sturgis now."

A pompous red-faced man, with faded brown hair carefully combed to hide the bald spots, strode into the room and boomed at Les:

"How now, right on the minute. Had a little fast thinking to do to get here. Almost was stymied by some cop on the . . ."

"Sturgis, you remember Alice Tamworth, don't you?"

For the first time he became aware that someone else was in the room. He swung his grey gaze on her. Tam had the sensation of being surveyed for the purpose of price.

"Sure, sure. One of Leslie's college friends, weren't you? Seems to me I remember seeing you with her quite a bit. Left before you graduated though, married one of the Phi Betas didn't you?"

"Yes."

Tam's laugh tinkled through the room remembering the animosity between the Dekes and the Betas, and Sturgis had unquestionably been a Deke.

"What business is your husband in?"

"He's a doctor."

"Umm."

That was his business all right. He had been loyal to his profession. After Tam had finally heard, that was the only thought to console her. That was as Cliff would have wanted her to think. He had been the soul of loyalty. In those first years after their marriage he had fought against her working to help increase his meagre income. He could have left his internship and found a well paying job, but she wouldn't allow it. She felt his profession came before her.

Once he established a practice she'd not have to work any more. Ah, how little they had known then; how little they had anticipated.

"Dinner at seven, Sturgis."

Les dismissed her husband with the warning. She slumped into a chair. The soft shadows from the fire danced along the rug.

"Les, are you happy?"

For a minute Tam thought she was going to bristle and fling the usual "of course I'm happy!" at her, but the color left Les' face and she stared straight ahead.

"I guess you'd call it happiness, Tam. I've never had a minute when I wanted for anything. I find myself content with my life."

Tam looked hard at the rug. She didn't want to witness the humiliation of the other woman. She sympathized with her, but Leslie Munro was not the type of woman who wanted anyone's sympathy.

"Tam, how about a hand of gin rummy?"

The breach of years was closed in an instant. Les was not going to let anyone see her feelings. Tam nodded her head and rose. The old feeling of hurt was gone. She couldn't envy this woman who had everything and had nothing. She wanted the evening over with so that she could go back to her baby, to her life. She wanted to be with the child of love that Cliff had left to her, the miniature of himself. He was dead, but the memories of the four years of glorious life they had shared could carry her the rest of time's way. She had more in her four years than poor Les would ever have in her lifetime.

"My deal?"

"Yes, Les. I haven't played cards in a long time."

## SKY LORE

*Rita M. Kremp, '45*

Letter-forming stars in fixèd spheres' confine,  
Aerial code, or heaven's neon sign;  
Luminous silver script on parchment black  
Reveals mysterious runes of odd design.

Long, long hours I scan the blazing page  
Writ by Creative Power before Earth's age;  
Oh would that I that writing on the sky  
Could read and thus my yearning deep assuage!

## PRETENDER

*Nona M. Rohan, '45*

Flaunting, whispering, warning Fall  
Sly, she reaches out towards all;  
Smiling with her frosty lips  
To greet us gaily, then she nips.  
Pretends she has not come to stay,  
Yet bolder grows she day by day;  
Wants to catch us unaware,  
For, suddenly, the elm is bare!



## EDITORIALS

### VOWED TO THE RIDING:

Our pre-war civilization saw us prodigals of time and money, niggards of strength; war is teaching us to be economizers of our substance, spendthrifts of ourselves. Goaded by national necessity, we are stumbling upon a truth long hidden beneath the deadening weight of a labor-saving mania. We are rediscovering the joy of sheer, exhaustive effort. We are learning to give ourselves. This is no lesson to be applied merely during the period of emergency; it is the basis of all successful endeavor; it is the secret of living.

We hear too many cries of "Get by! Save your strength!" Save our strength for what? A cause not worth all of it is worth none of it. No true ideal is within reach of half an effort. Most are beyond our grasp entirely "else what's a heaven for?"

This reaching for, this burning, striving, whole hearted pursuit of the ideal has given us the saints, philosophers, and artists of the ages. How pale is our modern, uninspired discretion in the light of the selfless zeal of ". . . if any man dare, I dare also . . . in labour and painfulness in much watchings, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often . . ."! A false sophistication stifles our enthusiasms. Our attitude, even toward our own endeavors, has become indifferent, blasé. Unwilling to fail with our cause, we dissociate ourselves from it. Our courage flounders in the wake of human respect. Spend your strength! Spend it lavishly! Find a cause worth dying for, and live for it!

Visionaries look forward to a post-war period of unimagined labor-saving devices; moral warriors yearn for a future of unparalleled labor-spending zeal. Let us act, not talk; dare, not wait; thrust, not parry. Let us know the exhilaration of utter endeavor, the exhaustion of seeming defeat, or we can never know the exaltation of worthy victory. Let us live life riding fearlessly, singing in the spirit of Louise Imogen Guiney,

“O give my youth, my faith, my sword  
Choice of the heart’s desire:  
A short life in the saddle, Lord,  
Not long life by the fire.”

M. H. Z., '45

#### VERBUM SAT:

To the class of 1948, the upperclassmen already have congratulations to offer. Having reached the imposing number of 200 students, our new Freshmen begin their college days as record-breakers.

We feel safe in predicting that a class so well begun will develop equally well. Under the watchful guidance of the Faculty, they will plan their courses of study in consideration of aptitude, inclination, and practicality. Majors and minors selected wisely will be complimentary to each other. Electives will broaden development and round out the educational program.

But studies only are a one-sided aspect of college life. The class of '48, we know, will realize the benefit and enjoyment of participation in extra-curricular activities. College spirit, class spirit, and enthusiastic membership in the societies are the food for healthy college life.

This much could be expected in any college. But Emmanuel has more to offer our Freshmen, so we shall expect more from them. In a Catholic college, they share our privilege of living in a spiritual atmosphere, and of acquiring knowledge in its proper relationship to true values. It is a wise student who resolves early in her happy days at Emmanuel to give particular attention to her spiritual advancement. She should consider most important her courses in Religion and Philosophy, that upon graduation she may carry into the world her portion of the power and strength which are the invaluable products of an education in right living.

M. J. O'K., '45

#### THIS WAS A MAN:

In early October a great American died. Our country gave to Alfred E. Smith in death a tribute which it had withheld, in the large, during his life.

Throughout his career, "Al" Smith had clung faithfully to the principles which made him worthy of embodying all we have grown to feel and mean when we dub a man a statesman. Skill in handling affairs of state, and a natural



talent for administration were, in him, brought to fuller integrity and intensity by a love of country which found its strength in a love of God. Complete sincerity and rugged straightforwardness earned him the trust and admiration of his compatriots. He served the people faithfully and well. Only once did they deny him the reward of that service. If he met disappointment then, faith and courage saved him from disillusionment. When it was evident in the presidential campaign of 1928 that the democratic block of the solid South had crumbled (and because of religious bigotry, be it said to our country's shame), "Al" Smith got up from the radio and said: "Today is Katie's birthday. Let's go upstairs and cut the cake." Any man can be great in victory; it takes a hero to be great in defeat.

"Al" Smith lived a career untainted by political bribery and chicanery. He was great in life but greater in his death. His compatriots then acclaimed him; his country mourned for him; his Church arose to honor him. Truly, as he wished, he "walked humbly with God." "And all the trumpets sounded when Greatheart passed over to the other side."

M. J. R., '45

---

# THE PACK OF AUTOLYCUS

---

"My father named me Autolycus . . . a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."

"Jog on, jog on the foothpath way,  
And merrily hent the stile-a.  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad heart tires in a mile-a."

*The Winter's Tale, IV, iii*

---

## *The Shape of Things to Come:*

If the manufacturing industry fulfills its promises, the world of the future will be so ultra-luxurious that it will be all but unbearable. We shall not go whipping over the snow to grandmother's house in a one-horse sleigh, come Thanksgiving. Instead, we shall go whistling through the blue in a fashionable, two-door-eight-passenger helicopter, comfortably equipped with radio, kitchen utilities, Murphy beds, and television sets. We may reach the point wherein grandmother's house will lose all its fascination, and we shall spend Thanksgiving fighting for the turkey leg in the stratosphere.

\* \* \*

## *Behold! the Autumn:*

Right about here there should be some mention of the coming of the Autumn, the passing of Summer and all its sun-baked memories, and the hint of Winter in the offing. Despite the fact that Autumn enters the seasons once every year, with unswerving regularity, it never fails to produce comments from every current literary source. Somewhat like standing back in amazement every time that you write your name, even though you knew that you would accomplish it with a normal degree of accuracy. So, not to be outdone, we extend to Matron Autumn the most cordial of greetings. We wish her a sunny, fruitful visit. Soon we shall smack our lips at the thoughts of quaffing nut-brown coca-cola beneath a brilliant foliaged elm!

*Oh, for a Home in Some Vast Wilderness:*

The search for living quarters has now reached the point when any old pup-tent hauled from the recesses of the attic would sell for a nominal price. Amusing incidents (to all but the abode seekers) have arisen from this situation; some are almost fantastic. One svelte sophisticate was bemoaning her near-homeless predicament, and relating the results of her search for a place whereon to lay her head. Her inspection of one room, revealed a bed, a chest of drawers, a "tiny closet", and one chair, "stiff as starch". This, the owner out of the kindness of her heart and for charity's sake was renting for fourteen dollars. "Understand it was for fourteen dollars per week", our fair informant repeats. In the face of these startling furnishings, she disclosed, with particular venom, that she had informed the aforesaid landlady that she wasn't interested in making a down payment on Buckingham Palace. Which same leaves us wondering if the lady of the manor began alterations by way of de-starching the chair.

\* \* \*

*Add to Your Fact Stature:*

"A public library book may reach as many as two hundred and fifty persons in its lifetime." This vastly interesting newsnote produces some tantalizing thoughts. How infinitely shorter than the life of man is the life of a public library book. What a beating it must take from the cultured who hang about the Pierian spring. Does one think of public library books, private library books, text books, note books, bank books, or any other of the genus books, as having a lifetime? Since it is allowed that their span of existence be designated by the word "lifetime", what is its rebinding called? Reincarnation?

\* \* \*

*Football As It Is Being Played:*

Notice in one of the local newspapers calls attention to the fact that, with the opening of the football season, some teams were so short of man power they were lucky to have a hurricane to blow up the ball. Oh, for the days of peace and civilian football games! Do you not recall the spirit and heat with which the fate of the teams seemed to



hang in the balance of the spectators' cheers? Now, the teams are sure of an audience mainly interested in seeing the midshipmen or cadets drill between quarters.

\* \* \*

*Don a Uniform, and . . .*

An apple *per diem* is still keeping the doctor away; but mostly because the doctor went in to the service last year, anyhow. But it fails to keep the State Guard away. The urgency for apple pickers became so immediate that the first batallion of the Quartermaster assembled to wrest the pomes from their limb-y homes. (Pardon us, do.) All of which goes to prove that when you don a uniform you never know what is in store for you.

\* \* \*

*Transciency:*

New shades come and go. One year, gray pranced upon the sidewalks, swung from milady's shoulder, and sat, prim and stiff, upon her head. Another year, "stop" red held high honors in the feminine field of fashion. One year, an epidemic of chartreuse broke out. (Thank heaven, it has been quarantined of late.) This Fall, allegiance is being paid to fuschia. Bright splashes tear through the subway. Sophisticated triangles light cigarettes. Even the bobby-soxers have not escaped its lurid hue. What color will be created for V-day? From one of the hues of yesteryear?

## CURRENT BOOKS

*The Captain Wears a Cross.* By William Maguire. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1943. 201 pages.

In the last chapter of *Rig for Church*, Chaplain Maguire sets out his purpose for the writing of *The Captain Wears a Cross*. He says: "I hoped to add information of value regarding the life of a Navy Chaplain, and the nature of his work among officers and men of the service. I thought it might serve as an entertaining guide for the young churchmen who someday may be on the quest for a missionary life of extraordinary possibilities. . . . If this book succeeds in recruiting one good chaplain for the Navy, I shall be well repaid for the 'extra duty' the writing of it demanded."

This is a book with news value and timeliness. It is "Navy", but it does not prevent the uninitiated from enjoying it. It brings the Navy and the Navy men to the reader, frankly, without exploitation. Chaplain Maguire does not shadow his priestliness by his captaincy; neither does his captaincy lose dignity because of his sacerdotal vocation. They are integrated splendidly. Because of this combination, he is able to present a truer picture of the men with whom he worked, to whom he administered, under whom he served.

Although, at times, Father Maguire seems to lose sight of his objective in his repeated glowing tributes to personal friends, yet the book suffers little because of it. He treats the chaplains with fine impartiality. His close contact with officers and enlisted men allows of his relating poignant incidents which prove the lofty devotion and rugged purposefulness of many of those with whom he has sailed for twenty-five years. He lauds them at every opportunity, and this fittingly; for the multiplicity of unrelated incidents which largely comprise the book, show his deep devotion and true respect for these men.

Father Maguire presents his material so zestfully and enthusiastically that readers will grow in deep regard for the Navy. Many of the incidents will produce in them a profound sense of pride as the glorious deeds unroll. The book will bring one closer to the heroes this war has generated. His style in presenting these brave men and brave deeds is

effective in bringing into the readers' consciousness a nearness and a familiarity with these heroic doers.

From a literary viewpoint, the book has no great value. It was not written for that purpose. It, however, accomplishes the purpose for which it was written. In its simplicity and forthrightness, it can inspire. It is so warmly and vibrantly religious that its reader feels a worthwhile accomplishment has been effected. Read *The Captain Wears a Cross* in order to have an insight into the Navy life and deeds. Such a book will do much to restore any slipping faith in human nature. It will, likewise, give a true *poll* about wartime morality.

Jeanne K. Harney, '45

*Growing Up*. By Angela Thirkell. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1944.  
340 pages.

Once again Angela Thirkell graciously introduces us to a group of delightful people. They hail from English villages, with such charmingly preposterous names as "Winter Overcotes", "West Misfit." *Growing Up* is not strictly an escapist novel, for the now and the war form its time and its atmosphere. It plans, I think, to bring to these villagers an appreciation of normal times and normal living, and to stimulate them to action to hasten the restoration of times such as those. With varied degrees of thoroughly human shortcomings, they unite in an unselfish effort, under the aegis of the banner, "Business as usual."

In response to the urgencies of war, the Warings, an elderly couple, relinquish their ancestral mansion (though with a suspicion of relief) to the convalescent home fancied by the government. More modestly established, they now open their home to a young couple, strangers. This deed proves a happy one in its effects, for it presents Lydia Merton, one of the most lovable characters in the book.

Sacrifice is confined to no class. Mr. Beedle, the station-master, nobly sustains the humiliation of hiring girl porters, thus accepting the lowering of his prestige and that of the finest station of the Line. Nannie, who shares the discomfort (not indeed silently) of blackout and rationing, belongs to that ageless group of English nurses who keep tight hold of the reins of disciplined protection from nursery days unto manhood and beyond.



There is Mrs. Morland who writes books, but has not the slightest idea of how she does it. There is Matron equally devoted to duty and animals, especially to the kitten "Winston." Through Leslie and Philip a simple, unaffected love story is woven among the engaging episodes of everyday life. A subtle symbolism is glimpsed in the unchanging love of the older couple; an implication that all are growing up with the war, that there are ideals and traditions in the old order which are not to be outgrown, which all must struggle to preserve.

Angela Thirkell's characters are of a pattern found in any English country town. They are frailly and inconsistently real. Her light touch of humor, subtle characterizations, and power of tempering and blending sense and nonsense give to her readers an enjoyable and refreshing novel.

Mary J. Reardon, '45

*Tchaikovsky*. By Herbert Weinstock. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1943. 386 pages.

*Tchaikovsky* is the first full-length biography of the musician to be written in English. It is neither a fictionalized biography nor a critical study. It aims at an accurate evaluation. Herbert Weinstock's personal esteem of Tchaikovsky never descends to mere adulation, for he pronounces Glinka his superior, and stresses the fact that Tchaikovsky would have been greater had he concerned himself less with opera, more with symphonic music.

By a process of selection from hitherto untapped veins of source material, Weinstock presents a faithful picture of Tchaikovsky's life. It is shown against those segments of historical background in which that life was lived. The chronicle of his turbulent childhood, his manhood decision to abandon government service for a musical career, the effects attendant upon that choice, his later years, his death, is supplemented, documented, and explained by candid letters of Tchaikovsky, himself. The physical and mental hardships, the swift-moving transitions from the state of hypochondria to the ecstasies of joy, the contacts and conflicts of his volatile nature, the very sure critical statements of the creative process—all find place in these revealing letters.

Weinstock's painstaking research is manifest in the careful annotations, the full biography, the first complete catalogue of Tchaikovsky's works published in the vernacular. Misstatements of fact or elisions, particularly in modest Tchaikovsky's quotations from his brother's letters are entirely disregarded. Fact is deserted for surmise only in a few carefully noted instances, where such supposition has been proved justifiable. Mr. Weinstock has a tendency to deviate from his main theme with lengthy, extraneous particulars concerning persons and places little connected with Tchaikovsky. Despite this fault, the book is highly informative and not a little inspiring. It is hardly to be recommended, however, for sheer delectation.

Rita M. Kremp, '45

*But Gently Day.* By Robert Nathan. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1943. 161 pages.

Robert Nathan, author of *Portrait of Jennie*, *The Sea-Gull Cry*, has again exercised his graceful, imaginative powers, and produced a novel of skylarkian loveliness in *But Gently Day*.

Corporal Henry Arkbester, U.S.A.A.F., has received a ten days' leave. He has seen the South Pacific. Now he desires to see his old home in the Pennsylvania hill country. Homeward-bound, he meets an army chaplain who accepts Henry's invitation to stay at his home. As they make way on the journey, Henry has an unusual sensation. Although the land seems familiar, it produces a surprising aspect; certain features of the landscape appear strange. When he arrives at his home, he receives another surprise. He is greeted, not by his mother, but by an unknown woman. Because he looks like an Arkbester, Henry is treated as a member of the family. However, since no one has heard of his branch of the family, suspicion concerning his identity soon follows. Meanwhile, Henry realizes that he has returned to his house and home, only his return is to an earlier American scene. The present has become the past. The past is the era of the Civil War.

Thus in a Berkeley Square type of fiction, Robert Nathan makes apparent the analysis between the problems of the past and the problems of the present. In the political, economic, and moral effects of the Civil

War, Henry Arkbester sees reflected the problems of his age. He is uncertain as regards the solution. He informs the chaplain that he is not religious-minded. The chaplain believes that this negative-passive attitude towards religion is the source of the trouble in the world. Unless the country returned to God, there would be for it no real peace. Gradually, Henry seems to realize the truth, for in the end he finds peace of heart and soul.

The minor characters are equally well-drawn. There is Ivy, positive, stern, self-satisfied, outspoken, strong as American women had to be strong; Eileen, delicate, pretty, sweet, who wants the finer things of life, and demands security; Theodore who is desirous of gaining fame and fortune in the land of promise. All the characters seem real in their possession of the virtues, foibles, and eccentricities of human beings.

*But Gently Day* lacks the magic touch which characterized *Portrait of Jennie*. It also lacks the delightful Nathan humor of the *Portrait* and *The Sea-Gull Cry*. Nevertheless, this novel is light, imaginative, with an aura of mystery, a type of mystery peculiar to Nathan. He never preaches. Rather he tosses flowers to the wind. The reader may watch a flower as it blows by; he may snatch the flower and think it pretty; he may lovingly caress it, exclaim at its beauty, then fondle it. Nathan suggests more than he informs. Perhaps Nathan's style, itself, can best be exemplified from a bit of poetry which the leading character remembered from his school days. It goes like this:

If there can be a heaven, let it wear  
Even such an air  
Not shamed with sun, nor black without a ray,  
But gently day.

Corinne V. Comerford, '45

*Good Night, Sweet Prince*. By Gene Fowler. New York: Viking Press, 1944. 468 pages.

From overture to curtain fall, Fowler has staged the dramatic story of John Barrymore, the gifted actor, whose variegated life was patterned by comedy and tragedy.

Words are but feeble instruments to ridge the wide range between



Barrymore's artistic triumphs and his years of self-torture. He was the paragon of the stage; the prodigal of private life. Fowler, however, has made the bridge in what he chose to call an "illuminative" biography. This he accomplished because he was among the few friends who had access to Jack's affectionate confidence. With this invaluable aid, Fowler augmented his facts by recourse to papers, diaries, and enlightening conversations and discussions with Barrymore's alphabet of friends.

The fast-changing age of which Barrymore was a part spans the period from "Mum Mum's" stately appearance in her smart brougham, when the Drews were stars on the Philadelphia stage, to the Hollywood of today. Whether as the active boy under his grandmother's care, the enthusiastic youth interested in painting and journalism, the star of *Hamlet*, the too ardent lover, and finally, by the grace of God, the dying penitent, no one ever found "Green goose" napping.

Fowler so animates his friend that it seems as it were really Jack in the flesh who is dictating his memoirs, with all their imperfections on his head. In the book, numerous episodes are revitalized, the unexpected seems always to be the expected, ready wit and humorous quips pepper the pages. Underlying all, there sounds a note of pathos struck by a gifted artist's struggle against inherent weakness unsteadied by a feeble will.

This biography presents an intimate and sincere account of Barrymore. It is graced with a certain warmth of affection and a clear, simple directness. He was too sincere a friend of Jack's to excuse the latter's laxities and unrestrained fits of passion; too much his admirer not to castigate the folly of wasted talent. Fowler has drawn a portrait of a great actor, who might have been a greater man.

Margaret M. Lynch, '45

*Scholasticism and Politics*. By Jacques Maritain. Boston: The Macmillan Company, 1940. 248 pages.

*Scholasticism and Politics* is basically built upon nine lectures given by Maritain at the University of Chicago. Mortimer J. Adler of the same University, author of *How to Read a Book*, is the translator.

The lectures deal with these topics: "The Individual and Society,"

"Democracy and Authority," "The Thomist Idea of Freedom," "Catholic Action," and Political Action." The theses are permeated with the idea of a human being considered in his own spiritual dignity, and the concrete conditions of his proper existence. Dignity, Maritain explains, is formed on the basis of the capacity of the human being to know truth; on what constitutes a personality, as such; on the qualities which constitute human freedom. He explains further the manner in which so many of the popular materialistic theories sprang from a false interpretation or a misinterpretation of Freud's psychological findings. Freud had no desire to formulate such theories when he presented his discoveries to our modern world.

Maritain attempts a solution of the fundamental problems of our political philosophy, and the philosophy of modern history. He shows the dangers of a decadent civilization imperilled by erroneous beliefs. The teachers and disseminators of these pernicious doctrines are responsible for this global crisis. Their errors weigh heavily upon the governments of modern times.

*Scholasticism and Politics* is a dynamic exposé of these collective evils, and it outlines the position which Catholics should take in world affairs. The lassitude of many Catholics forms a large share in the present chaotic world condition.

Necessarily, a book of this type is not easy reading. Philosophy can never be read as one runs. But when did the mind ever suffer from meaty offerings? So *tolle, lege*, and find, as Augustine did, light, and warmth, and truth.

Betty A. Mahau, '45

*One Year Secretarial,  
Individual Advancement.*

**HICKOX**  
SECRETARIAL SCHOOL

Special Short Courses  
for college graduates

12 Huntington Ave.  
BOSTON

**BENZIGER  
BROTHERS  
Inc.**

*Church Goods*

106 Chauncy Street  
*LIBerty 1150*

*THANKSGIVING and CHRISTMAS GREETINGS*

**The ESSEX and SUSSEX**

Spring Lake, New Jersey

Emmanuel's Friends: Please patronize





*Visit the*  
***Perfumery Department***  
*at our*  
**133 BROOKLINE  
AVENUE STORE**

**A Few Minutes' Walk from Emmanuel**

**General  
Ice Cream  
Corporation**

***Mansion House  
Division***

**183 Cambridge Street  
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.**

**COMPLIMENTS OF  
THE HERLIHY BROS.  
Incorporated  
*MILK – CREAM***

**Thomas P. Mee Co.**

**WHOLESALE and RETAIL**

***Fruit and Produce***

**Stalls 47-49 Faneuil Hall Market  
and Cellar No. 9**

**BOSTON, MASS.**

**Tel. CAPitol 0284-0285**

**ADAMS and SWETT  
SINCE 1856**

**Plant,  
130 Kemble St., Boston, HIG. 4100  
Store,  
Edward Everett Sq., Dorchester  
TAL. 1600**

**New and Reconditioned Oriental and  
Domestic Rugs at Valueful Prices in  
Our Store at 1299 Massachusetts Ave.**

**Emmanuel's Friends: Please patronize**

*Corcoran's*

**Incorporated**

**Central Square  
CAMBRIDGE**

*The Fashion Store  
In Cambridge*

*Compliments*

**Matthew F.  
Sheehan Co.**

*New England's Leading  
Church Goods House*

**22 Chauncy Street  
BOSTON, MASS.**

*Compliments*

*of a  
Friend*

*Compliments*

*of a  
Friend*

**WM. E. GILLESPIE & CO., INC.**

*Wholesale Only*

**PURVEYORS of FINER FOODS**

**18 NORTH STREET**

**BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS**

*Telephone LAFAYETTE 3770-1-2-3*

**Emmanuel's Friends: Please patronize**

*Compliments*  
*of the*  
**Alumnae Association**  
*of*  
**Emmanuel College**

*Compliments of*  
**Emmanuel League**

**The**  
**Angel Guardian Press**  
*Printers*  
*Publishers Bookbinders*  
**JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.**

**ACADEMY OF  
NOTRE DAME**  
**ROXBURY, MASSACHUSETTS**  
*Boarding and Day School*  
High School and Elementary Depart-  
ments Affiliated With Catholic  
University, Washington, D. C.

**ACADEMY OF  
NOTRE DAME**

❖❖❖❖❖❖❖❖❖❖

**Corner of Granby Street and  
Bay State Road  
BOSTON  
MASSACHUSETTS**

❖❖❖❖❖❖❖❖❖❖

*Primary, Intermediate and  
High School Classes*

**ACADEMY OF  
NOTRE DAME**  
**TYNGSBORO, MASSACHUSETTS**  
*Boarding and Day School*  
High School and Elementary Depart-  
ments Affiliated With Catholic  
University, Washington, D. C.

Emmanuel's Friends: Please patronize











